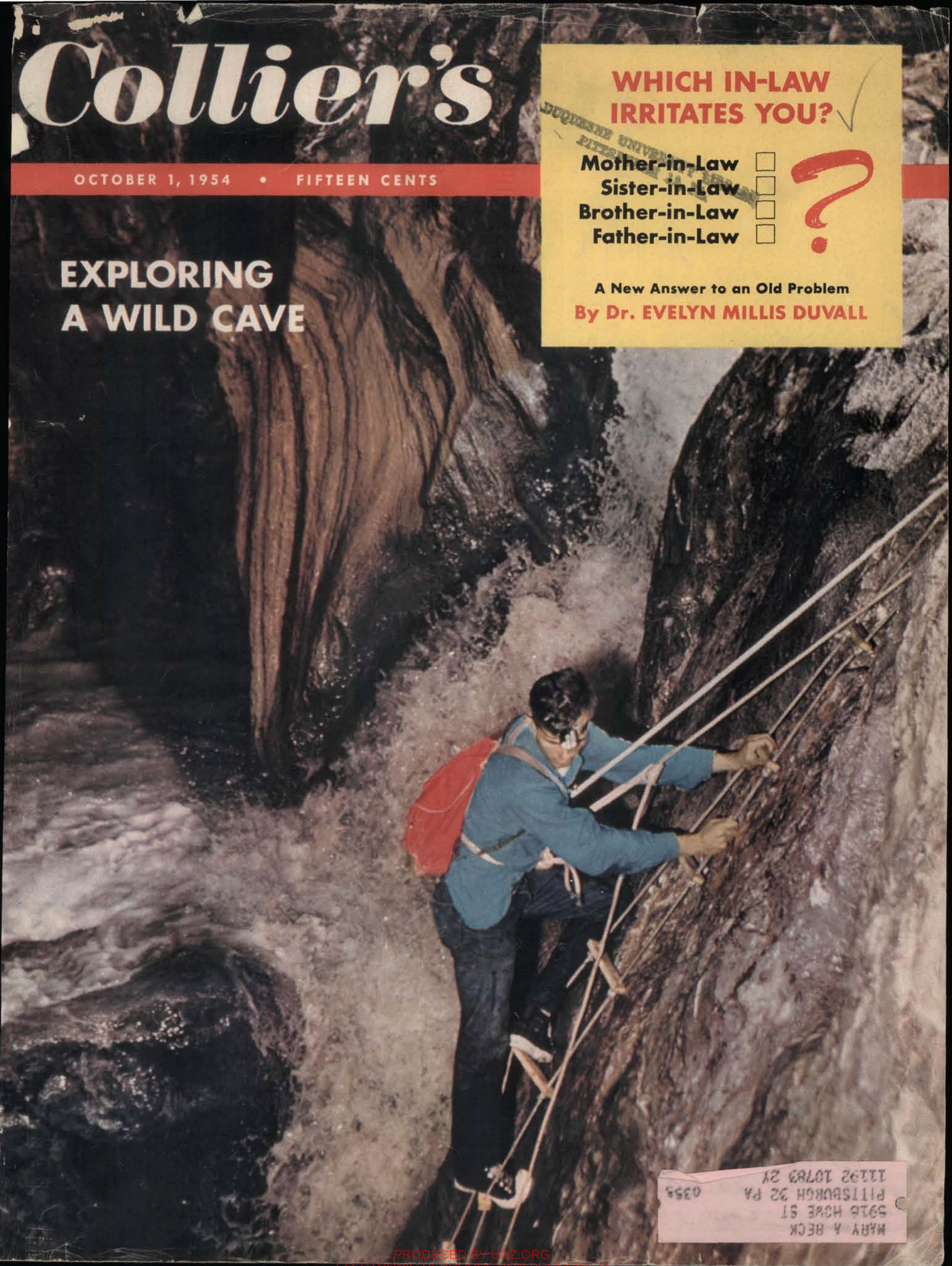

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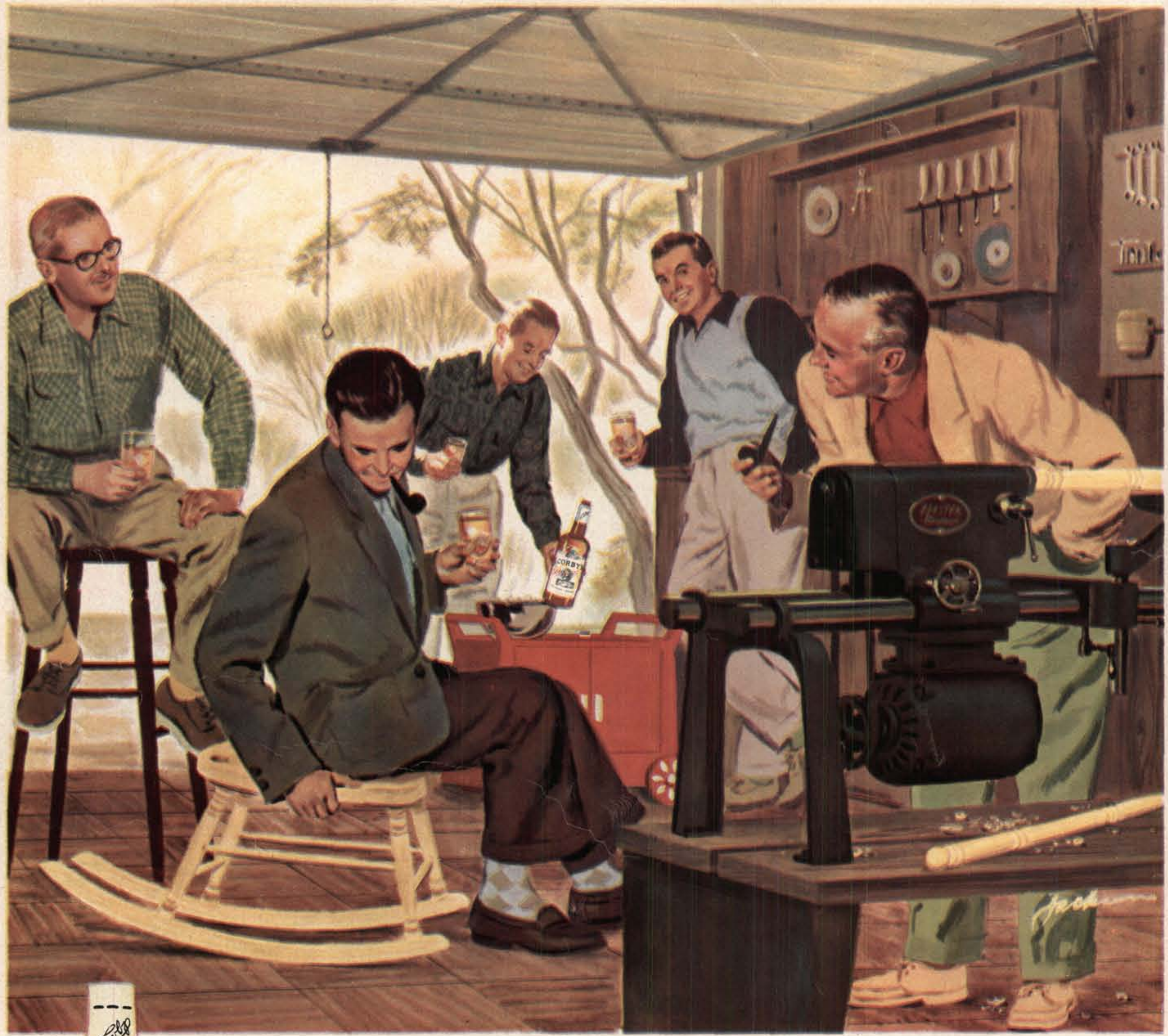

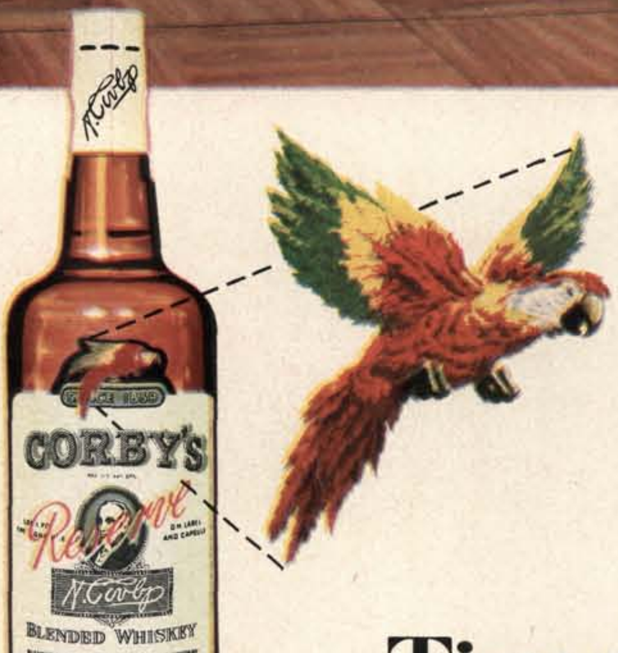

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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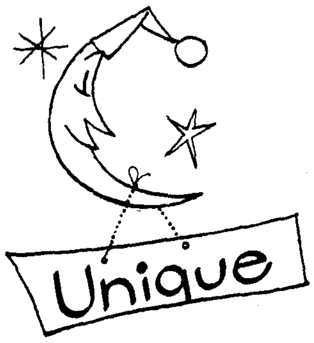

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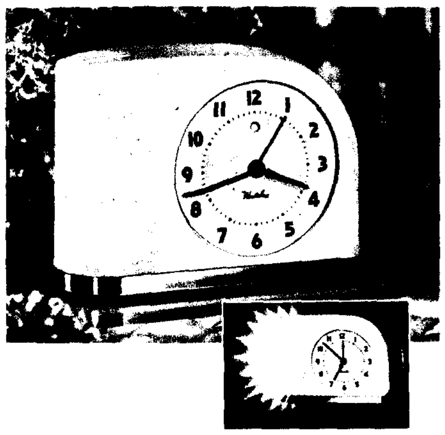

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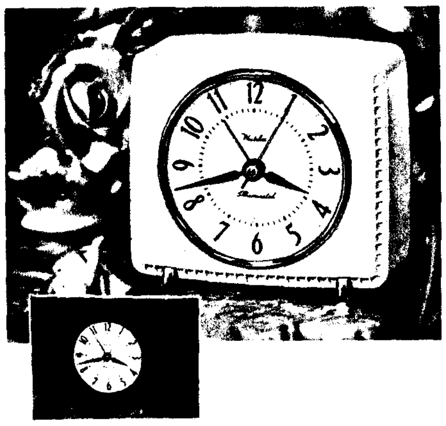

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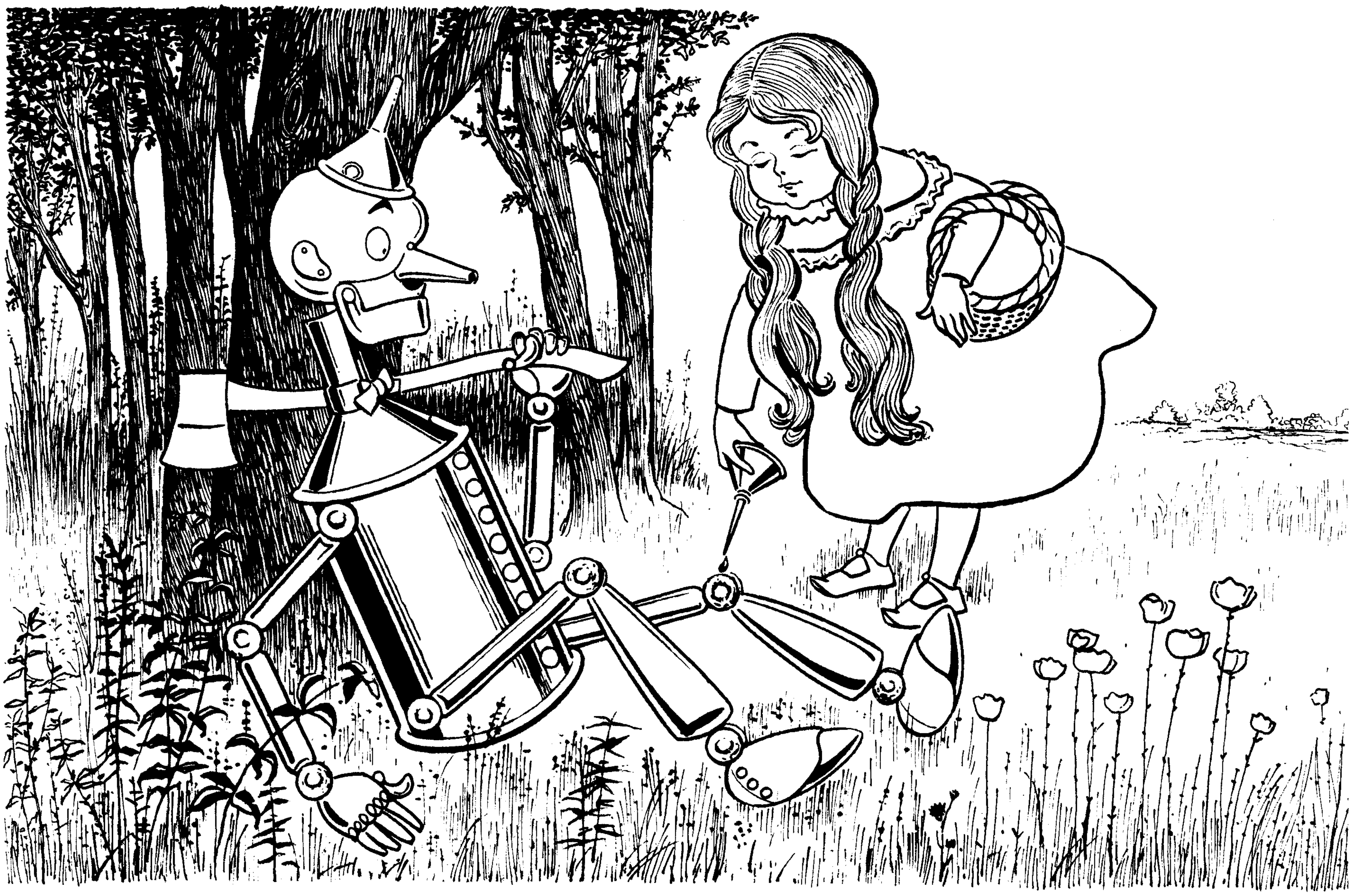

Here's a good "lesson" about ARTHRITIS...

NEARLY everyone knows the story of "The Wizard of Oz"* . . . and how Dorothy, the little girl in this tale, happened to meet a man made entirely of tin.

As the story goes, the Tin Woodman, after a year of exposure in the forest, could not move because his joints were badly rusted. Dorothy came to his rescue and poured oil on the joints of his neck, arms and legs. Thereafter, the Tin Woodman was all right—and he journeyed with Dorothy and her party to the Emerald City to see the wonderful Wizard of Oz.

In a way, this fable points up some important facts about the joints of the human body and the disease that often affects them—arthritis. Like the joints of the tin man, the body's joints can also "rust" or become stiff over the years. However, with proper medical care, they can usually be kept flexible and workable in most cases despite the effects of arthritis.

The most common type of arthritis . . . called *osteoarthritis* . . . occurs in middle age and later life . . . probably because of wear and tear on the joints. While it usually does not lead to severe crippling, it may cause varying degrees of disability. Consequently, recurring aches and pains in and about any joint . . . as well as tenderness and stiffness of the joints . . . should never be dismissed as "a touch of rheumatism."

The second most common form of arthritis has nothing to do with aging. Indeed, it occurs most often in younger people. Known as *rheumatoid arthritis*, it is a serious disorder that may involve all the joints of the body. Fortunately, it can also be controlled in many cases when proper treatment is started early.

While there is as yet no *cure* for either osteo or rheumatoid arthritis, much can be done to control the disease. Doctors have effective treatments for relieving pain and restoring joint function in many cases. Greater gains against arthritis . . . in all its forms . . . will undoubtedly be made as new methods of therapy are perfected.

Meantime, there are some safeguards that all of us can take to help lessen the chances of developing arthritis or to control this disorder if it occurs. Among such precautionary measures are—keeping your weight down; maintaining good posture; getting enough rest and sleep and having periodic health and dental examinations.

To control arthritis, see your doctor promptly whenever persistent pain, swelling, or stiffness occurs in any joint or when you feel "run down." Give him your complete cooperation for as long as treatment is necessary. *Patients should always rely on the individualized treatment prescribed by the doctor, for the so-called "sure cures" generally do little more than provide temporary relief.*

Today, medical science holds out much greater hope than ever before for those who have arthritis. In fact, when proper treatment is continued persistently, at least 70 percent of the patients can be spared serious disability and returned to reasonably good health.

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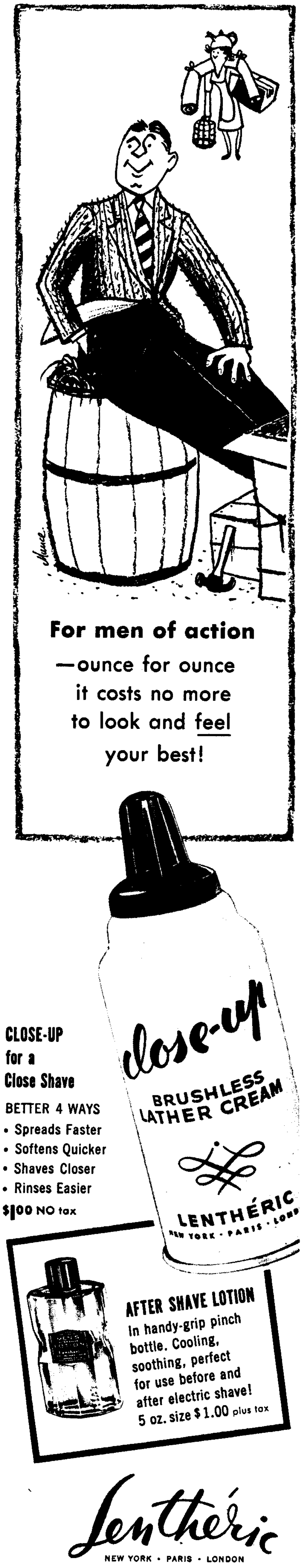

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

A FELLOW who wanted to put me in my place thought he had the crusher when he said: "O'Hara I'll bet you used to have a coonskin coat."

"My friend," I said. "I had *two* coonskin coats." It's true: when my first one began to fall apart I traded it in on another, and the second one I gave to Finnish Relief.

If you came in late (but welcome, stranger!) you now know what manner of egghead presides over these paragraphs. It also helps to explain why I chose Princeton, New Jersey, as my home community. I come of a University of Pennsylvania family, with brothers and uncles who went to Notre Dame, Brown, Lafayette, Penn State and Franklin & Marshall, but with absolutely no connection with Princeton, the university. I still have no connection with the university as such, and if I'd had my choice I'd have gone to Yale. One of the most attractive features of life in Princeton is a man named Charles Caldwell, a stalwart refutation of the Durocher theory that nice guys don't win. Because of Coach Caldwell I root for Princeton in all football contests except the Yale game, and since the Blue visits Princeton only every other year I manage to maintain reasonably amicable relations with the local alumni.

I suppose the fact that Charlie Caldwell has had his greatest successes coincident with my residence in Princeton has had something to do with my interest in him. But I think it's more than that. I liked what I knew about him before I knew him. He was a professional athlete (New York Yankees) as well as an Ivy League star. He is totally lacking in what is called side, and at the same time he is articulate enough to compose two books on football and to get up on his feet and talk straight. He has no trouble beating me at golf, but he does it in such a way as to make me think I gave him a game. This is how I feel about Caldwell: a few years ago, when I was the merest acquaintance, I was distressed to hear that he was being wooed ardently by a Western university. I got right to a friend of Caldwell's and painted such a dismal (and true) picture of the other college as a bone yard of good coaches that the mutual friend hastened to Caldwell in alarm. I like to pretend that my propaganda job had a little to do with Charlie's staying at Princeton, but I'm probably kidding myself. In any event, the Princeton I am fond of would not be the same without Caldwell, and Caldwell certainly wouldn't be the same without Princeton.

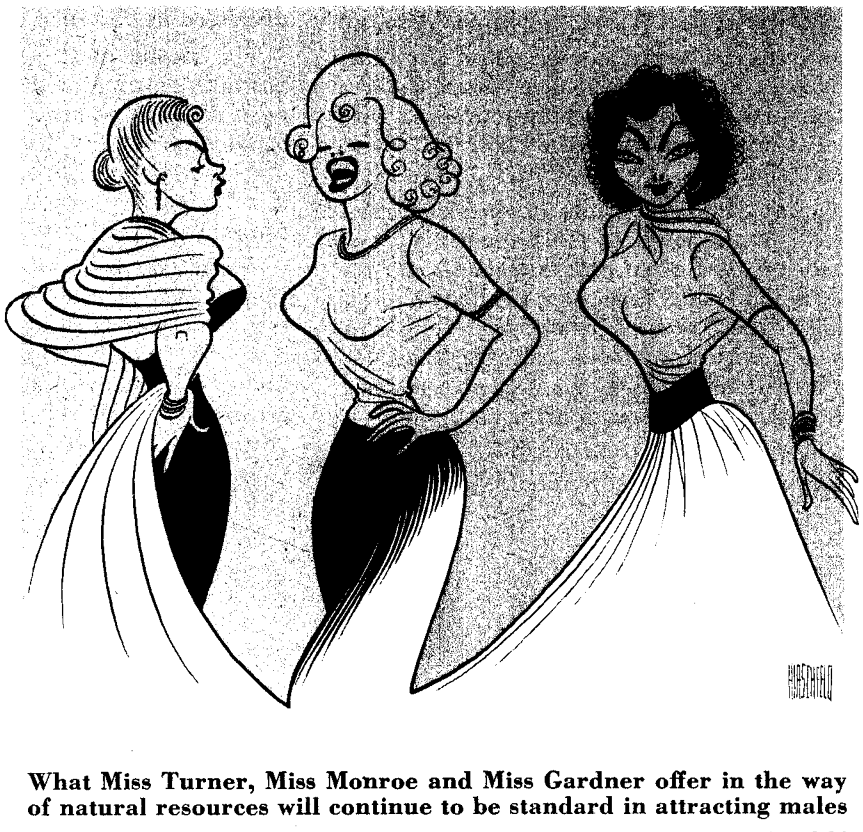
* * *

I WAS NOT able to convince my bosses that they ought to send me to Paris to cover the fashion openings, and my zeal as a chronicler of frivolous matters ends, you might say, at the water's edge. By which I mean that I will look at the new styles and offer my best critical opinions, but not if I have to shell out my own dough to do so. Because of this financial caution on my part and on the part of my employers I have had to rely entirely on newspaper reports for my information on the trends in ladies' ready-to-wear.

The big news is no longer news. It is, as you know, the startling word that the female bosom is to be underplayed, if that is not an understatement. A strange man in Paris, France—who has already received so much publicity that he must be tired of it, and whom I therefore will not tire by mentioning his name—has announced that plane geometry shall govern his Fall Line. As I understand it, he has pulled a fast one by throwing us everything *but* a curve.

Well, I could make a great many remarks about this dressmaker's decision to flatten out our women, and possibly four or five remarks would get by my editors. But somehow I am reminded of a rather pathetic campaign that was carried on by the late Oscar Odd McIntyre, whom I must identify for the Young as a New York columnist of long ago. At least twice a year, and with great firmness that amounted to practically an order, McIntyre would announce that modern dancing, by which he meant the fox trot, was passé, and the fashionable of society and the theater were once again taking up the waltz. As a trusting youth and dancing man I kept my eyes open, but nowhere did I see any revival of *dreivierteltakt*. Jean Goldkette still turned out records like Sunny Disposish, George Olsen's big seller was a fox trot named Who?, and waltzing became about as popular as it is today, and you know how popular *that* is. So it will be with milady's form. What Miss Monroe, Miss Turner, Miss Gardner offer in the way of natural resources will continue to be standard operating procedure in attracting the male, and ladies not so endowed by Nature will approximate same with a bit of well-bent wire and varying quantities of lamb's wool. The waltz is dreamy, all right, but the beat is wrong for the times, and we have become so accustomed to the present-day, modified version of

AL HIRSCHFELD



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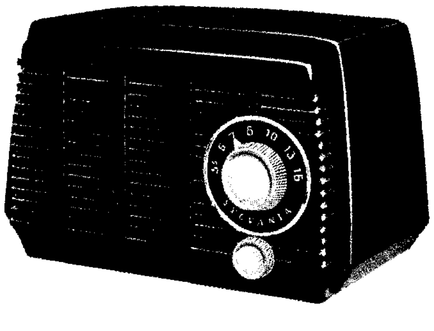

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the Beef Trust that no Paris dressmaker could possibly force us back to chicken bones.

* * *

WHEN I THINK of Noel Coward, which is not often, I naturally think of Tony Galento. Don't you? Maybe you don't, but I have trained my mind that way. When I think of Hitler, I think of my maternal grandfather, who I guess was the nicest man I ever knew. When I think of Mae West, who to me represents no appeal at all, I think of Grace Kelly. And when I think of Tony Galento, I think of Noel Coward, which is not often, but he has a new book out called Future Indefinite, part of his autobiography. In it he tells some of the vicissitudes and harassments that have marked his life, particularly during War 2. If you have a more than passing interest in the theater, you will buy the book more or less automatically, and if you are not interested in the theater or Noel Coward, I suggest you use the money in the daily double. The publication of the book gives me an excuse to relate two observations on Mr. Coward, and then we can get on to something else.

In 1933, in a Manhattan speakeasy, I spent part of an evening with Noel Coward. I was sitting with Dorothy Parker, Heywood Broun and Edward J. McNamara, the ex-cop who played cops on the stage and in the movies. I had nothing much to contribute except a true baritone and the lyrics of a few songs. Miss Parker provided a sweet contralto, Broun hummed along, and McNamara, who had been a professional baritone, sang the songs but not the words. Into this impromptu eisteddfod suddenly breezed the boy wonder, Coward.

He was wearing a quiet double-breasted suit and a sweater underneath (which I have always considered to be in bad taste) and a bow tie, and he had only just landed from England and was checking in at Tony's, a theatrical and literary hangout. He didn't know me, and still doesn't, if you want to be topical about it, but the others were old friends. I'd like to be able to report a succession of epigrams and an abundance of charm, but the facts are that he put an end to our singing and held forth on nothing more fascinating than his trip to America. I'll give it to you straight: I thought he was a bore. But then he had to leave, and without meaning to, he gave us a laugh. He insisted on paying the check and he was allowed to. But what we all couldn't fail to notice was that he paid it in the old-size bills, which had been out of circulation about four years. I don't think any of the rest of us possessed a dollar that was more than two weeks old, but the international playboy was carrying scratch that dated back to Coolidge.

My other observation, a more general one on this talented person, is sympathetic. He has heart, he has talent, he is a hard worker and he is a great success. But he has attracted more no-talent joes and josephines than any other person in the history of the modern theater. They adore him. Lucky for him that he is not to be held accountable for the sins committed in his name, such as the dirty-dirty little lyrics of songs you never hear except in *intime* night clubs. I'll bet those people bore Noel Coward as much as they would Tony Galento.

* * *

JOHN FORD, the movie director, has told Hedda Hopper, who is famous for her gloves or something, that he is awfully proud of Tyrone Power. "He doesn't want to play polo, be a gentleman-farmer or enter the yacht races. He just wants to act—and he does," says Ford.

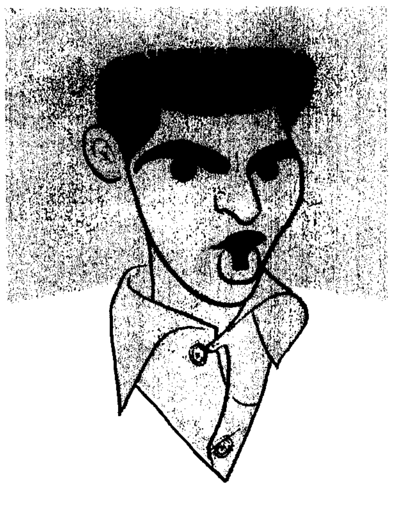
Now that is good news, about the acting, and you will have a chance to see it in a picture Ford has directed, in which Power is starred. It is not called Flirtation Walk, but it is about West Point, and so far as I'm concerned, all pictures about West Point are known as Flirtation Walk.

But to get back to Ford's statement of what Power does not want to do, I'm afraid Ford was displaying a bit of inverse snobbishness. You don't, as Ford well knows, alienate a great many people when you put the knock on polo and gentleman-farming. It may be equally true that Power doesn't want to play second base for the Giants or dig potatoes by hand, but you won't catch Ford saying so. Rapping polo and gentleman-farming is, if I may say so, bunk. I know an actor who played polo and is a gentleman-farmer, who can teach Tyrone Power (and John Ford) more than they will ever know about acting. A fellow named Spencer Tracy. And if Ford's going to be so lofty about yachting I think the public ought to know that for years Ford owned Araner, one of the biggest yachts in California.

* * *

I DO HOPE this message reaches some poor soul in time: Poor Soul, if you think things are so bad they couldn't be worse, stop and ask yourself how long it's been since you heard Eddie Fisher singing O Mein Papa. . . . This has proved a comfort to me and I pass it along.

▲▲▲



When did you last hear Eddie Fisher singing O Mein Papa?

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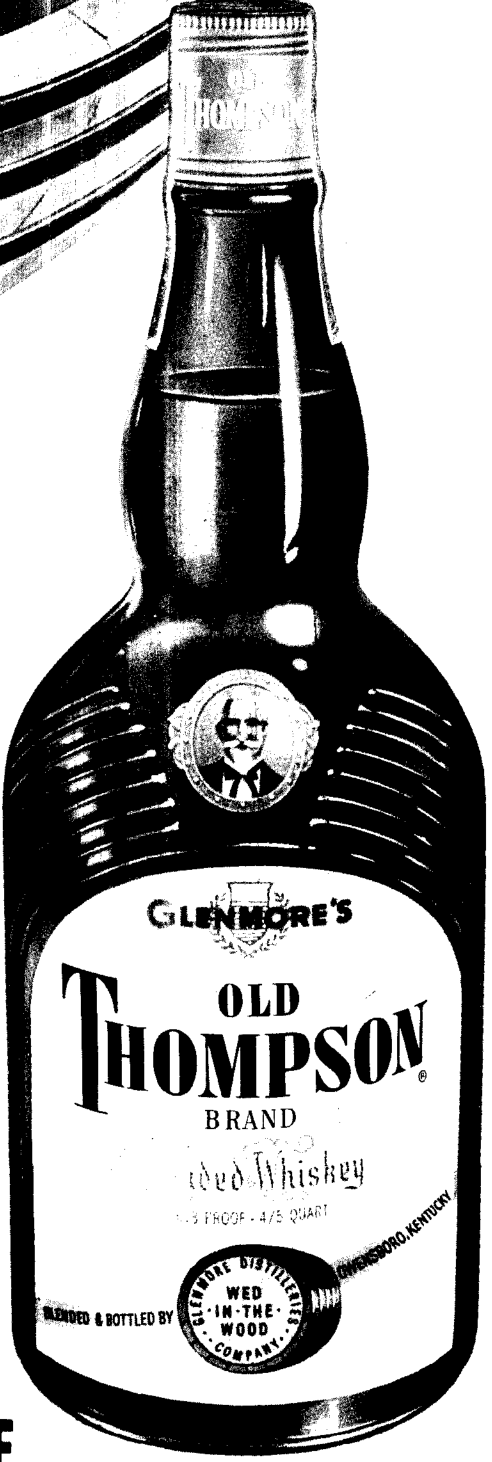
THOMPSON
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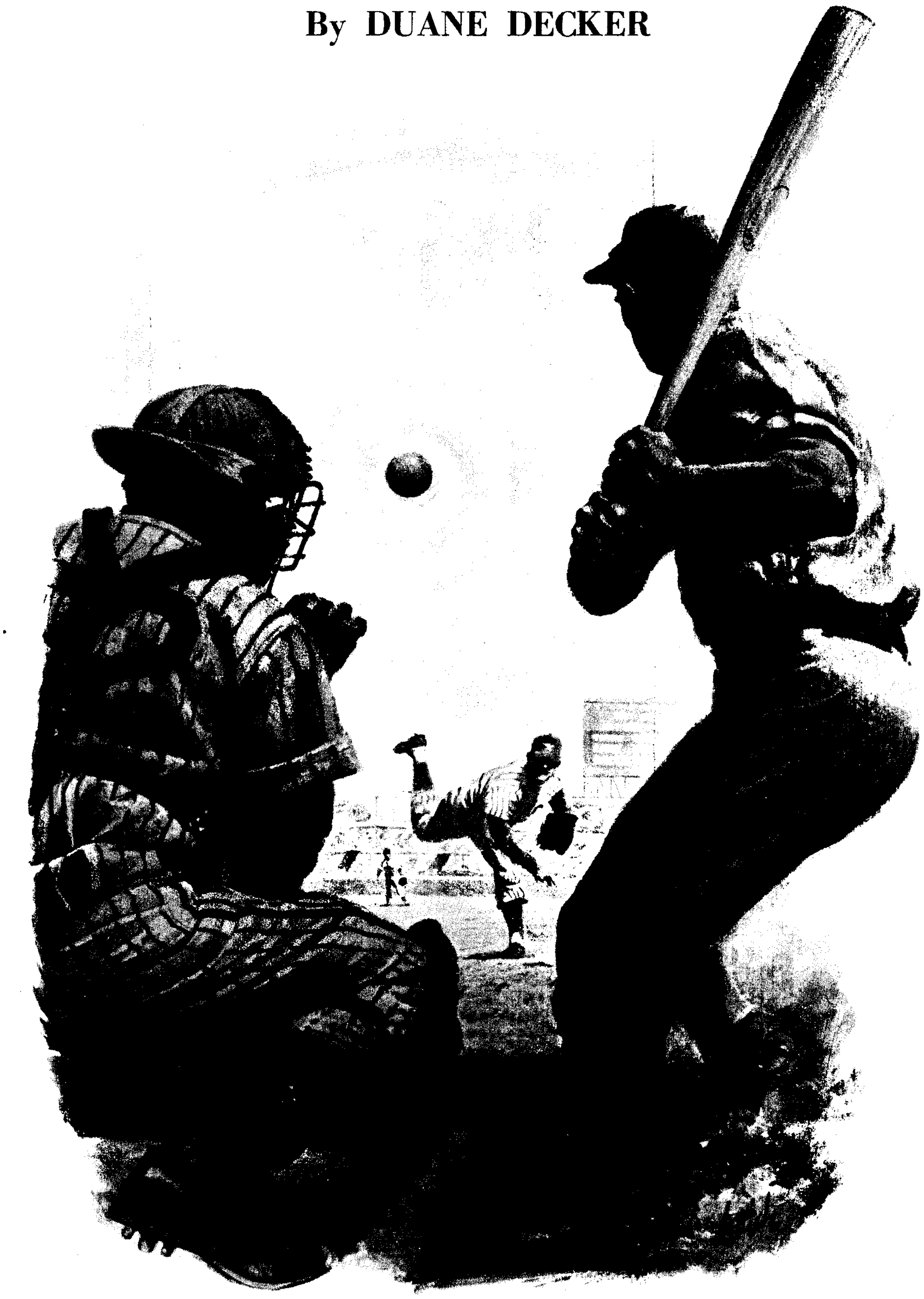
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY
GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
WED·IN·THE·WOOD
OWENSBORO, KENTUCKY

A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS...BY GLENMORE

PENNANT PITCH

By DUANE DECKER



"Dig in, Jib! Dig in!" Doak was screaming. Slam threw, and this one came in. Jib hit a viciously rising line drive

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

I CAN still see him, a rangy, rawboned guy, as he came toward us, ambling across the right-field grass on his way from the bull pen to the mound. We had to get just this one man out—the big one—and if anybody could do it, it was Slam Scanlan.

I was waiting for him at the mound, mask in hand, with Milo Coogan, the Eagles' manager, and Lefty Spargo, our kid starter. When Slam reached us, Milo just tossed him the baseball. "All yours, Slam," Milo said. "You pitch whatever."

Slam nodded as he rubbed the ball up. Then he crooked his arms, shoulder high, and rolled them a little to make his loose shirt looser.

"You call 'em, Luke," he said to me. "I'll pitch 'em—if I don't get ideas of my own."

That was all right with me. An old pro with a record like Slam's could disagree with me any time he wanted. "We'll make this short and sweet, Slam," I said and strolled back to the plate.

This was one of those funny situations with a lot of one-sided pressure, and it was all on the team we were playing, not on us. We were up against the Clippers, who had come down to the wire in a dead heat with the Sox. The Sox, as the big scoreboard out in center field showed, were already winners of their last official game this season. They were in, if the Clippers blew this one. And we had the Clippers down to their last out in the bottom of the ninth, 3 to 2. Only, they'd just loaded the bases on our kid, Spargo, who'd given them a rough time for eight innings. And now it was up to Slam to decide whether the Clippers would get a chance at a play-off and maybe the World Series.

Even at thirty-seven and after twelve years in the big leagues, Slam Scanlan was a man of true good will. During that long hitch, he'd gained more stature and honor and victories than most; he'd been a 20-game winner, pitched in some All-Star games, even thrown a no-hitter. But he told me once that what he'd always wanted more than anything else—wanted with an almost childish fierceness—was to play in a World Series.

He never had and he never would, because he was all through today, bowing out as a relief guy on a club that, late in August, had clinched eighth place.

As he finished his warmup tosses, he backpedaled from the mound and picked up the rosin bag. The crowd was on its feet now, letting out a roar that must have been heard clear across the city. Slam dried the fingers of his pitching hand on the bag and, as he did, he took a slow, cold stare at the third-base coaching box.

Inside it stood Doak Laney, the Clipper manager. Doak was one of those professional rowdies who'd always bragged to the sports writers how he wanted no part of nice guys on *his* ball clubs; he said they got in the way.

He stood there now, hands on hips, openly sneering at Slam Scanlan. It crossed my mind that if Slam just did happen to get this final big out into his record book, Doak Laney stood to lose a lot more than a pennant.

All Doak had was a one-year contract with the Clippers. And the press, as well as his own front office, would be highly critical if a chance at the pennant were snatched away by Slam, a man Doak had discarded last winter without even giving him a chance. He'd traded Slam down the river to us, the newspapers had quoted him as saying, for not being his kind of ballplayer.

There was even more to it than that. This bad feeling between Doak Laney and Slam went back a full twelve years, back to when Slam had first

ILLUSTRATED BY BIRNEY LETTICK

DRINK
Coca-Cola
For people on the go...

See EDDIE FISHER on "Coke Time"
NBC Television twice each week.

it's refreshing to know

When you feel the need for a bit of quick energy, it's simply wonderful how Coke brings you back . . . so refreshed, so quickly. And with as few calories as half an average, juicy grapefruit. Have a Coke and be refreshed!

Drink
Coca-Cola

"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

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DEWAR'S
"White Label"
and Victoria Vat
SCOTCH WHISKIES

Piper at parade rest
Clan Wallace Tartan

"White Label"
Blended Scotch Whisky
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
Distillers
Perth
Dewar's
Victoria Vat
Blended Scotch Whisky
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
Perth

Dewar's never varies!

Famed are the clans of Scotland ...their colorful tartans worn in glory through the centuries. Famous, too, is Dewar's White Label and Victoria Vat, forever and always a wee bit o' Scotland in a bottle!

Both 86.8 Proof Blended Scotch Whisky © Schenley Import Corp., N. Y.

come up from the Sox farm system. Doak had been managing the Sox then.

As a rookie, Slam had a frightening fast ball. Doak wanted him to use its scare value, to throw at a hitter's head now and then, when the going looked rugged, driving the hitter away from the plate and setting him up for the low, going-away curve. But Slam would never have any part of that; and Doak had nothing but contempt for him, once he found that out. Out loud, in the clubhouse, he said Slam had no guts.

Slam's first year up, the Sox were a shoo-in for the World Series. But Doak traded him away in early May, to the Bears, for a reserve catcher who had become "colorful" by getting into a lot of fistfights around the leagues. The catcher, he anounced, was "his kind of ballplayer."

"Sure, Scanlan can probably pitch a little," Doak explained to the reporters after the deal. "He'll maybe stick around. But not with any club of mine. He's just not my kind of ballplayer, that's all."

With the Bears, Slam soon proved he'd stick around for quite a spell. But after seven years with them, he'd never yet seen the light of the first division.

Finally he got a break and was traded to the Clippers. They were a second-division club then too, but building on youth. They wanted a bonded winner to hold their bright, erratic staff together. And Slam was it. He wore out most of what remained of his pitching arm in the process, but last year the Clippers had finished second. And this year they were picked to cop the pennant.

During the winter, though, the Clipper manager had a big ruckus over his contract, and in came Doak Laney, the floating genius, to take over a tailor-made pennant winner.

Slam told me later that he'd known from the moment he heard the news that it meant he'd been cut out of his second and final chance to catch up on his big dream—to play in a Series. And he certainly had been. He never did see the Clipper training camp that spring; he saw ours instead, coming to us in a trade for a slightly used utility infielder who hit .240 but was rated the shrillest bench jockey in the league. He had none of Slam's great talent but he was Doak's kind of ballplayer.

This time Doak explained it away by saying, "This team's too young for old, broken-down pitchers. And Scanlan's *still* not my kind of ballplayer."

NOW, as Slam got my signal for the first pitch, he gave me the quick nod. We'd both been around this league quite a while, so we both knew this hitter, Jibawlski, pretty well. Jibawlski had 31 home runs for the season and a .317 average. You had to be careful how you pitched to him.

I crouched there waiting for the first one to come in, and I heard Doak Laney yell, "Dig in on the Boy Scout, Jib!"

Jib was set. And Slam, with the bases loaded, went into the full motion, as he almost always did in that situation unless the man on third was extra fast. He poured it into my mitt, a low dipper that caught the outside corner for a clean, called strike. Jib looked rueful and spit on his hands.

I threw the ball back to Slam, hard. Then I squatted again and gave him the sign for his slider, a half curve, which is very neat the way Slam throws it.

But this time it wasn't. It just missed, although when the umpire called it a ball I put up a big beef on general principles.

"Dig in, Jib. *Dig in!*" Doak was screaming as I gave Slam the sign for the breaking curve. This one came in, all right. The trouble was it didn't fully break.

Jib came around on it, all the way, and pulled it with a crash. It went out and out, a viciously rising line drive; and then our right fielder gave up the chase, his shoulders slumped in surrender.

BUT then the roar of the crowd changed to a sick groan; the ball hooked and shot high into the sixty-cent seats on the wrong side of the foul pole—a long strike two.

I still felt weak as I went back into the crouch. This time I signaled for a low one. But, strangely, Slam shook me off.

So I signaled for one belt-high but junky enough so it couldn't travel as far as that last one. And for the second time Slam rejected. It hit me, as I signaled again, that I could not remember Slam shaking me off twice, before now.

My third choice was his high, hard one, the pitch he had to use so sparingly now. He nodded and reared back. The pitch came in high and hard, and it seemed to come like an arrow aimed for Jib's right ear. "Look out!" I yelled, as Jib fell to the ground in panic.

As it turned out, he hadn't needed to drop. The pitch had broken sharply away. If he'd stood still it wouldn't have nicked him. It had just looked as though it would.

Jib got to his feet, looking pale f all his tan. Doak Laney was tearing down the foul line screaming: "Duster! Duster!"

But the plate umpire waved Doak back in a hurry. After all, he'd been around a long time too. He knew Slam, and he knew Slam's record. It was a ball, and the count was 2-and-2.

Jib's face was still pasty as I gave Slam the signal, in a rush. There was no argument this time. Slam threw the ball fast—no windup, just the quick stretch.

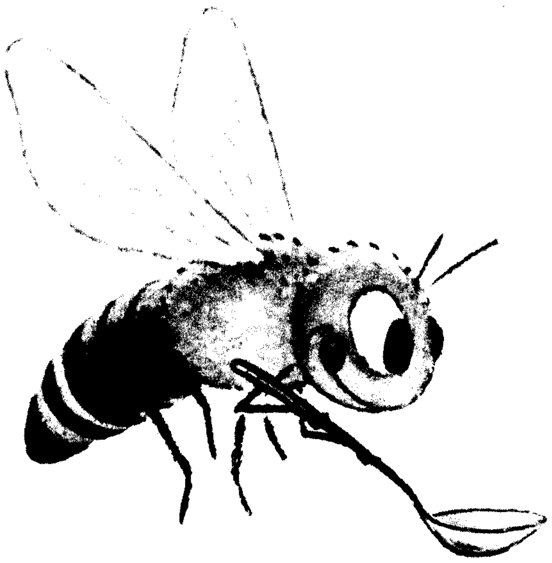
It came in, the first pitch to Jib all over again. It was a low dipper, and it caught the outside corner again. Jib just stood there, frozen, as the umpire jerked his thumb high in the air and gave the pennant to a team three hundred miles away, the Sox.

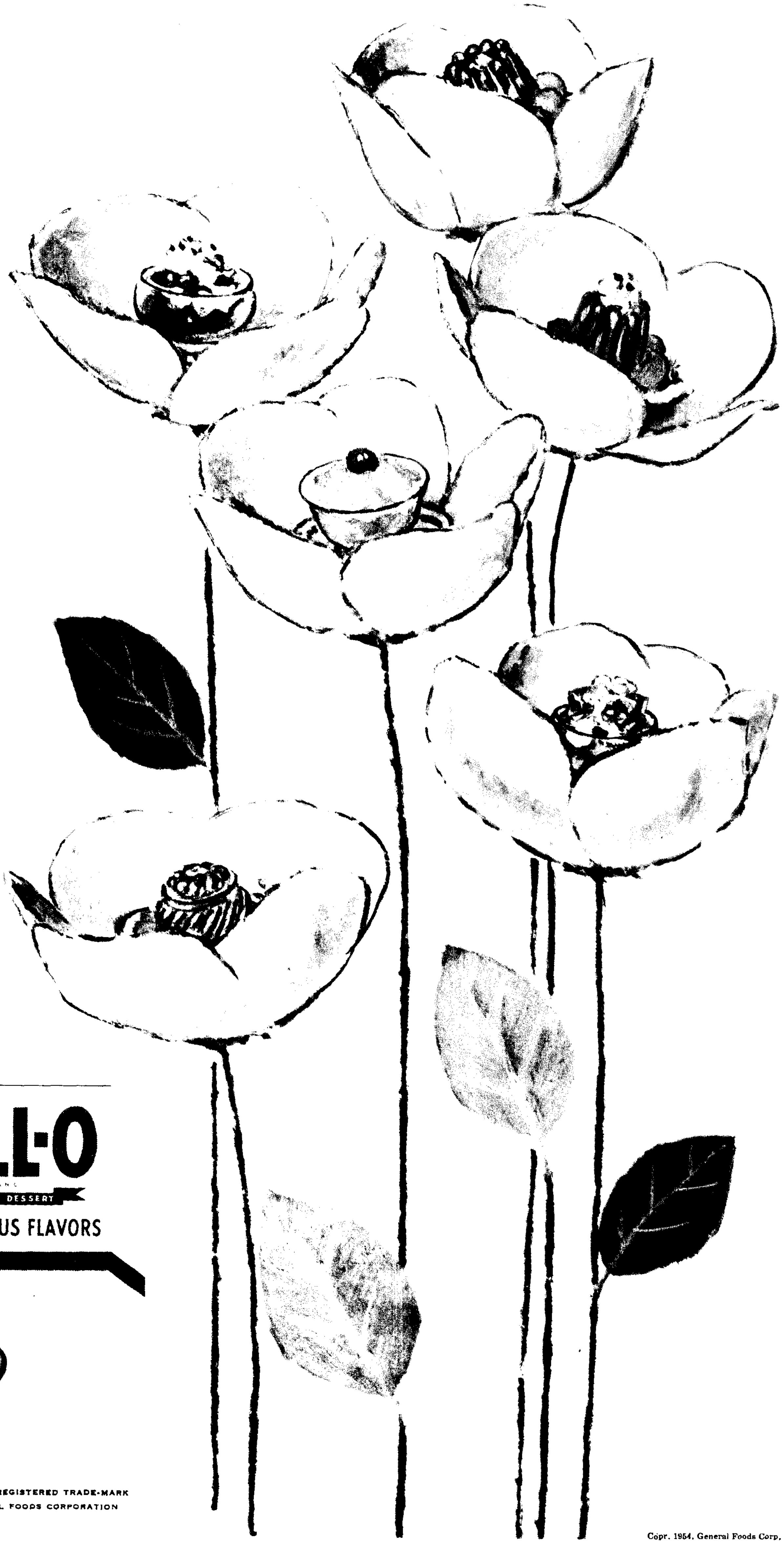
There isn't much more I can tell you. I don't really know if Slam threw that fourth pitch that way or if it slipped. Of course, I could see where a guy, after twelve years, might figure that what he'd lost in speed he'd gained in control—a guy like that would know what he was doing. But Slam?—well, he just never said. All I can tell you is what Slam said to Doak Laney when we met him on the way out of the park.

"You phony Boy Scout!" Doak yelled at him. "You aimed at my boy's head."

"What are you trying to say, Mr. Laney?" Slam asked in that polite, nice-guy way of his. "That after twelve years of trying, you finally turned me into your kind of ballplayer?"

—DUANE DECKER

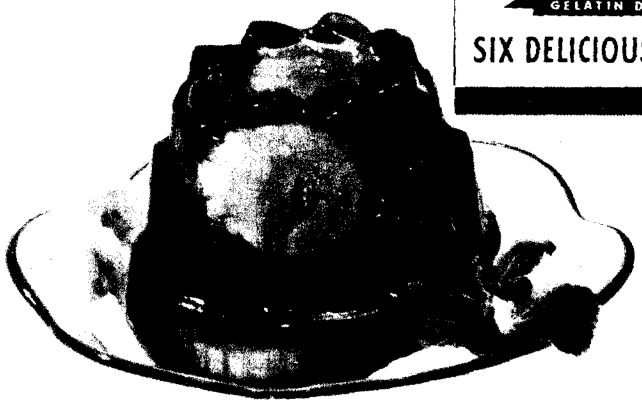




When I'm eating Jell-O
I wish I were a bee

... bee-cause Jell-O's such
a honey of a dessert!

Now's the time for **JELL-O** BRAND GELATIN DESSERT SIX DELICIOUS FLAVORS

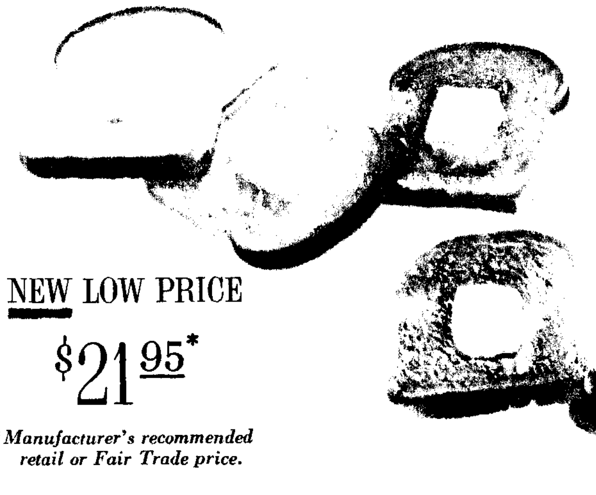


JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

Copr. 1954, General Foods Corp.

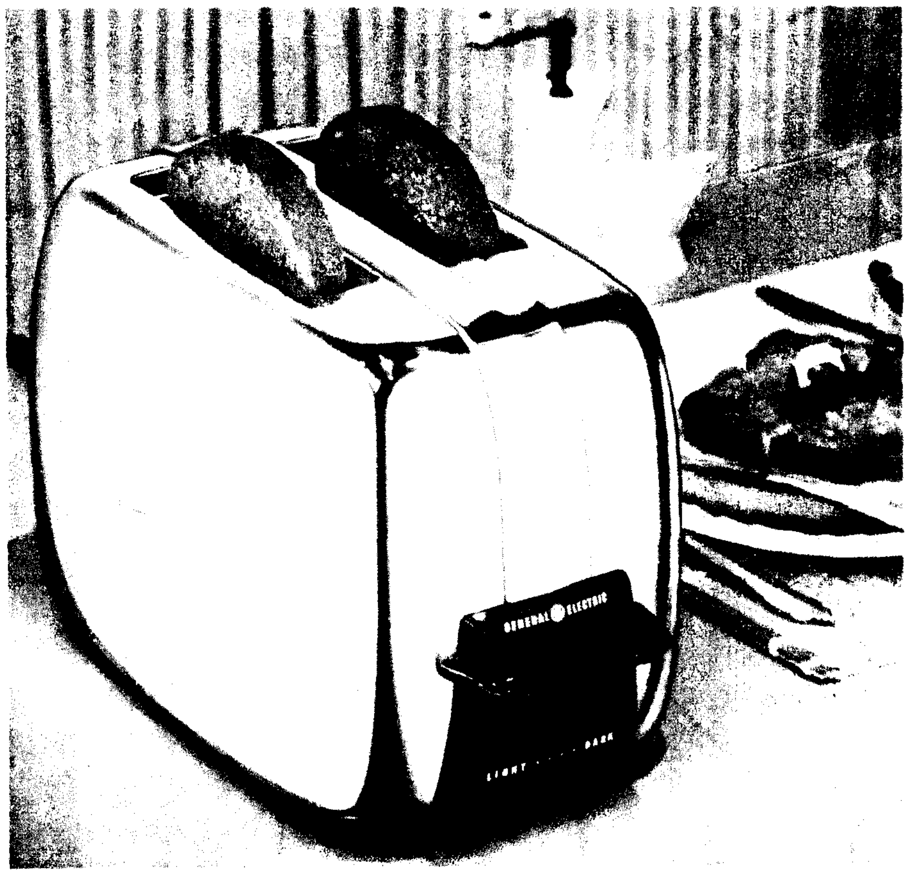
Toast the way YOU want it

... with G.E.'s NEW truly automatic toaster!



NEW LOW PRICE
$21.95*

*Manufacturer's recommended retail or Fair Trade price.



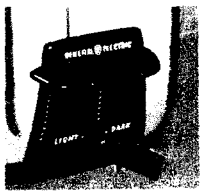
THIS is the toaster with the simplest, most dependable automatic toasting mechanism ever developed! It gives you toast to your taste every time.

6-position control is one of the new, easy-to-use features of this toaster. Just set it for light . . . medium . . . dark . . . or any in-between shade. Then, count on piece after piece being *exactly* alike.

Another pleasing feature of the General Electric toaster is the *extra-high toast lift.* It brings small pieces of toast, muffins and even frozen waffles well up out of the toaster. No more digging for toast—no more burned fingers.

You'll find in this toaster an *extra-large snap-out, snap-in crumb tray* that is completely cleanable in seconds. Just wipe it off with a damp cloth or wash it along with the dishes.

See the new G-E Toaster at your dealer's now! Also available with ivory color base . . . $22.95.* General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.


6-position control!

Extra-high toast lift!

Progress is our most important product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

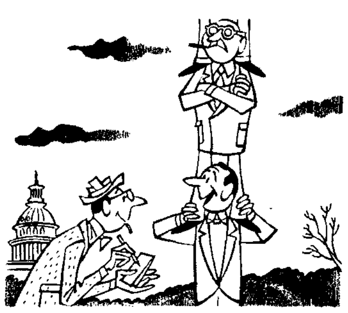
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

It will soon be a bit late in the year to spend evenings on any or all of the 10,000 benches Detroit has set out around her public parks. But they've been a great summer success. Most of them two-seaters. Known as wench benches. No, Junior, not wenching, just wench. Put there, says the Honorable John J. Considine, Park Superintendent, to accommodate the young who yearn to study the stars while holding hands. Only kick thus far has come from hoboes. Too narrow for sleeping.

★ ★ ★

Probably no one will pay attention to Mr. Vann Jaspanne's fume. Anyway, he has written from Terre Haute, Indiana, to the Federal Communications Commission asking that they order all radio commentators and newspaper columnists when quoting "a high government official" to say just how high the guy was when he made the quoted statement.


IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

Job opportunity we missed. The University of California has enrolled a panel of beefeaters. Easy work. Pleasant surroundings. Just pull up a chair and go to work on a nice slab of roast beef. Call your shots too—rare, medium or well done. First serving, cornfed beef from the Midwest. Next, barley-fed from California. Then just sit back, pick your teeth and try to decide which critter tastes better. If you can't decide, you start all over again. Job may go on for days. And listen: they pay you for it.

★ ★ ★

Until recently it has been the opinion of the unsympathetic city commission of Orlando, Florida, that it served you right if you foolishly broke out of the town's comfortable jail. Being outside was considered punishment enough. But now, you are warned by Mr. John H. Gardiner, Jr., they've adopted a new statute. A hundred and fifty dollars fine, or sixty days, for escaping. So don't come around whining that you didn't know.

★ ★ ★

Mr. Ben Blue (who may or may not be the comedian, but writes from Chicago anyway) donates a couple of clippings from the fashion section of his newspaper. One ballyhoos "sheer stockings, designed for dressy occasions and so serviceable that lots of women wear nothing else." In the other, the paper's style editor asks: "Girls, how about filling out your blouses for fall?"

★ ★ ★

Nothing electric from Hominy, Oklahoma, this week except a news item about a movement to substitute ground parched corn for rice for throwing purposes at weddings. That is hominy for you.

★ ★ ★

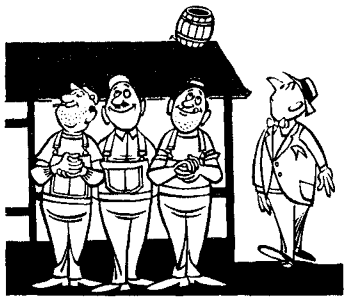
Once upon a very recent time this Omaha, Nebraska, businessman found himself on what Mr. Joe Bierbaum calls "the horns of a dilemma." Incidentally this dilemma had at least four horns: he had several urgent letters to dictate; he had a lot of important customers sitting outside; he had an early date at home. Also the phone was having frequent convulsions. So he left his office by a back door, called up his secretary from the corner drugstore, dictated his letters to her, went back to greet the customers and got home in plenty of time.

★ ★ ★

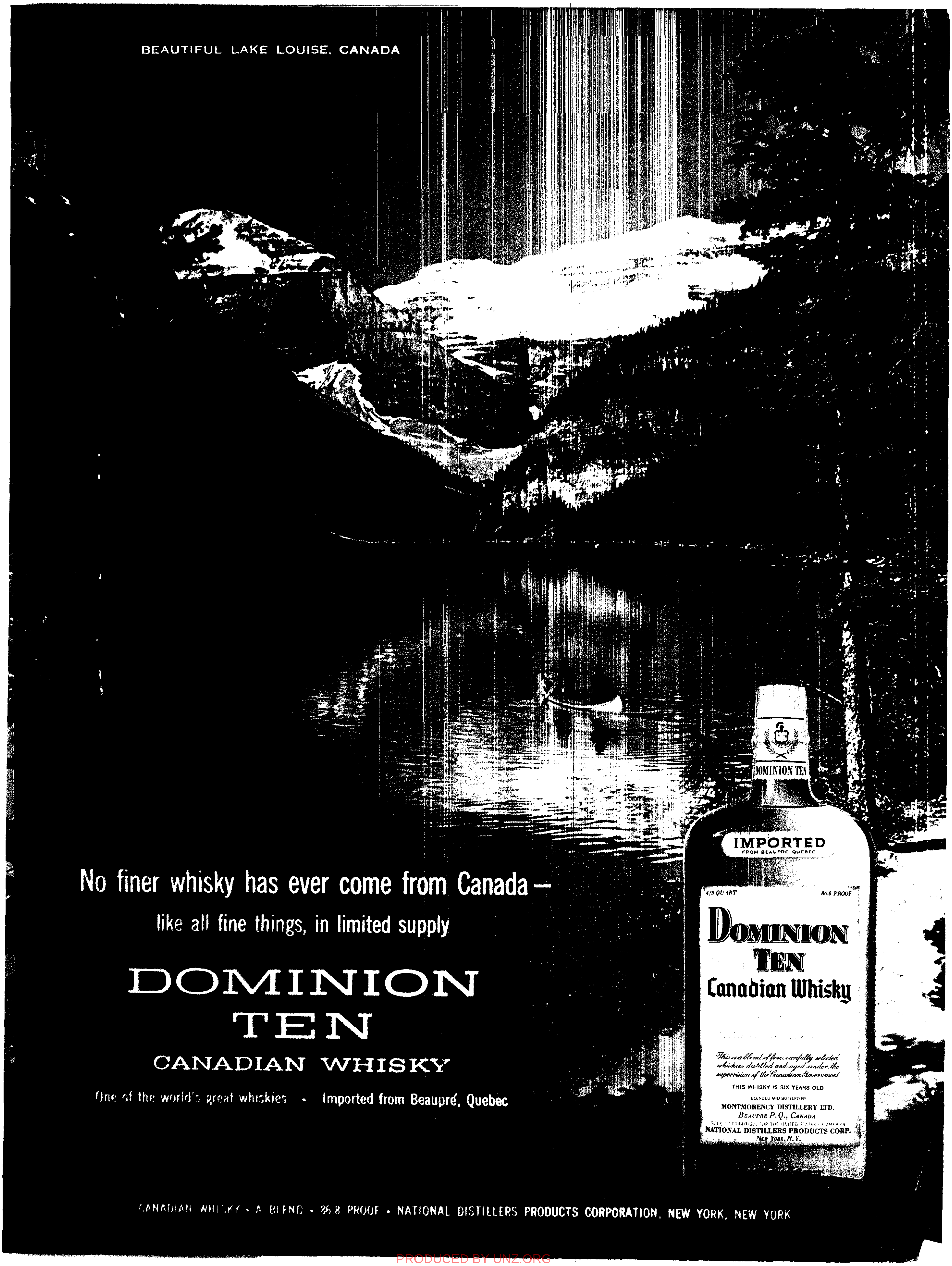
As Mrs. Louise Peloquin says, advertising is always more effective if tinted with romance. For example, here's what she saw in the Berlin, New Hampshire, Reporter: "Farmer aged 38 wishes to meet woman around 30 who owns a tractor. Please enclose picture of tractor." Mrs. Peloquin invites you to visualize this farmer, aged 38, perched on the fence and gazing adoringly at the tractor at work (lady aged 30 in the driver's seat) and murmuring: "Ain't she a beauty?"

★ ★ ★

In Milwaukee, a city renowned for high-grade habits, you may behold a roofed but otherwise unfinished house with a nail keg fastened to its ridgepole. The carpenters will be observed taking a breather and rubbing their hands expectantly. In Milwaukee that means the owner is thereby invited to buy a keg of beer for the hammer-and-saw boys. Of course there may be no leaks in the roof even if the owner doesn't. Just an old Milwaukee custom and, in our opinion, it's silly to save a keg of beer for a rainy day. ▲▲▲



BEAUTIFUL LAKE LOUISE, CANADA


DOMINION TEN
IMPORTED
FROM BEAUPRE QUEBEC
4/5 QUART
86.8 PROOF
DOMINION TEN
Canadian Whisky
This is a blend of fine, carefully selected whiskies distilled and aged under the supervision of the Canadian Government
THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
MONTMORENCY DISTILLERY LTD.
BEAUPRE P.Q., CANADA
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORP.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

No finer whisky has ever come from Canada—

like all fine things, in limited supply

DOMINION TEN

CANADIAN WHISKY

One of the world's great whiskies • Imported from Beaupré, Quebec

CANADIAN WHISKY • A BLEND • 86.8 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

100% all wool—fashioned for the fellow who
LOVES GOOD LIVING—AND LOOKS IT!

Buck Skein Joe®
DEAUVILLE

Debonair Deauville in contrasting colors! Who but the French could create such a truly casual jacket fashion!

Only in wool can colors be so rich, so deep, so brilliant. Warm, warm wool is luxury to look at, to wear. Yes, the Deauville is the season's smartest fashion—expertly tailored stitch by stitch.

And what freedom! The very finest heavy knit* gently conforms to your shoulder and waist contours—gives with every move. The lining is a special shadow-patterned rayon that perspiration can't affect. **$18.95.** *(Slightly higher in the far West).*

*50% wool, 50% cotton

Sport shirt worn is the Buck Skein Joe Wayfarer

BUCK SKEIN JOE
SPORT FASHIONS

At better stores, or write to Lustberg, Nast & Co., Inc., 212 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

ALFRED M. LANSING

Choplin underground in Mexico

ALMOST the only friendly words Leo Choplin has for caves are that they are wonderful places to change film. Otherwise, his main memories seem to be of falling into underground rivers and pools, leaning perilously at an angle to shoot pictures like the one on the cover, floundering foolishly in pidgin-Spanish conversation with the Mexican porters who cheerfully carried the heavy batteries and other equipment that photographer Choplin needed for the job.

Choplin votes for the language barrier as the toughest obstacle. He carried his trusty Spanish-English phrase book through the gloomy caves, but somehow never had the opportunity to say, "Which way to the American Embassy?" or "Please give me a menu." Choplin has thought more than once of bringing out his own publication with what he considers much more useful Spanish phrases, such as "Watch out for that stalactite!" and "Get your foot off my fingers, *señor.*"

★ ★ ★

IF YOU have been perusing our magazine in the orthodox manner, from front to back, you have just had the pleasure of reading 48 States of Mind. It was just four years ago that this regular feature first appeared in Collier's, and such a birthday was cause enough for us to visit Walter Davenport in his home and workshop in Winsted, Connecticut, and ask him to talk about himself for a change.

"I was born on a farm in Maryland," Davvy told us. "Carl Sandburg once told me that it was clear to him and should be to all that I was born on a farm somewhere.

"Many years ago, some now forgotten egghead came out for life-planning. Lots of people tried it; I was one. I decided I wanted either to be a doctor or a journalist. I took this somewhat flexible planning to a favorite professor who said, 'Davenport, it would be less perilous for all concerned if you chose journalism.' So I did.

"The Philadelphia Public Ledger hired me as a reporter. I wrote deluges of stuff, most of which was not published. Undismayed, I invaded New York, got a job as reserve conductor on the Third Avenue Railway line, where I manned the rear platform. From there to the New York American as reporter, later rewrite man. I enlisted in the infantry in 1917, got shot in the belly in Fismes, France, and came home to get married and go to work on the New York Sun and then the old Herald. In the meantime I wrote articles and short stories in profusion, several of which I sold to a magazine called The Black Cat, and another to the movies. In 1925, I came to work for Collier's, where I've been reporter, acting managing editor, political writer, editor and columnist. I've had an uproarious time following the above-mentioned professor's advice. I wouldn't have had it any other way."

Neither would we.

★ ★ ★

WHEN we heard that Budd Schulberg had written a screen play about the waterfront, and had virtually lived on the New York-New Jersey docks to get his material, we asked him to write a fiction story for Collier's that would sum up dramatically the waterfront problem. The movie, On the Waterfront, is certainly one of the best in years, as you know if you've seen it. The story he wrote for us in this issue is also Schulberg at his best.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SIMPSON KALISHER

Davenport celebrates column's birthday in a Perfect State of Mind

If you want more in protection for your family

Ask about John Hancock's new life insurance program

Face the Facts
Figure it out for yourself!

THREE APPROACHES TO FAMILY PROTECTION

1. "Preferred Risk"
Minimum sum insured $7,500. Permanent life insurance protection at *low cost* for men and women who measure up to high underwriting and medical standards.

2. "Select Ordinary Insurance"
Minimum sum insured $3,000. John Hancock's Select Ordinary insurance is outstanding . . . check "20 year net cost" comparisons.

3. "Multiple Protection"
Designed especially for people who buy life insurance in moderate amounts. Sums insured $1,000 to $2,999. AUTOMATIC ADDITIONAL FEATURES included in all "Multiple Protection" policies for standard risks at issue ages under 56: waiver of premiums disability; benefit for death by accidental means; benefits for loss of sight or limbs.

John Hancock
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Now at even LOWER COST our NEW John Hancock program can meet your needs better than ever.

THE JOHN HANCOCK
200 Berkeley Street, Dept. J-4
Boston 17, Massachusetts

Please *mail* me a copy of your new booklet on family protection, *"Face the Facts."*

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Address____________________________

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for energy
GO...
refreshed!
Coconut Nibbles
dip·bits
Milk Caramels
Caramel Nougats
Mint Patties
Coconut Grovetts
Butterfinger CHIPS
Baby Ruth NUGGETS
Baby Ruth NUGGETS
CURTiSS
CANDY COMPANY
Otto Schnering, Founder

Fine Milk Makes Fine Candy—America's Greatest
Champion Dairy Herds are Bred and Raised on Curtiss Farms.

Letters...

American Wolf Called

EDITOR: I read Parrots Are Wolves in Rome, by Art Buchwald (Aug. 20th), with much interest. The author's typically American tone of patronizing amusement plainly indicates the great difference between the American and other nationalities, especially the Latins. I have been smiled at and complimented (yes, and pinched) in Rome, Paris, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, Rio de Janeiro, Lima, Guayaquil, San Salvador, Managua and Mexico City to come at last to the great city of New York to be addressed by strangers and insulted.

I do not like it and I know that American women do not like it, for I hear many complaints from women I know here. American men could well take lessons from the Roman *pappagallo* or the South American *tiburón*. Life would be much more charming.
MAGDALENE AYALA, New York, N.Y.

Charm: Roman Style

. . . Six and a half years ago I came to this country from Rome, Italy. Oh, how I missed the compliments and the attention Italian men pay the women in the streets. And I still do. American women sure miss a lot.
MRS. RAYMOND D. HULL, Eureka, Cal.

Underwater Fun

EDITOR: Howard Cohn's article Underwater Fun (Aug. 20th) is certainly the finest I have ever read on the subject. This hobby is not only very pleasurable, but educational and profitable as well. My friends and I often are called upon to secure marine specimens for local universities and research centers. And sometimes local fishermen drop outboard motors or other equipment into lakes and we retrieve them—usually not without a financial reward.
HENRY E. J. LE BLOND, Pawtucket, R.I.

. . . In your article you show a man displaying a ten-pound striped bass. The wording of the caption would lead the reader to believe that the fish was speared near Rowayton, in Connecticut waters.

It is a good article and the sport of spearfishing is a good sport but, unfortunately, the spearing of striped bass in Connecticut waters is forbidden by law. The Connecticut fish and game laws state that "striped bass shall not be intentionally taken in any of the waters under the jurisdiction of the State of Connecticut except by angling."

Spearing fish, as such, is not illegal in the marine district of Connecticut, but the spearfishermen must leave the striper for the boys with hook and line.
L. M. THORPE, Superintendent, Conn.
State Board of Fisheries and Game,
Hartford, Conn.

Collier's is glad to pass on the warning to spearfishermen in the Nutmeg State: stripers may mean stripes.

Modern Saleswoman

EDITOR: Bill Davidson's article Have You Met the Modern Salesman? (Aug. 6th) was very interesting. However, have *you* met the modern sales*woman?* Thousands of ordinary housewives like myself are adding substantially to our families' incomes in an amazing example of the drastic transformation from the old high-pressure sales era.

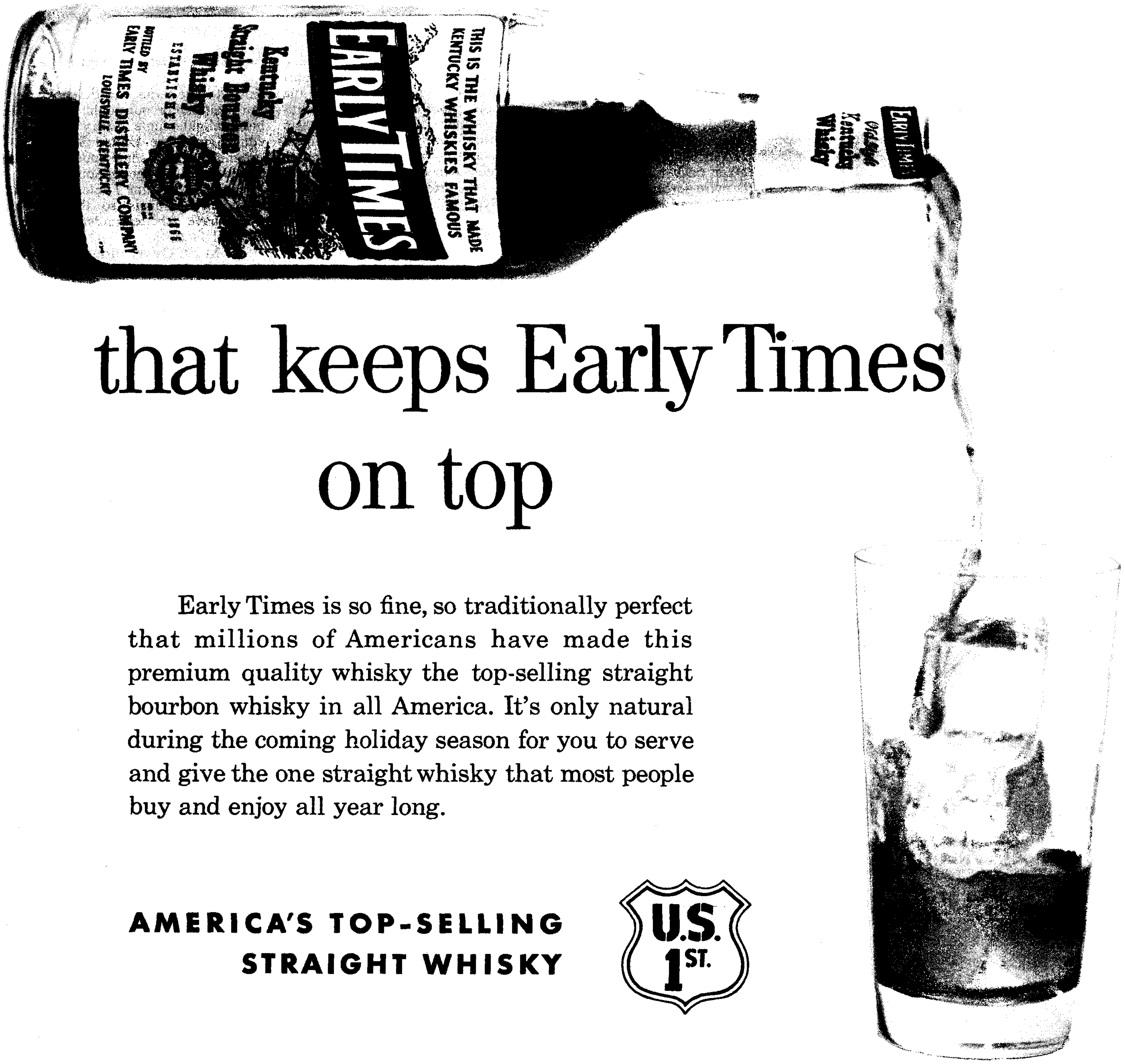
We are invited into strangers' homes to sell to them and to their friends and relatives. While everyone relaxes, we give our home demonstrations. We fill a demand—and people buy from us.
MRS. H. EUGENE MATHIS,
East Islip, N.Y.

Herbert Hoover

EDITOR: I commend you most heartily for your splendid editorial Herbert Hoover, Citizen (Aug. 20th). I have always taken pride in the fact that Herbert Clark Hoover's birthday is the same as mine. I was thirty-one this year and, of course, was not old enough during Mr. Hoover's tenure as President to appreciate him then, but I have since come to know a great deal about him, particularly his government reorganization work. I admire him greatly. BOB KNAPP, Richmond, Va.

. . . A wonderful tribute to a fine man. As a statesman and citizen, his unselfish loyalty to our country stands as a shining example for others to follow.
LOUIS A. MAURELLI,
New London, Conn.

It's the whisky in the bottle . . .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Early Times is so fine, so traditionally perfect that millions of Americans have made this premium quality whisky the top-selling straight bourbon whisky in all America. It's only natural during the coming holiday season for you to serve and give the one straight whisky that most people buy and enjoy all year long.

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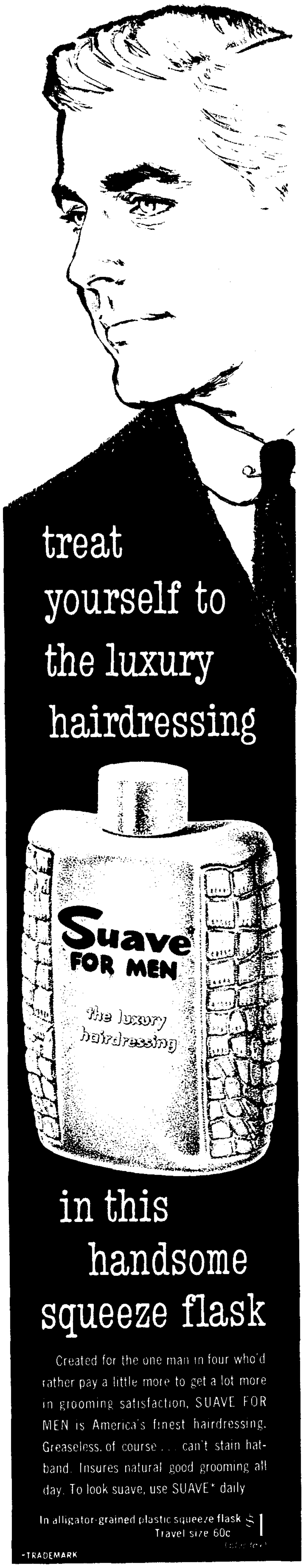
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Created for the one man in four who'd rather pay a little more to get a lot more in grooming satisfaction, SUAVE FOR MEN is America's finest hairdressing. Greaseless, of course . . . can't stain hatband. Insures natural good grooming all day. To look suave, use SUAVE* daily

In alligator-grained plastic squeeze flask $1
Travel size 60c

*TRADEMARK

. . . Excellent. It is difficult to believe that so many would tell so many lies about him. R. WALLACE TEED, M.D., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Dreadful Hyacinth

EDITOR: You may be interested to know that James Poling's article on the water-hyacinth menace, America's Most Dreadful Flower (Aug. 6th), has been responsible for some highly gratifying developments in the struggle to control the flower. The problem was brought to the attention of the nation's lawmakers when the entire article was read into the Congressional Record on August 4th. In addition, congressmen from a number of Southern states have been studying the question, preparatory to introducing legislation to curb this noxious weed.
C. R. GUTERMUTH, Washington, D.C.

Crazy Wall, Crazy

EDITOR: Your article Craziest Wall in Baseball (Aug. 6th) reminded me that this same right-field barrier in Brooklyn was responsible for one of the weirdest occurrences in baseball.

Dixie Walker once hit a ball that lodged in the wire screen for a home run. (Under today's ground rules, Dixie would have got only a double.) The next inning he went out to his right-field post and playfully threw a pebble at the ball. The pebble jarred it loose and Dixie caught the ball, thus becoming the only man ever to catch his own home run.
S/SGT. JOHN F. HLIVYAK,
APO 85 c/o Postmaster, N.Y.

Protestant Unity?

EDITOR: Thanks for Caspar Nannes' full and fair treatment of the problem of church unity (Will All Protestants Unite in One Church?, Aug. 20th). He writes as a man knowing the subject in its many facets and, without taking sides on the controversy, discusses it in apparently complete fairness to all concerned. I was happy to have this full background.
C. E. BRYANT, Waco, Texas

. . . I want to express my gratitude to you for your wonderful article on the World Council of Churches.
MRS. FLOYD L. RHEAM, Tulsa, Okla.

. . . For a clear statement of both the prospects and the problems of unity in nontechnical language, this is hard to beat. EDWIN H. MAYNARD, News Editor, Christian Advocate, Chicago, Ill.

. . . Your article contains the type of objective treatment that honors the intelligence of the American people.
CLAYTON T. GRISWOLD, Exec. Dir., Radio and Television Dept., The Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., New York, N.Y.

. . . The reason I say "Here I stand" with Luther is because no one has proved to me that I am wrong—not because I am stubborn.
MRS. THOMAS E. TREASURE,
Weslaco, Texas

. . . The whole value of Protestantism has been as a protest against setting up any creed-making authority. Any attempt to consolidate the denominations would be a move toward another iron-bound creed.
WILLIAM NEWTON NICHOLS,
Pensacola, Fla.

. . . Surely the God we picture is not so narrow-minded as to care one whit what church we attend. What He will ask us, I believe, is, "What have you done for the benefit and uplift of your fellow man?"
W. R. FRANCIS, Prince Albert, Sask.

. . . As a member of the General Board of the National Council of Churches and a delegate to the Assembly of the World Council of Churches, I want to express my very deep appreciation for your article. The writer has given an accurate picture of the ecumenical movement in world-wide Protestantism today.

If I had any question at all, it would be with regard to the sentence: "It is highly unlikely that the Protestant Church will ever display the degree of unity demonstrated by the Catholic Church—*or that it will have the resultant power*" (italics mine).

Your writer is correct in stressing the love of independence which is part of the genius of Protestantism. On the other hand, those of us who are working for a more united Protestantism believe that it eventually will become a political and cultural power adequate to counterbalance—when it does not parallel—the exercise of such power by the Roman Catholic Church.
JAMES E. WAGNER, Pres.,
Evangelical and Reformed Church,
Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . The article contains one statement which is misleading: "Seventh-day Adventists oppose the eating of meat." It is true that in principle the Adventists are vegetarians. They believe that flesh foods are not the best foods and, therefore, where other foods are available it is best that one abstain. Such a position is based purely on health grounds; it is not a test of church fellowship.

There are salient, distinguishing beliefs of Seventh-day Adventists such as the keeping of the seventh day as the Sabbath, and the visible, personal, imminent return of Jesus. It is regrettable that such a "fringe" belief was referred to which would lead some to think of Adventists as "crackpots."
E. D. DICK, Pres., Seventh-day
Adventist Theological Seminary,
Washington, D.C.

. . . You are quite right in assuming that Episcopalians are interested in church unity, but that interest is directed toward all Christians, whether Protestant or Catholic. The genius of the Anglican Communion is that it is a bridge church, embracing the Catholic faith in its fullness while still maintaining the Evangelical emphasis of the Reformation. In the services of our church the word Protestant is never used; we declare our belief in the Holy Catholic Church.

The new church of South India which you mention is not yet in communion with the Anglican churches because its adherence to Catholic faith and practice has not yet been adequately demonstrated.

Your author mentions that Episcopalians accomplish baptism by sprinkling, rather than immersion. This is quite incorrect. The only forms of baptism authorized in the church are, first, immersion, and second, pouring (affusion).

The National Council of Churches, of which the Episcopal church is a member, is not a Protestant body. It includes Orthodox, Episcopalians and Protestants. If, as your author implies, there were any serious doubt that the clergy of the Episcopal Church are Catholic priests, there would be few men left in the ministry of our church, no monks and nuns left in our religious orders, and few laymen left in our pews. JOHN T. RUSSELL, Canon Assistant, Cathedral Church of St. Luke, Orlando, Fla.

The classification of Episcopalians as Protestants has been the subject of continuous theological discussion. In the sense that they renounced the authority of the pope in Rome, they are indeed Protestants. But their bishops are consecrated in a line of succession which traces back to the original (Catholic) Church. While immersion is one method of baptism used by the Episcopalians, it is much less common than affusion. As for the National Council of Churches, 24 of its 30 communions are Protestant.

Educational Articles

EDITOR: The series of articles by Howard Whitman on our public schools has been enlightening and very valuable to education in the United States. Last summer I taught some courses in education at Birmingham-Southern College; time after time I referred to Mr. Whitman's findings so the students might have a better understanding of the real facts.
M. P. GRAY, Birmingham, Ala.

Our Unchanging Readers

EDITOR: Since my husband and I have read Collier's for many years, we thought you'd be interested in these two pictures. The first (above) was taken in 1912 before we were married, and the second (below) our son took in 1953.

We are celebrating our fortieth wedding anniversary this year. As you can see, we have changed—but one thing has not changed: we still read Collier's.
MRS. R. D. HUTCHINS,
Des Moines, Iowa

Smoother going down

Enjoy a tasty Calvert "Lo-Ball" — a generous jigger of Calvert over ice cubes with just a splash of mixer.

CALVERT SATISFIES

For a really satisfying whiskey that's rich in flavor . . . yet soft to your taste and *smoother all the way down* . . . drink Calvert Reserve. Your first swallow will tell you why Calvert is now one of the two largest-selling whiskies in the world. Try Calvert today !

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It's Smart to Switch To

CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

Your guide to the best in clock-radios

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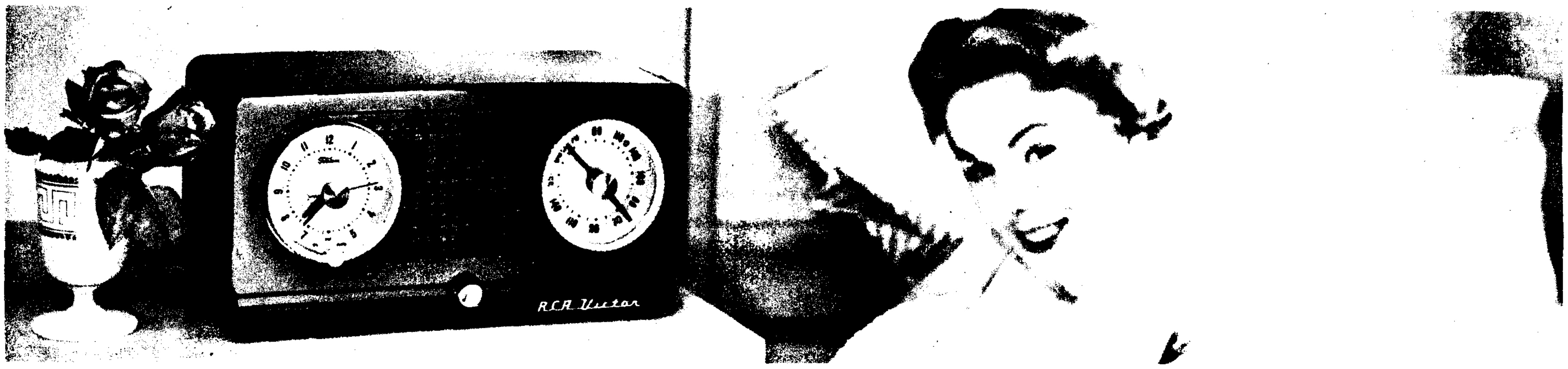
RCA

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

When buying a clock-radio, doesn't it make sense to select a set made by famous RCA Victor, world leader in radio? Only RCA Victor gives you "Golden Throat" tone! All these beauties wake you to music. Two of them turn themselves on *and off* — control appliances — run your record player, too! Which is best for you?



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"The Reveille" is RCA Victor's biggest bargain! Wakes you with music or news. Accurate Telechron* clock, as in all RCA Victor clock-radios. Wonderful big-radio sound. "Golden Throat" tone system—a precise balance of amplifier, speaker, and cabinet. In maroon. Ivory, green, red or black, extra. Model 4C531. $29.95.

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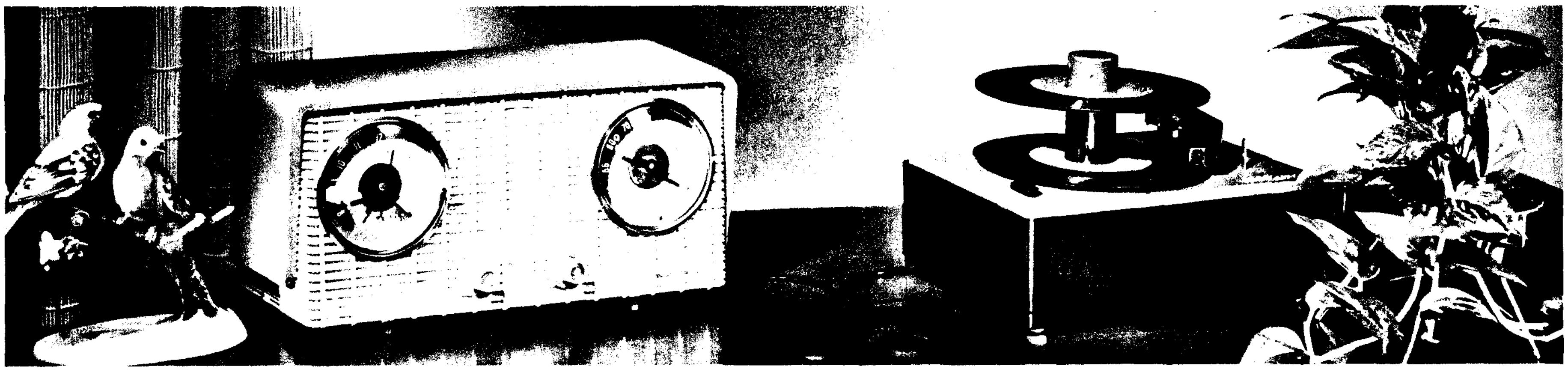
"The Slumberette" stops the music after you drowse off at night . . . wakes you next morning with a song! Buzzes 10 minutes later if you oversleep! Controls any small appliance you plug in, too! Supersensitive speaker, built-in loop antenna, phono-jack. In maroon. Ivory, green, red, black or kitchen white, extra. Model 4C541. $39.95.



RUNS RECORD PLAYER!

The ultimate in clock-radios: "The Prompter"! Has powerful three-gang condenser to pull in weak signals. Turns itself and appliances on and off. Has phono-jack for plugging in a record changer like the "Victrola 45" attachment shown. Clock-radio in gray and ivory, or black and beige. Model 4C671. $49.95.

Suggested list prices shown subject to change without notice. Slightly higher in far West and South. *CLOCK SUPPLIER

TO STOP THE COMMUNISTS

"We Must Be Willing To Fight Now"

By WILLIAM F. KNOWLAND

(Majority Leader of the U.S. Senate)

The Senate's G.O.P. leader says the free nations must draw a line against further Communist encroachment in Asia. "Hard, sane courage is the quality most likely to save us from war"

THE most ominous fact in the world today is the growing strength of the Communists. The free world must face up to this grim threat now, for tomorrow may be too late. The abandonment of north Vietnam to the Reds and the collapse of the Korean peace talks at Geneva leave us with these alternatives—to halt the Communists where they are, or to surrender first Southeast Asia, then all the rest of the continent and nearby islands to the Reds, giving them such a heavy preponderance of power that they would be ready to move in Europe.

I can see but one course open to the free nations. We and our allies must, as quickly as possible, draw a line in Asia and notify the Communists that if they cross it, they must fight. When I say fight, I don't mean fight in another little war. The free nations should let Red China know that if she invades—directly as in Korea, or indirectly as in Indochina—any territory we have undertaken to defend, she must take the consequences not only on the violated land, but on her own mainland.

Such a decision would involve risk, but there is no course we can follow without risk. To avoid a Communist world, we of the United States and other free nations must be willing to fight—now, if necessary. Whatever the cost to save our freedom, we must be willing to pay the price. Hard, sane courage is the quality most likely to save us from war, or from defeat if war comes.

There is no easy solution for the unpleasant facts of today. There is no cheap solution. There is no solution that will guarantee safety—with normal conditions of trade, travel and tranquillity as the world once knew them—so long as the menace of international Communism exists. Don't let anybody fool you with talk that the Russians have had a change of heart, that the free nations and the Communist powers can live side by side in security and peace. The brutal zealots who drive the hundreds of millions of people in Russia, China and the satellite states are subject to no restraints of morality, compassion or friendship. Whenever and wherever they offer a hand and smile, they have some scheme of their own in mind.

The Communist objective always has been, and still is, domination of the world. It will no more change than a leopard's spots. In my opinion, the best chance—if not the only chance—we have for peace now and over the long stretch is to stop Communism in its tracks. If we do nothing, the Reds will merely follow their own program for involving us in war and, they hope, crushing defeat.

I am sorry as any of you that these conditions exist, but it is my duty to tell my fellow countrymen the facts as they appear to me. The truth is that never before have we had an enemy so close to grasping the overwhelming balance of power from the side of freedom.

It will not be easy to draw a so-far-and-no-farther line against the Communists in Asia, but we must try to do so. On our side of that line might be Japan, South Korea, Formosa, the Philippine Republic, Thailand, Burma, Malaya, Indonesia, Australia, New Zealand, Pakistan and what remains free in Indochina—southern Vietnam, Cambodia and Laos.

The United States already has defense treaties with Japan, South Korea, the Philippines, Australia and New Zealand, and a military-assistance agreement with Pakistan. In addition, we have made commitments to defend Formosa against Red attack. President Eisenhower recently warned the Chinese Communists that they'll have to run over the U.S. Seventh Fleet if they try to take Formosa. But much remains to be done to co-ordinate the defense plans of these countries with our own and with one another's. As I write this article, eight nations with interests in the area—the United States, Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand, Thailand, the Philippines and Pakistan—have announced plans to convene in the Philippines in September to discuss "the establishment of a collective security arrangement" for Southeast Asia.

It's possible other countries may join in the talks at a later stage. I was encouraged to read recently that thousands of Vietnamese nationalists were parading and protesting against the Communist takeover in the northern part of their country. (They also protested against colonialism, but that no

BOB PHILLIPS

Knowland first was sent to the Senate from California in 1945

Why are we in Asia? "We are protecting our homes"

longer threatens them from the West.) The equally threatened 6,000,000 people of Cambodia and Laos also may seek protection—provided the terms of the agreement reached by France and the Indochinese Reds at Geneva leave them free to do so.

But whatever the initial defensive line-up in Southeast Asia, and even if it proves less strong in numbers than we'd like, we should press on with a new organization to stop the Communist flood. Once we show determination to hold a line there, other nations may join. But the longer we delay, the weaker our position will be in the undecided nations of Southeast Asia. They will conclude that the initiative is to remain with the Communists, and make the best terms with the Reds they can.

I hope it will be possible, before too long, to form a Pacific-Southeast Asia alliance—stretching from Japan in the northeast to Pakistan in the southwest—of such strength that the Communists will think thrice before trying another aggression in that part of the world, or indeed anywhere else. Eventually, I'd like to see a sort of Far Eastern defense organization roughly patterned on the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

The present grave crisis in Asia has grown from a long string of Communist victories, stretching from Yalta through Panmunjom to Geneva.

At the Big Three conference in Yalta in 1945, the West gave Russia many dominant rights in Manchuria—part of China—without even consulting the then government of China. The West was preoccupied with bringing Russia—unnecessarily, we now know—into the military war against Japan, with no appreciation for the future political consequences. Then, after the war, the West failed to understand the full significance of the growth of Communist strength in China; Communism there was mistaken for reform and liberalism.

If Southern China Had Been Saved

Later, after all northern China was taken by the Communists, the West failed to save the country's southern provinces. I think southern China could have been saved. Had it been, the Reds of Indochina would not have had a common frontier with Red China and thus no sanctuary into which they could retreat when pressed, no contiguous area for supplies when they advanced.

Next came our great error of accepting stalemate in Korea and, finally, the French surrender in Indochina—another blow to American prestige, for we had helped the French enough for the Red Asians to say we were in the war. Both Korea and Indochina cost us face.

Our failure to win the Korean war may turn out to have been one of the great mistakes of history. Had that war been won—as it could have been—the situation in Southeast Asia would not be as grave as it is today. In effect, the Communists were suing for peace in 1951 when they first suggested a cease-fire in Korea; yet by the time the Panmunjom truce-negotiations talkathon ended two years later they had a victory. It was not a total victory for the Reds, but it was enough to give support in Asian countries to their claims that the capitalist world had been defeated. The prestige of the Chinese Communists rose immediately, and respect for the free nations, especially the United States, sank to lower levels all over Asia. The immense stature we had won by our complete victory over Japan only a few years earlier was lost.

At the Asian political conference in Geneva this summer, Red China's foreign minister, Chou En-lai, spoke as a confident conqueror. Strip diplomatic language from his speech and this is what he said, specifically to the United States: "You can have peace in the Pacific provided you are prepared to denounce your mutual-assistance pact with Korea, remove your forces and training missions from that country, get your troops out of Japan and renounce your security-treaty agreement with her, abandon your air base on Okinawa, stop your military-training program on Formosa, get out of the Philippines and forget about giving military assistance to any nation in Southeast Asia. Under these conditions, Asia will be for the Asians and you will have peace." He neglected to add that under such conditions he and his like would have Asia for the Communists.

"Asia for the Asians" is a Communist euphemism with a plausible sound. What the Reds have in mind—and are on the way toward gaining—is control of all Asian man power and resources. This basic Communist policy has been made plain at numerous international Communist congresses and in the writings of Lenin and Stalin. However, it is difficult for nations of good intent to believe what dictators say, even when they talk plainly.

For years some of us have been pointing out the dangers of the Communist advance in Asia. Yet even today, in the very face of the surrender in Indochina and the consequent Communist celebrations, men stop me and ask, "Well, Senator, what's it to us if they do get Asia? What business have we over there, anyway?"

I think it important for our present safety and future survival as a free country to answer such questions seriously and patiently. If all Asia should pass to Communist control, the world balance of power would be upset and the chance to stop Communist aggression in Europe would be critically handicapped, if not rendered impossible. Conquest of Asia would give the Communists a heavy majority of the world's man power and most of its natural resources. To the Reds, unlimited man power means a chance to take any country they can reach; they are indifferent to losses.

Thirty years ago Lenin said, in effect, that the road to Paris was through Peking. He meant that once the Reds controlled the 500,000,000 people of China—which they now do—it would be only a question of time and Communist strategy before they got Korea, Indochina and the island nations of Japan, the Philippines and Indonesia. With this aggregate of nations under their banner, the Communists would then measure their chances of winning an all-out struggle with the rest of the world.

Briefly, therefore, the main reason why Asia is so important to us here in the United States is that if the free world does not hold important parts of the Far East, war becomes more likely and defeat a possibility.

What are we doing in Asia? We are protecting our families, our homes and our civilization. I am not indulging in scare oratory when I say so; I am stating a basic fact of what is known as geopolitics. If a warlike nation, dominated by the philosophy of Communist violence, gains the heavy balance of power, anyone can imagine the consequences to the rest of the world.

The free West has the edge in industrial productivity at the moment. We have a temporary advantage in atomic weapons and the means to deliver them. But let us always remember that the advantage is only temporary. The Communist world has made rapid progress in the atomic field. In man power and in natural resources, the Reds already have the lead—unless we count the neutralist nations on our side, which seems to me a risky thing to do.

Moreover, if the West allows the Communists to dominate the whole continent of Asia, Japan will be caught in a vast entrapment and probably lost to the West. This development would be an incalculable calamity. In 1925, Joseph Stalin, speaking of the revolutionary movement in the East, said: "A union of the Japanese people with the people of the Soviet Union . . . would be invincible."

Today the Communist imperialists want Japan more than ever before because it is an industrial nation with 87,000,000 industrious people. Fighting alone, the Japanese gave us a tough time in the Pacific during World War II. They drove the Chinese government from all the coast line. They drove the British from Malaya, the French from Indochina and us from the Philippines. The cunning Communists know that if they could add the Japanese to their Asian subjects, they would be able to equip the limitless man power of Asia with Japanese-made modern arms and machines.

Food and Trade Lures for Japan

The Japanese, like the British, must trade in order to live. Eighty-seven million people cannot live solely on what they grow on islands of less area than my state of California, and less productive in food. They must depend on the outside world for part of their food, for raw materials to keep their people working and for export markets. Indochina has been a major source of rice for Japan. Suppose the Communists put the squeeze on the Japanese by threatening to cut them off from this and other sources? At this very moment, they are offering food and trade lures to Japan.

Within a short time the most important struggle in the Orient may be for Japan. The Japanese, I am convinced, want to remain free and on our side. But if all the rest of the Asian continent should go Communist and the nearby Pacific island nations appeared doomed, how could the Japanese live? Inevitably, it seems, the Japanese would have to come to some arrangement with the Reds.

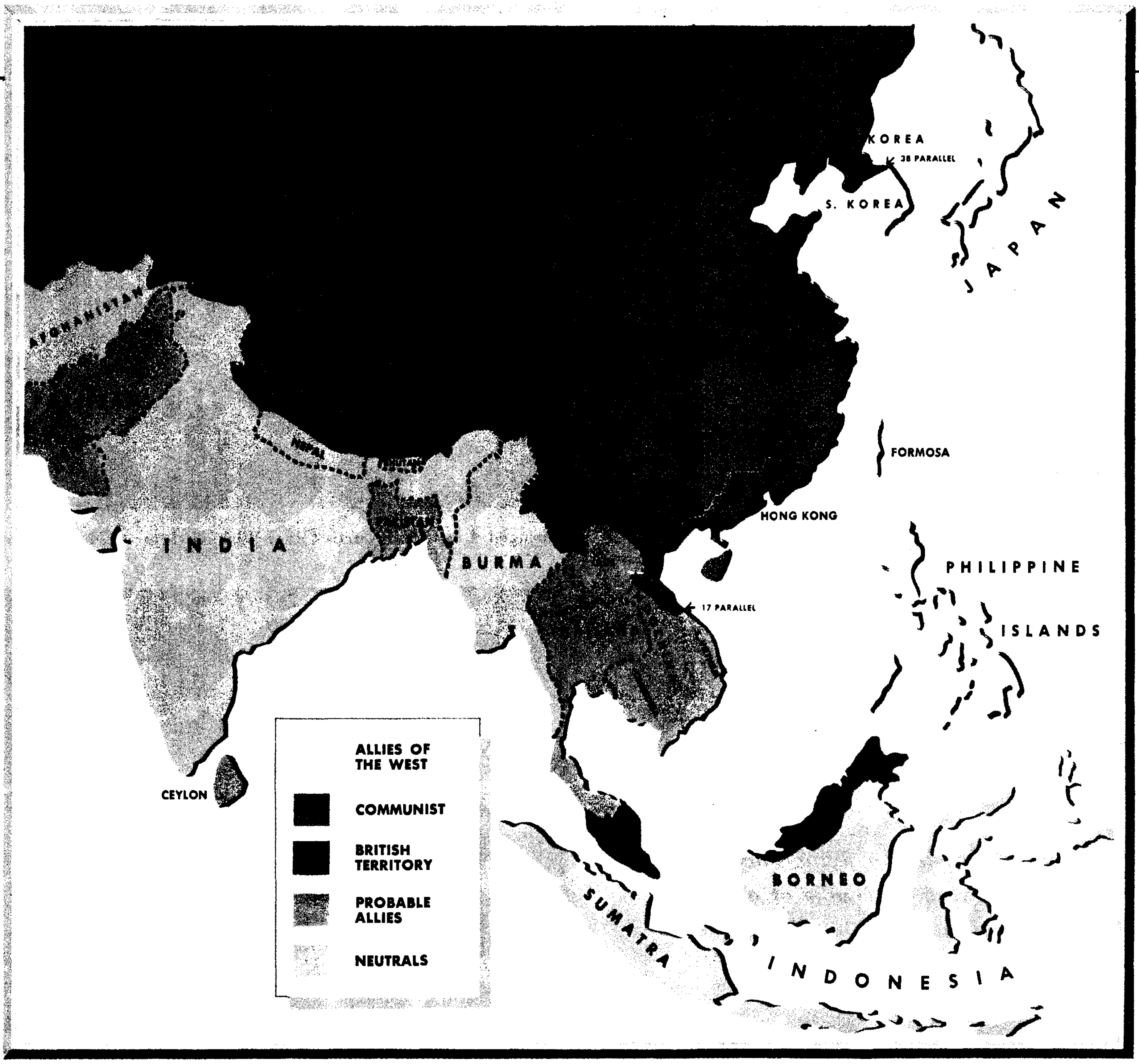
Great Britain has appeared reluctant to join heartily with us in developing an Asian line beyond which there will be no retreat, no experiments with peaceful coexistence, no attempt at coalition with the Communists. No doubt Britain is influenced by neutral India, which in turn is influenced by the Communists. Thus, if we should drop our Asian defense plans because of British objections, we might be yielding indirectly to the Communists. However, I do not say or wish to imply that Britain at present is neutralist or will ever become pro-Communist. If and when there is a showdown with the Reds, I believe that Britain—under its present leadership or that of the moderate wing of the Labor party—will be on the side of freedom and will give her moral support, at least, to the United States.

The British seem to hope that they can stay in Malaya and in Hong Kong without having to face the hard facts I have stated about Communist intentions. But how can they actually believe the Communists will let them alone any longer than it is to the Reds' advantage to do so? Naturally, the Communists will make a show of friendliness toward the British, or toward any other free nation, if they think there is a chance to separate that nation even slightly from the United States. Any major drive by the Soviet Union may be expected to encourage our allies to become neutrals, in the false hope that they will be allowed to survive even though we might perish.

From this day forward, we must face reality and not base our defense on theories or paper alliances. If further aggression takes place, all nations—our dependable allies, the doubtful ones, the neutrals and the Soviet bloc—should know that *we will take such action as our national interests require, and no foreign power will be permitted to exercise any "veto" rights.*

This policy is not "go it alone." It is "go with dependable allies but don't be shackled by frustrated or paralyzed ones." Indeed the time has come for a renewed American declaration of independence.

The urgency of the situation in Asia is suggested



AL TARTER

Map shows how far Eastern countries are lining up in the struggle between Allies and Reds. If the free nations draw a line against further Communist expansion in Asia, Senator Knowland says, neutral Burma and Indonesia may also be on our side

by news dispatches in which Red China speaks of her plans to "liberate" Formosa and warns the U.S. to be careful. Again, this is the voice of a bold nation, confident because of previous successes.

My long and earnest support of Formosa is well known, but my reasons are not always taken into account by those who would write off this great island as though it were merely the estate of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. I certainly have never maintained that the Chinese Nationalist government has been or is without fault. That government must share heavily in responsibility for the loss of mainland China. But we of the United States also share in that responsibility.

The Chinese Nationalists served as loyal allies throughout World War II. The Japanese offered them favorable peace terms, but Chiang and his government refused to stop fighting. Had they stopped, several million Japanese troops would have been freed for use elsewhere against us. I'm not one to forget the services of a friendly people who suffered in order to remain with us.

Chiang is not the issue. The efficiency of the Nationalist government is not the issue. The issue is whether we are to abandon a government friendly to us and potentially of vast use to us in case of war. Our choice is not between "Chiang and his crowd" or something better. It is between a free republic of China on Formosa, with its present and potential value, or nothing at all.

About 9,000,000 people are living on Formosa. That makes this island republic larger than many countries now in the United Nations. Of the 9,000,000, perhaps half a million can be counted as actual or potential fighting men. Their mere presence on the island forces Red China to keep a large army on the mainland coast opposite Formosa—just as the Republic of Korea army of 600,000 men nails down a million or more Chinese to the north.

Our Obligation to Defend Formosa

For reasons of both strategy and honor, we must defend Formosa. How can there be a moral as well as a substantial foundation for an Asian defense pact if we let our friends of longest standing fall into the hands of the Communists?

Perhaps you say there is no pressure on us to withdraw from Formosa, and in a sense that is right. But a movement is building up that could result in the forsaking of Formosa and a final and calamitous appeasement of Red China. This movement seeks to admit the government of Red China to the United Nations.

I have said that should Red China be admitted to membership in the United Nations, I would resign my position as Majority Leader of the Senate and fight to have the United States withdraw from the UN. The admission of Red China would destroy the moral basis for the UN. I would not want my country to sanction any such development by remaining in the organization.

I know of the heated criticism that was directed at me when I made my announcement, but I have not changed my mind. If the free world gives in on this question, the Communists would be on the very threshold of gaining all Asia for themselves. Glowing with triumph, they would turn their eager eyes toward Europe with no need to worry about an attack from the Asian rear. Give Red China this diplomatic victory, and the people of the United States will be much nearer war than they are now, and much nearer to defeat than they have ever been.

I beg you to look at the Asian problem as a whole —not as some far-off involvement that somehow we got into, but as a problem of home defense. There can be no security for the West unless we keep the Communists insecure in the East. ▲▲▲

Brandy (Mari Blanchard) taunts Miz' Curtis, Destry watches

Enraged, Bessie Mae Curtis (Mary Wickes) clouts Brandy with painting

DESTRY RIDES AGAIN, AGAIN

Feudin' women set the bric-a-brac flying once more in a frontier saloon during a remake of a movie classic. And a new Destry spoils all their fun

Rags Barnaby (Thomas Mitchell) is wedged between the warring women

Original squabble involved Una Merkel and Marlene Dietrich

Gunless Deputy Destry (Audie Murphy) stops scufflers with a dousing

Drenched, disheveled and destruction-happy, Brandy sights her next target, the peace-loving deputy who spoiled the fight

THERE'S a special pedestal in Hollywood reserved for Westerns. They may not be art, but the traditional hard-ridin'-hero formula almost always pays. That's why, when the first tongue-in-cheek film treatment of a frontier theme appeared in 1939—Destry Rides Again—no one knew how it would do . . . as art, or at the box office. And Universal Pictures was as surprised as anyone when their guileless, gunless sheriff made the hero grade. Now Destry has become a movie classic. A high spot is the fracas between two women, one good and one gilded, who have a go at each other on the barroom floor.

Fifteen years later, the same studio and the same director, George Marshall, are trying it again. But this time the ruckus in Restful (the town marker reads . . . "If you rest here long enough, you'll never leave". . .) is getting a full-color, wide-screen airing. There's a new cast (the 1939 picture starred James Stewart and Marlene Dietrich; an even earlier version, Tom Mix). There are new songs and a new, shorter title (Destry). And there's a new saloon for the ladies to tear apart. The action starts when Bessie Mae Curtis, wife of old Doc, finds he's been gambling with Brandy, the music-hall hostess, and has staked his wife's new hat. Brandy wins the bonnet and the brawl begins. Beer steins, bottles, wet mops and nude paintings whiz past the chandeliers until Destry throws cold water on the fight. Mari Blanchard, who plays the gambling queen, may not get to sing See What the Boys in the Backroom Will Have (Dietrich made it memorable) but she does look very dangerous when wet. —EVELYN HARVEY

Fracas finishes with furniture-flinging. The film will be seen early in 1955 ▶

The Gilt-Edged ROMANCE of Virginia Bowers

By MEL HEIMER

When a girl plays the stock market, it doesn't have to mean she wants a million dollars. Maybe all she wants is a millionaire

FOR just a second, Virginia Bowers, looking into the huge, wood-paneled offices of Fendell, Quigg and Jensen, Inc., 522 Fifth Avenue, thought maybe she had made a mistake. Then she tightened her lovely mouth and marched in. Tennyson would have been proud of her. It was Tennyson, some may remember, who said, "Doant thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is!"

Virginia Bowers was twenty-four, of medium height, brown-haired and blue-eyed and very carefully put together.

She lived in Teaneck, New Jersey, and commuted daily to Manhattan and her work as a private secretary. Folded carefully in the change purse of her black calfskin bag was the sum of five hundred dollars. She had come to Fendell, Quigg and Jensen, Inc., for two reasons: to invest the five hundred dollars in stocks and, more to the point, to seek a husband.

Miss Bowers had a great deal to offer a husband: beauty, charm, sweetness, intelligence and other of the minor virtues. She had offered them once. His name was Kendall Ross, and ten months before, at midnight on the first tee of the Teaneck Golf Club, he had kissed Virginia Bowers tenderly and become engaged to her.

It was an absorbing ten months. Miss Bowers spent the first half of it being prosaically ecstatic and planning the music she was going to have at the wedding. She spent the second half of it trying to find out where Kendall Ross went on Mondays and Wednesdays, which technically were the nights he stayed in New York and took an advertising-copywriting course. It developed that on one of these nights, either a Monday or a Wednesday, he tenderly kissed a blonde from Long Beach, Long Island, in a 38th Street cocktail lounge, and became engaged to *her.*

That would seem a simple enough occurrence: man loves one girl, then man finds another girl he loves more. The difference in the case of Kendall Ross was that the blonde from Long Beach, Long Island, was Kitty Fisher—the madcap heiress, the tabloid readers' delight, who had, roughly, between eight and ten million dollars, free and clear.

So Kitty Fisher got Kendall Ross—and Virginia Bowers, with that logic peculiar to the feminine mind, decided that all men were beasts and that no man would ever make a fool of her again. That is to say that Virginia decided to become self-sufficient via the stock market and, just possibly, meet a millionaire and marry him.

These two birds, she reasoned, could be knocked off with one stone. To invest her money she would have to go to a brokerage house—and that, as anyone knows, is a place where millionaires sit around and watch the big board and the little board and tell their customers' men to buy this or sell that.

When Virginia Bowers walked into the offices of Fendell, Quigg and Jensen, Inc., Wallace Lowe—tall, tanned, with Oxford-gray suit, dark-green knitted tie, polished brogues and button-down collar—was out from behind his desk in a second. By the time Virginia reached the big room—with its Dow-Jones news ticker tapping away and its electrically controlled big board occasionally clicking a change in one of the thousand numbers—Wallace Lowe was by her side.

"How do you do?" he said, beaming. "May I help you in any way?"

"Do you have just a little time to tell me about the stock market?" she said. "I've been thinking of investing a small amount."

"The smartest decision you ever made," he said. "Do you realize how much better than bank interest the average stock dividend is?"

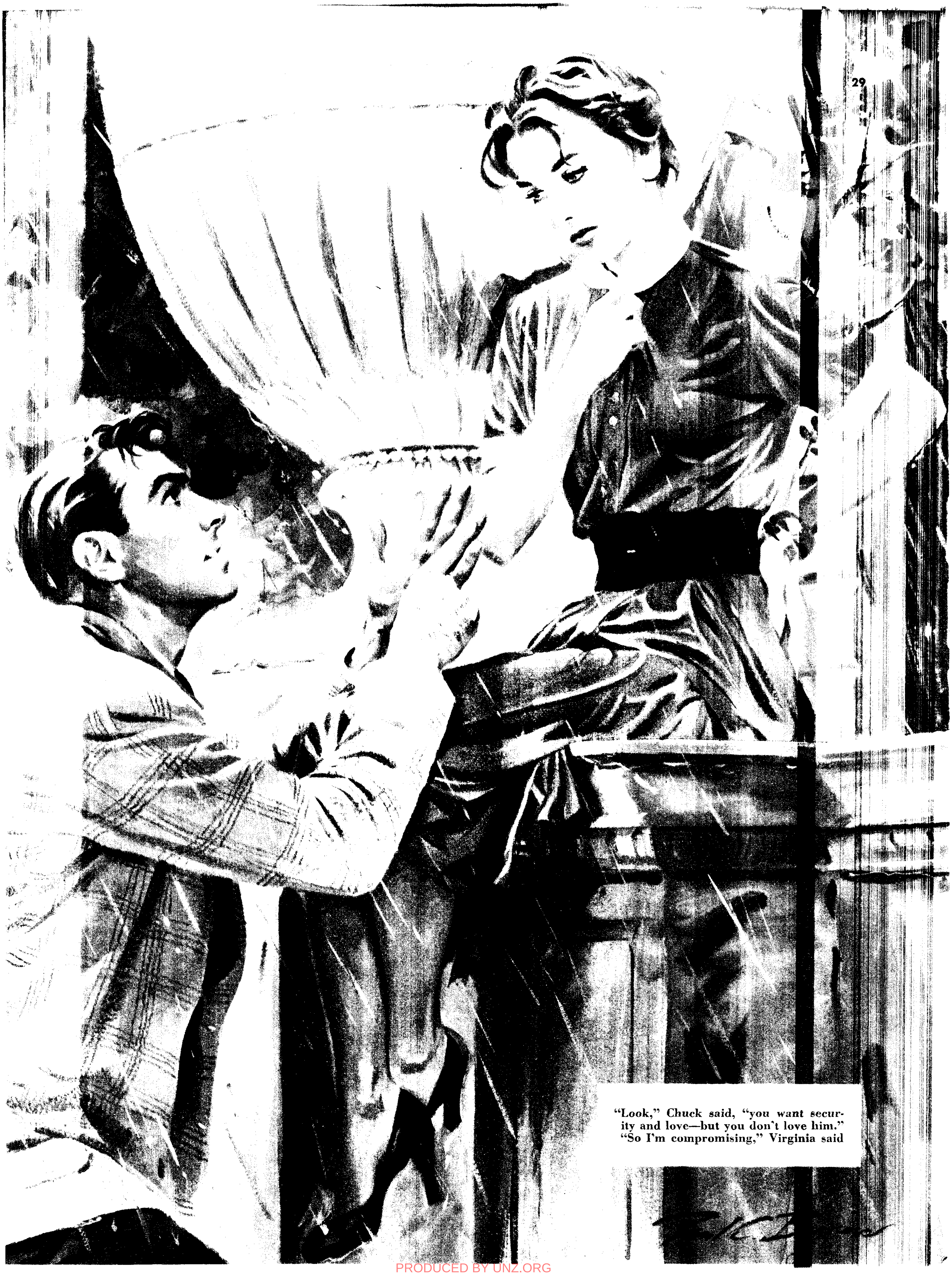
"Yes," she said. "That's why I'm here."

She had him there—but that wasn't where she wanted him. Miss Bowers looked Wallace Lowe over carefully and speculatively, and then she smiled. Wallace Lowe looked solid, a Yale man probably, and unmarried. A girl couldn't ask much more. He looked healthy, too—probably a tennis player. This one would last a long time, she thought, if he switched to golf at forty.

"If you'll just step into my office," Wallace said, "perhaps I can help you."

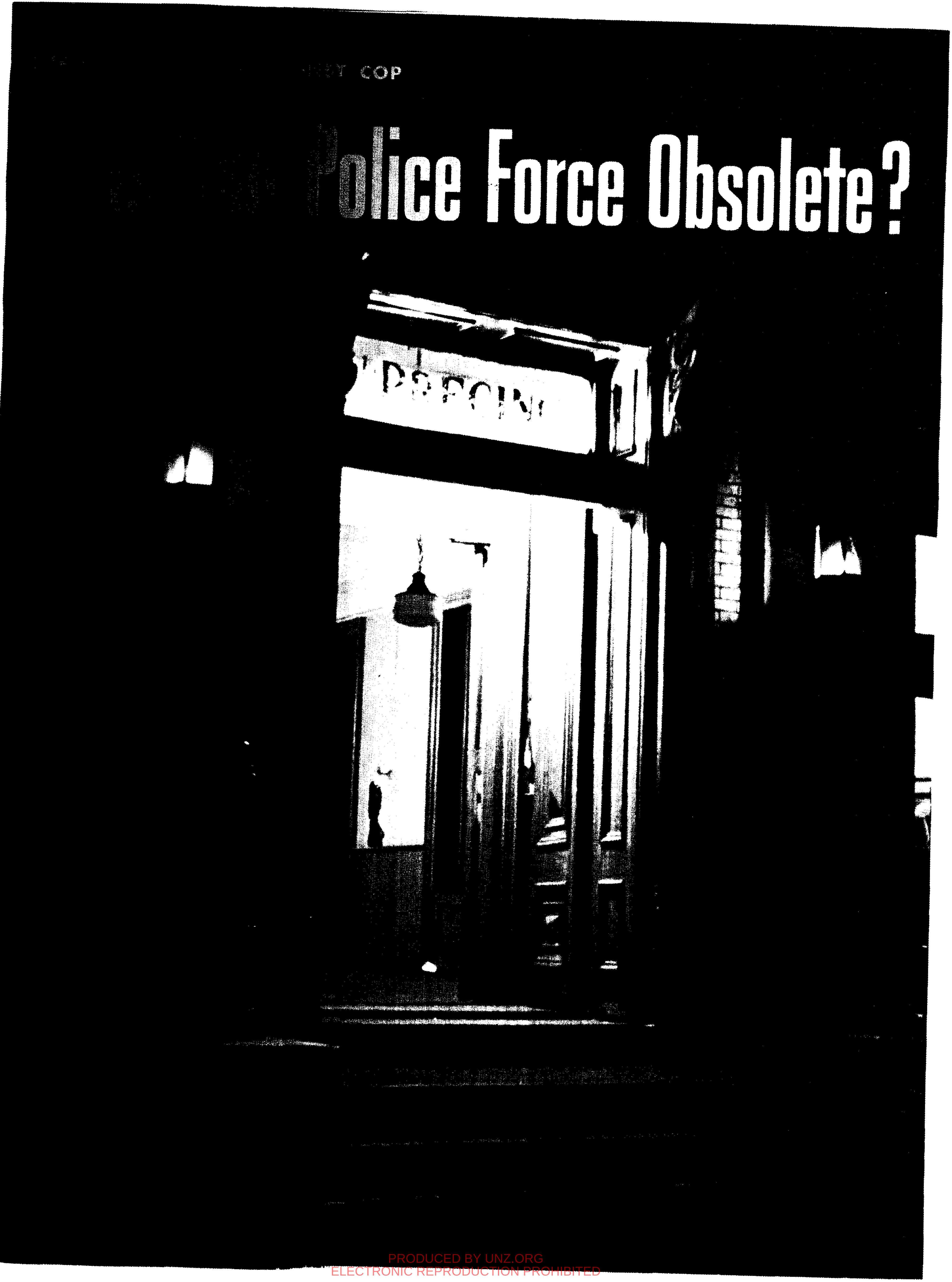
Virginia spent one hour in Fendell, Quigg and Jensen, Inc., that day—one hour being the extent of her lunch hour—and she learned all about stocks. When Wallace had briefed her thoroughly in his office, he took her out into the big office and showed her around. He pointed out the order clerk's cage with its direct telephone to the New York and American Stock Exchanges, the two boards, the symbols—A *(Continued on page 54)*

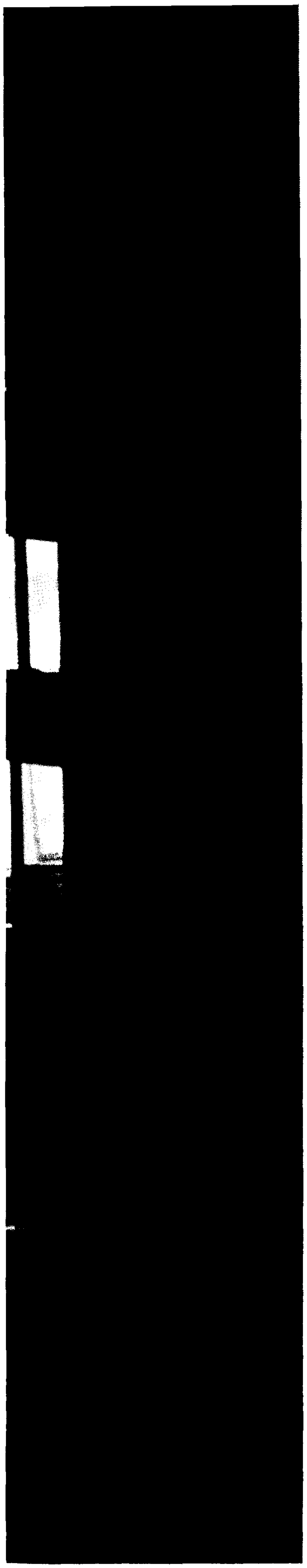
ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS



"Look," Chuck said, "you want security and love—but you don't love him." "So I'm compromising," Virginia said [illegible] COP

[illegible] Police Force Obsolete?





Modern science is the cop's best weapon in the war against crime—but too many police departments are 50 years behind the times

DEPUTY SHERIFF J. T. LOWE, of Duval County, Florida, led a squad of men to a Jacksonville rooming house where, according to a tip, a dangerous fugitive with a long criminal record was hiding. Lowe deployed some men around the house, led two deputies to the fugitive's room, stood outside the door and in a loud voice announced that the place was surrounded and demanded that the man come out with his hands up within three minutes or be tear-gassed. Within a minute, the man emerged, hands up, clad only in shorts. He asked for a chance to dress. Instead, he was ordered to sit in the center of his room where he could be watched; the officers handed him his clothes after shaking them down for weapons.

A search of the suspect's room revealed three reasons why the man had asked permission to get dressed: one fully loaded revolver under his pillow; a second in a shoe under the bed; a third on a shelf under his hat. The suspect later admitted that he had prepared for arrest. He had figured that, if the police ran true to form, two would come to arrest him—and would permit him to dress. He planned to try first for the revolver under his pillow, or, failing that, for the gun in his shoe, relying on the under-the-hat weapon for final escape insurance. He hoped to surprise the arresting officers and, if need be, shoot his way out of the room.

Had the incident happened a few months earlier, Deputy Lowe later observed, the suspect's strategy almost certainly would have worked. But in the meantime, Lowe had taken the three-month intensive training course in scientific police work at the Federal Bureau of Investigation's National Academy, and he had remembered the practical lessons on making raids with maximum safety.

In Jackson, Michigan, Detective Sergeant Fred E. Foster answered a call from a local drugstore where a burglar had broken in and stolen the cashbox. Utilizing the knowledge he had obtained at the FBI Academy, Foster examined the ragged edges of a broken screen and found some fibers which, under microscopic examination, appeared to be woolen and of the type used for sweaters. The fibers were of two shades: dark forest green and light pea green. Since only a few persons knew where the cashbox was kept, Foster figured it was probably an inside job. He learned that a former employee had been in trouble with the local police. This man was picked up, wearing a forest-green sweater mended at the elbow with pea-green yarn. He confessed to the burglary and was sentenced to a long reformatory term.

These stories reflect a growing trend toward scientific police training—a trend that will eventually lead to the transformation of local law enforcement from a generally unskilled occupation to the status of a dignified profession. As FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover put it to me:

"The efficiency of law enforcement today is commensurate with the degree of training of its officers. Only through modern police training can we keep abreast of the times in the unceasing fight against lawlessness. The police officer of today who is unfamiliar with scientific methods of criminal investigation cannot competently perform his duties of crime detection."

Police work by untrained men, Hoover adds, is as obsolete as the practice of medicine by sorcery. Yet our local law enforcement is still conducted largely by men woefully lacking in modern police training. Less than two decades ago, August Vollmer, who has surveyed scores of American police departments, observed:

"Is there a city in the entire United States of which it might be said, '*There* is a community supporting a police force composed of intelligent men of character, adequately trained to perform the duties of a policeman'?"

Today, only a very few cities might meet Vollmer's challenge. In theory, the time is long past when police candidates were picked largely for brawn and bravery, given a gun, badge, nightstick and uniform, and required—their only training—to walk a beat with a seasoned cop. Yet standards of selection and training of policemen are still appallingly low in most localities.

More than 2,000,000 major crimes are committed in this country each year, with tremendous losses of life and property. The total of lesser crimes is many times greater. Less than one out of every four crimes known to the police—omitting the many never reported—result in arrests, let alone solution. Experts figure that the number of "cleared" cases could be doubled or tripled if known methods of scientific criminal investigation were universally applied by our local police. But we are a long, long way from that goal.

The investigator of local police systems can't help being struck by the tremendous amount of criminal activity that goes unchecked because most police departments are bumbling bureaucracies with poorly selected, ill-trained and ill-equipped personnel using antiquated methods of crime prevention and detection, ignorant of the considerable advances in police science made in the last generation.

Two chief features distinguish the modern scientific police force: teamwork and training. Modern police work very often requires the close co-operation of patrolmen, detectives, photographers, fingerprint and handwriting experts, chemical technicians, statisticians, ballistic experts and many others. Most of these specialists are usually gathered together in a single crime laboratory operated by big-city police departments, by state police agencies, and by the FBI.

Solving the "Corpse in the Canyon" Mystery

Vollmer, foremost pioneer in American police science and the nation's first professor of police administration, once told me how the case of the "Corpse in Franklin Canyon" was solved on the West Coast 25 years ago. Vollmer, then police chief of Berkeley, California, was called in on the case by the sheriff of a neighboring county. The mutilated body of a woman had been found in a canyon. There was no clue to the identity of either the murderer or the victim. Vollmer finally had the woman identified by submitting parts of the body and clothing to an anthropologist, a physician, a public-health officer, a dentist, a shoemaker, a chemist, a department-store buyer and a local embalmer. A similarly laborious procedure was followed to detect the killer. Today, all the scraps of evidence could be examined in a single well-equipped crime laboratory.

With all the lag in training, it is remarkable how many men and women of professional caliber are already in police work. There are 22 colleges and universities that give two- to four-year courses in police administration and police science. Many of Vollmer's pupils are now police executives in various parts of the country. One, O. W. Wilson, who was for more than a decade the police chief of Wichita, Kansas, is now dean of the country's first School of Criminology, at the University of California. Besides schools exclusively devoted to police administration, an increasing number of universities are adding police courses to their curriculums. Many states now have regular training schools not only for state law-enforcement personnel but for local police officers as well.

Some of these state-operated police training schools are excellent—notably those of New Jersey, Kansas, Michigan, Washington State and California. But too few local police departments take advantage of their facilities—partly because of the indifference of old-line chiefs, partly because of the acute man-power shortage that makes it hard to spare men for training courses, partly because of an intense resentment toward state "interference" in local police matters and the feeling that training schools may be an opening wedge toward state control.

Many cities maintain their own training schools. Unfortunately, most local police academies have low educational standards—many of them ludicrously low. Too many are badly housed and badly equipped, with poorly planned and poorly taught courses. Too often the instructors either have been taken off the streets because they make poor patrolmen or are veterans ready to be put out to pasture. Too often rookies are taught old myths and errors instead of modern police science.

The police man-power shortage has grown so acute

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BARBARA CONNINGHAM

The FBI and a few of the

GENE TRINDL

Mrs. Rhoda Cross (r.) with some of the punch cards that make Los Angeles' *modus operandi* files so valuable. Cards are run through the business machine at left to help solve crimes

in many cities that rookie training has been cut to a minimum or eliminated entirely. Only a few American cities have adequate in-service training. Washington, D.C., with more than 2,100 policemen, discontinued its in-service training school some years ago because officers couldn't be spared either for teaching or training. Experts have criticized severely the sloppy police training facilities in our second largest city, Chicago. Bruce Smith, an outstanding authority, made an intensive survey of the nation's largest municipal police force—"New York's finest," with nearly 20,000 men—and noted that its academy, which was once among the best in the country, had deteriorated to a point where "it stands in need of thorough overhaul." Smith made his report two years ago and only now are remedial steps being taken, under the new commissioner, Francis W. H. Adams.

Of the larger cities, the police-training setup in Los Angeles struck me as being by far the most effective. Among other towns with relatively good training programs are Detroit, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Berkeley, California, and Kansas City, Missouri.

The quality of the Los Angeles setup is reflected in its highly professionalized police organization, undoubtedly the most scientifically operated large-city force in the nation.

Punch Cards Identify Many Criminals

One of the most impressive scientific operations of the Los Angeles force is its *modus operandi* (MO) files, which contain more than 2,000,000 punch cards with detailed information on crimes and on the operating methods, tools and devices, peculiar physical marks and mental quirks, and other identifying features of specific criminals. Mrs. Rhoda Cross, who installed this system when August Vollmer served as reform police chief of Los Angeles in 1924, has a long list of cases solved by running these innocuous-looking punch cards through business machines.

Not long ago, a series of about 20 seemingly unconnected burglaries occurred in Los Angeles. Routine data run through the machines showed that all the robbery victims were railroad workers—a vital clue. Shortly afterward two former roundhouse employees were arrested, and confessed to committing all the burglaries.

On another occasion, some house burglaries which showed a common peculiarity in the way the door was forced were submitted for a check to the MO division. Within an hour, Mrs. Cross found that a man who had served time for burglarizing in that manner was now at large in Los Angeles. She gave detectives his name and address and he was picked up and convicted in short order.

The Los Angeles Police Department has on its staff a young artist who has contributed effectively to the apprehension of many a criminal. This man, Ector Garcia, has the task of making composite portraits of suspects on the basis of descriptions furnished by witnesses. On one occasion, Garcia painstakingly reconstructed the portraits of five men and a getaway car from details furnished by a boy who had witnessed one of a series of supermarket robberies. A few hours later, a traffic policeman noticed a car with five passengers closely resembling the Garcia picture. The cop arrested the men, who turned out to be the sought-for bandits, responsible for at least 42 holdups. The arrests led to the apprehension of 16 more men involved in a ring that preyed on supermarkets and liquor stores.

The department's Planning and Research Division also carefully analyzes current trends in crime, locally and nationally, and uses spot maps showing where various criminal activities are concentrating, as a basis for drafting police strategy on short-term and long-time lines. The division also evaluates the present effectiveness of police work with a view toward constant improvement. In monetary terms alone, Chief William H. Parker observes, the savings are tremendous. Recently a single year's study conducted by the division returned the entire cost of its operation for many years ahead.

Another unusual activity of the Los Angeles police force is the operation of an Intelligence Division, manned by 35 detectives, which not only maintains a close day-to-day surveillance over the city's most notorious criminal suspects, but keeps tabs on the movements of criminals in other parts of the country—just in case they wind up in the West Coast city. The Intelligence Division assigns three men to the local airport, mainly to check on visiting racketeers. This squad gave the Chicago mobster, Tony Accardo, such a hot reception once—subjecting him to a personal search for weapons for the first time in his life—that he caught the next plane to Chicago. The movements of local racketeers are so closely checked that many have found it wise to transfer operations elsewhere.

Also, the Los Angeles Police Department boasts the largest crime laboratory west of the Mississippi, with mobile units that can be rushed to the scene of a crime to make on-the-spot checks of evidence.

Incidentally, the Los Angeles police force has by far the best educational record of any large-city department. More than 1,500 of its approximately 4,500 police officers either attended college before joining the force or are now enrolled in university-level studies. The department also has its own police academy, with competent instructors and good facilities. The course includes a 13-week rookie school for incoming policemen as well as compulsory refresher classes for all officers.

Modern Police Science Is Progressing

The Los Angeles program reflects a remarkable upsurge of police training activity in California. State-wide and regional police conferences are held often, aimed at attaining higher professional and scientific standards. To be sure, there still are many towns and counties in the state saddled with incompetent, corrupt or merely mediocre police forces, but in no other state is the general awareness of modern police science so pronounced. Besides California's eight college-connected police schools, the State Education Department operates excellent recruit- and on-the-job training courses available to local law-enforcement departments lacking academies of their own. Other states, notably New Jersey, Michigan and Connecticut, also furnish good police-training programs to all interested local departments.

Besides local and state police academies of a general nature, there are schools for special types of police training, like the Delinquency Control Institute in Los Angeles and the Traffic Institute of Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois.

The Traffic Institute, headed by Franklin Martin Kreml, a top expert, has contributed much to safety and anticongestion programs throughout the country. The automobile in the United States has not only produced one of the hardest-to-solve municipal problems, but has profoundly changed the character of police organization. Aside from the hazard to life and limb, it has brought to cities their most chronic headache—traffic congestion—with the result that in most of our larger cities today the traffic cop represents at least ten per cent of the total police man power.

Traffic control, because it had fewer traditional blocks to overcome, has proceeded further and faster toward professional quality than any other aspect of police work. The Traffic Institute has played a key role in this process. Opened in 1936, it is financed chiefly by the Automotive Safety Foundation, the Kemper Foundation for Traffic Safety, the Bureau of Public Roads and a group of insurance companies interested mainly in reducing accidents. Its director, Kreml, also heads the Traffic Division of the International Association of Chiefs of Police, which promotes traffic training among law-enforcement officers.

The best-known of all police training schools is, of course, the FBI National Academy in Washington, which provides two 12-week courses annually for police officers who come from all parts of the country. Since its founding in 1935 by J. Edgar Hoover, the academy has sent back to their communities a total of 2,826 law-enforcement officers of all grades. The student cops are selected from a list of full-time police officers nominated by their department or municipal executives. They are taught without charge, though transportation and living expenses must be paid for.

Theory is secondary in the FBI Academy courses; the chief stress is placed on practical day-to-day police problems. Knowing that a great many crimes go unsolved because essential evidence is overlooked, FBI Academy instructors pound away at the importance of painstaking labor. This exhortation has paid off many times.

For example, there was the murder of George Brundage, a thirty-five-year-old gas-station employee of Ravenna, Nebraska, who was found so badly beaten by claw-hammer blows that he died without regaining consciousness. The station cash register had been rifled by a bandit who left nary a clue. There were no witnesses. Sheriff Lloyd L.

Frank, an FBI Academy graduate, conducted a painstaking investigation for 33 days, tracking down every possible lead, interviewing about 500 individuals, piecing together every skimpy piece of evidence having any possible bearing on the case. Finally, the thin trail led to Joseph Mrkvicka, who had been seen flashing an unusual amount of cash in a nearby town the day after the murder and robbery. He was taken into custody, and parts of his clothing were sent to the FBI laboratory in Washington. The laboratory discovered faint stains of human blood on his overcoat, which checked with blood spots on the murder weapon. Faced with the evidence, Mrkvicka confessed, and was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Besides operating its own academy, the FBI sends instructors to local police schools on request, charging no fee. It stipulates that none but law-enforcement officers can sit in on FBI-sponsored courses, because it does not wish to reveal modern police techniques to people who might use their acquired knowledge on "the other side of the law."

The National Academy has access, for teaching purposes, to the FBI laboratory, the best equipped in the country, if not the world. Here the student police officer learns of the growing wealth of scientific resources available to modern law enforcement—such as the examination of bloodstains, firearms, tire treads, handwriting, hairs and fibers, chemicals, metals and other objects. The idea is not to try to make an all-around laboratory expert of the student, but to indicate the wide range of evidence that can be sought for scientific examination by experts. Local police are encouraged to send specimens to the FBI laboratory, which has aided in the solution of many crimes such as the Brundage murder.

(At times the grim lot of the laboratory technicians is lightened by an incident that borders on the comic. Not long ago, a box of candy was sent to the lab; a woman had received it from her husband, and suspected it was poisoned. The FBI lab tests revealed that the candy was completely wholesome. When her local police asked the woman why she suspected poison, she replied: "It was the first box of candy my husband ever gave me in nineteen years of married life. I figured he must be trying to get rid of me.")

Stressing the Human-Relations Angle

The technical excellence of the FBI Academy evokes universal praise. Some experts feel that not enough attention is given to vital human-relations problems—that the emphasis on learning to catch criminals tends to overlook the development of wholesome relations between the police and the public—but the FBI people vigorously deny that such criticism is justified. Director Hoover has repeatedly exhorted law-enforcement officers to respect the basic rights of citizens, including those taken into custody. It's the FBI's job to investigate local police accused of violating an individual's constitutional rights. Shortly after the 1952 uproar over charges of brutality among New York City policemen, Hoover declared in a memorandum to all law-enforcement officers:

"One of the quickest ways for any law-enforcement officer to bring public disrepute upon himself, his organization and the entire profession is to be found guilty of a violation of civil rights. Our people may tolerate many mistakes of both intent and performance, but, with unerring instinct, they know that when any person is intentionally deprived of his constitutional rights, those responsible have committed no ordinary offense. A crime of this nature, if subtly encouraged by failure to condemn and punish, certainly leads down the road to totalitarianism."

Hoover has directed the staff of the FBI National Academy to place special stress on the Bill of Rights in its courses. "Great emphasis is placed on professional and ethical standards at the academy," he says. "Brutality, third degree, duress and entrapment are vigorously condemned. The proper principles of conduct for those engaged in law-enforcement work are energetically promoted."

Among those who have done most to develop an awareness of civil rights in police work is Joseph D. Lohman, University of Chicago sociologist and former head of the Illinois Parole and Pardon Board. For more than a decade, Lohman has been a valued consultant to local and state agencies on police handling of racial friction and other community problems involving civil rights. In the past, police mishandling of racial tension has often fed fuel to the fire rather than put it out. Thanks in part to Lohman's efforts, many police departments have given special training to officers in this area of human relations, with a resultant reduction of ugly race incidents.

One day in 1949 when Lohman was in Louisville, Kentucky, for a talk, he got into a spirited luncheon conversation with David A. McCandless, who was then Louisville's public safety director. They talked about the need for a comprehensive advanced training school for police officers, primarily for Southerners, that would include the human-relations aspects of police work. In January, 1951, aided by grants from the Carnegie Corporation of New York and the General Education Board, a Rockefeller foundation, the Southern Police Institute was opened at the University of Louisville, with McCandless as its director. The SPI offers advanced tuition-free and expense scholarship training to local and state police officers, preferably officers holding supervisory posts in Southern police departments. Outstanding police experts from all over the country are visiting lecturers. The courses are comprehensive, with emphasis on human relations.

"Race relations," says Director McCandless, "are often irritated by poor police work, not only in the South but throughout the country. We stress the Bill of Rights, due process, and the need for fair and impartial treatment for all under the law. After all, our trainees, as policemen, are themselves members of a minority group, often misunderstood and ridiculed as 'dumb cops' and 'foolish flatfoots.' When the police officer understands the roots of prejudice and discrimination, he rises by that much to the dignity of a professional. We see our job not as advancing any social reforms as such, but as helping police officers to become better men in their profession."

The most encouraging fact about local law enforcement in our time is that men like McCandless, following in the footsteps of the great pioneer, Vollmer, are training police officers who in turn are steadily assuming leadership in their own communities. The hundreds of officers well trained in the human and scientific aspects of police work are becoming thousands, and soon the thousands will become tens of thousands. The whole professionalizing process presages a period, not distant, when the policeman, the keeper of the peace, will possess the dignified and rewarding status long withheld from an honorable public vocation. ▲▲▲

This is the last of six Collier's articles written by Albert Deutsch on The Plight of the Honest Cop

Students at the FBI National Academy in Washington gather clues at scene of a hypothetical crime. Academy provides free 12-week courses to police officers from all over the nation

NELSON MORRIS

TED CRONER

How to Get Along with

LIVE long enough and the chances are that sooner or later, one way or another, you will become involved with in-laws. Your whole existence—your very happiness—may be colored by how you and your relatives-by-marriage get along.

Because you've heard so much criticism of in-laws in general, you may dread contact with your own relatives-by-marriage. You may fear becoming an in-law yourself. By the time you acquire a mother-in-law. you may have developed powerful feelings about the whole species. For her part, a prospective mother-in-law, long before her children reach marrying age, has probably begun to realize what a difficult role she must play.

Are conflicts among in-laws really as widespread as they're made out to be? What causes them? What, if anything, can be done to prevent or eliminate them?

Although the answers can be important to your and your children's future, up to now no thorough study of in-law relationships has ever been made in the United States. Realizing the importance of filling the gap, some time ago I began to collect data that might open up the field. So far, 5,020 men and women have told us how they feel about their in-laws and how they work out their relationships with them.

It will come as no surprise that many of these men and women reported troubles with their relatives-by-marriage, or that mothers-in-law, hands down, won the title of "most difficult." In fact, the major complaints against mothers-in-law formed so clear a pattern we can say that, just as certain diseases have a "syndrome" (a series of symptoms which together form a clinical picture of a disease), there is also a "mother-in-law syndrome."

It probably will surprise you, on the other hand, to learn that a substantial number of people reported no troubles at all with their in-laws. Some even were enthusiastic about the contribution good in-law relationships had made to their own lives. It may be that some of the people interviewed—especially older married folks not used to airing family problems—kept silent about in-law difficulties. But many openly decried in-law prejudice as a rootless myth. Their reasons might well be noted by the opposite school of thought.

Before I go into the details of our findings, however, let us consider for a moment the magnitude of the in-law relationship. Each year three to five million Americans marry. If we assume that both bride and groom have a mother, father and either sister or brother, each newlywed immediately acquires three close in-laws—plus a number of more distant relatives-by-marriage. Figuring with moderation, let's say that everyone who marries gets approximately six members of the spouse's family as in-laws. Then new in-law relationships established every year total 18,000,000 to 30,000,000—a considerable percentage of our total population.

Yet we don't even have a word for some of our in-laws. Not long ago the vice-president of an educational institution invited to lunch the woman whose daughter had recently married his son. As he started to dictate a note to his colleagues announcing the guest of the day, he suddenly realized that he knew no term for her relationship to him. The best he could do was "my son's wife's mother"—roundabout, to say the least!

There are other gaps in our language about relatives-by-marriage. We have no distinguishing terms for the several types of sisters-in-law, brothers-in-law, uncles-in-law, aunts-in-law, nieces- and nephews-in-law and so on. A man who refers to his sister-in-law, for example, may mean his brother's wife, his wife's sister, or his wife's brother's wife. As one sociologist says, it may be that we have no distinctive terms for the various in-law relationships because the relationships themselves have no clearly developed functions—a telling point.

Study Covers Many Varieties of Married Folk

Our study, then, clearly has been in a field long deserving of investigation. It has covered people from every state, and from both cities and farms. Some have been married only a few weeks, others for 40 years or more, but most for less than 10 years. They were of many religious, ethnic, racial, national and socioeconomic groups. Some were interviewed individually, some in groups. Others we have analyzed through their written responses to a national radio network contest on Why I Think Mothers-in-Law Are Wonderful People.

Our findings to date should be regarded as merely exploratory, mapping out the general terrain for more exhaustive research. As in any pilot study, more questions than answers have come out of our work. But certain trends have appeared which may guide you in reviewing your own in-law relationships and, if necessary, improving them.

As our study progressed, three broad themes recurred again and again:

1. In-law relationships have changed as our patterns of living have changed.

Many in-law troubles may stem from the fact that young married couples today expect much more independence than their parents expected when first wed. In the old days, the bride got a dowry; sometimes the betrothed couple went on a "collecting party" to relatives' homes, amassing household equipment and farm machinery for their own new home; often newlyweds chose, without question, to live as an "extended family" under the same roof with one or the other set of parents.

Nowadays the dowry has been replaced by an education fitting the girl to share the economic burden of supporting her own household. Beyond a prenuptial shower and wedding gifts, young people expect little else to start housekeeping. Doubling up with either set of parents is frowned on. The couple who even briefly make their home with a parental family do so with the twin attitudes of "making the best of it" and "it's only for a while." As for a couple who have to take in one of their aging parents, it is considered deplorable that they must share their home even temporarily with an "outsider."

The generally held notion of an ideal family today is one that consists only of husband, wife and their children. There are, of course, plausible

Any In-Law

By DR. EVELYN MILLIS DUVALL

Here are the results of the first survey ever made of American in-law relationships. They show that the villain usually is (who else?) the mother-in-law. But even she may become your ally in a happy marriage if you try this new approach

reasons for this notion. Most families now live in cities where living space is limited and household tasks few. Little space is available for extra people. But every system has its price, and the cost of maintaining the small independent family may be greater than we realize—at least in terms of the contributions in-laws otherwise could make to family life.

Take the baby sitter. What used to be done as a matter of course by a resident grandmother is now an economic contract with an outsider. Similarly, the Visiting Nurses Association assumes the care of the sick, a duty once undertaken by one of the women of the family. So, too, old people's homes, hospitals and housekeeping services have taken over other tasks once performed within the family.

2. Another basic cause of in-law conflict involves what we can call the "elemental triangle of married living."

A story which cropped up in our investigation illustrates the point. A young husband was stationed at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center; his wife was living with their children at her parents' home in Michigan. Neither found the separation easy. Each week he phoned to talk with her. One night she tearfully begged: "Try to find a place near you for the children and me. I can't stand this living with in-laws any more!" Touched and baffled, he asked: "What in-laws are you talking about? You're living with your own folks, aren't you?"

This was her poignant response: "Everybody's an in-law when you're married!"

She put her finger on a real sore spot. Once a man and woman marry, they are faced with the challenge of identifying themselves with each other. They must adjust to new loyalties in which they both come first in each other's eyes. The process necessarily involves breaking away from both sets of parents.

But old loyalties and responsibilities carry on. Husband and wife still are adult children of their respective parents, and they want to be part of the families they married into.

Threats to the Newlyweds' Independence

Thus every married couple belongs to three families—their own first, but also his and hers. Unless the cohesive force in the new family unit is stronger than that which ties either of the couple to the parental home, the new family is threatened. Because the married pair must be autonomous if their union is to be solid, they are especially sensitive to any conflicting force from either parental home. Literally anything a member of the bride's or groom's family does which imperils the independence of the newlyweds can be construed as an in-law difficulty.

Our in-laws have a peculiar relationship to us. They are members of the family, but they come into intimacy with us full-grown, without benefit of much previous acquaintance. We know little of what to expect of them, or they of us. We want to be accepted as a member of the in-law family, but at the same time we demand the right to be ourselves, make our own decisions, live our own lives. This fundamental conflict within us is lifelong, but it looms especially in early marriage adjustment, when

Men and women who reported difficulties with an in-law made these specific complaints:

		Per Cent
1.	Meddles, interferes, dominates, etc.	22.6
2.	Nags, criticizes, complains, finds fault, ridicules, etc.	10.5
3.	Is possessive, demanding, overprotective, forces attention, etc.	9.6
4.	Ignores us, is indifferent, uninterested, aloof, etc.	8.9
5.	Is thoughtless, inconsiderate, selfish, unappreciative, etc.	7.9
6.	Clings, is immature, childish, dependent, no life of own, etc.	7.2
7.	Disagrees on traditions, has different standards, resists change, intolerant of our ways, nothing in common, etc.	6.2
8.	Is self-righteous, superior, always right, egotistical, etc.	4.3
9.	Takes sides, plays favorites, shows partiality, spoils, etc.	3.9
10.	Tattles, gossips, misrepresents facts, exaggerates, lies, is dishonest, insincere, deceitful, etc.	3.9
11.	Does not do own job well, is incompetent, etc.	3.7
12.	Is jealous, rivalrous, envious, covets what we have, etc.	3.6
13.	Abuses hospitality, comes without invitation, overstays visits, does not reciprocate, etc.	3.5
14.	Talks too much, asks useless questions, doesn't listen, etc.	3.3
15.	Is unconventional, drinks, gambles, is unfaithful, etc.	0.9

Men and women who reported no difficulties with their in-laws gave these specific reasons:

		Per Cent
1.	They accept me; they are friendly, helpful, close	18.6
2.	They do not meddle, interfere, or butt into my life	14.9
3.	They are thoughtful, kind, considerate, generous	11.8
4.	They are too far away; we rarely see them; haven't met	11.8
5.	No reason given for "No problem" report	7.2
6.	No in-laws: I married an orphan, etc.	5.8
7.	Determination to adjust: we respect each other's rights; we work things out as they come up, etc.	5.1
8.	They are mature, have outside interests, are independent	4.8
9.	They love me; we have mutual affection and trust; they back me when I need it, etc.	4.4
10.	We are congenial, have similar interests and standards; they fit in, are tolerant of our differences, etc.	4.4
11.	They come only when invited, do not overstay visits, are always welcome, do not abuse hospitality, etc.	3.9
12.	They understand me, listen to me, are understanding people	3.3
13.	They are not critical, do not get impatient with me, etc.	2.4
14.	They are not demanding or possessive; let us be free, etc.	1.2
15.	They do not act superior, nor make me feel inferior, etc.	0.4

Criticisms Mentioned	*Mother-in-Law*	*Sister-in-Law*	*Brother-in-Law*	*Father-in-Law*
Interfering	1st	1st	6th	1st
Possessive	2d	11th	11th	5th
Critical	3d	4th	7th	2d
Indifferent	4th	2d	4th	4th
Immature	5th	5th	2d	9th
Uncongenial	6th	10th	8th	3d
Thoughtless	7th	3d	3d	8th
Partial	8th	13th	13th	12th
Intruding	9th	14th	14th	13th
Self-righteous	10th	8th	5th	6th
Talkative	11th	12th	15th	7th
Deceptive	12th	7th	9th	14th
Competitive	13th	6th	12th	15th
Incompetent	14th	9th	1st	11th
Unconventional	15th	15th	10th	10th

After mothers-in-law, sisters-in-law are criticized most often

we are involved in shifting our identifications and realigning our loyalties.

3. Still another basic type of in-law difficulty stems from early strains and stresses we have encountered within our own families.

Something in our family history, or our own early development, may, when carried over into marriage, make us vulnerable to certain types of in-law problems or prejudiced against in-laws generally. For example, both childish dependence upon parental approval and adolescent rebellion from parental influence are poor ingredients for marriage. Not until we are emotionally ready to establish our own home with neither a need to be independent nor an urge to rebel blindly can we accept without difficulty help from either our parents or parents-in-law.

Those Who Know How to Accept Others

Children who have been encouraged to love and enjoy a wide variety of people outside their own family have what it takes to accept members of the spouse's family without fear or guilt that they are being disloyal to their own. They have learned to accept others, and so are prepared to marry into a second family and build a third.

Parents mature enough to love their children without hovering over them encourage them to grow up and away from them. Men and women who have failed to attain a life of their own apart from their children often cling to and attempt to live their lives through them—a suffocating and frustrating experience for both parents and children. Often this frustration will show up in the intensity of the reaction of the children, after marriage, to the interest and help proffered by in-laws.

A case in point overcame the C's. This young couple live with the husband's mother. She keeps house for them while they both work. One rainy day the wife came home tired—and met a steady barrage of questions from her mother-in-law: "Did you put on your rubbers? Are you sure you had your umbrella with you? Did you chew your food well this noon?" Then she stopped short, saying: "Here I am, carrying on at you so, when I'm living off you, spending your money . . ."

Her daughter-in-law broke in: "It isn't the money so much. You can have that—but you just leave my soul alone!"

In the days that followed, the mother-in-law, with a wry twist of humor, would catch herself in the midst of fussing to ask: "Am I pinching your soul again?"

All in-laws are difficult at times. After we asked 1,337 men and women to indicate the in-law relationship that in their experience had proved the toughest, and then to report what had made these in-law contacts troublesome, no fewer than 2,611 separate complaints engulfed us!

Here are some of the findings in this part of our study:

- The largest category of complaints revolved around in-law meddlesomeness, interference and domination. More than 20 per cent of all complaints were of this kind.
- The next largest category of complaints went to the opposite pole of the in-law problem, involving the problem of being accepted as a member of the spouse's family. Relatives by marriage were criticized as indifferent, distant and thoughtless.
- The women interviewed had many more complaints than the men—an indication that the husband's family is more troublesome to the wife than the wife's to the husband—and female in-laws were criticized more frequently than male in-laws.
- At the same time, more women than men interviewed were appreciative of in-laws. This fact, coupled with the previous finding, can be understood if you realize that females of the family, rather than males, are responsible for developing close interpersonal and intrafamily relationships.
- After mother-in-law, the in-laws most often mentioned as troublesome were, in order: sister-in-law, brother-in-law and father-in-law.
- The chief category of complaint against sister-in-law was that she meddles, interferes, gives unwanted advice. In this criticism, she ranked below mother-in-law but well ahead of other relatives by marriage. Part of this failing seems to stem from sister-in-law's inability to realize that her married brother is a grown man capable of handling his own affairs, and part from a continuation of the patterns of quibbling and bickering that started in the early rivalry of brother and sister. The next major category of complaint against sister-in-law was that she is cold, aloof and unfriendly. It was evident that women expect female relatives by marriage to welcome them into the family. More often than not, "sister-in-law" meant the husband's sister, and an elder one at that; the wife's sister was least often mentioned as a problem.
- Brother-in-law is significantly less difficult than either sister-in-law or mother-in-law, and outranked father-in-law as a problem only slightly. When found fault with at all, he was mentioned equally often by men and women. The top complaint registered about him was that he is incompetent; next, that he is immature (childish, irresponsible, dependent); then, thoughtless, indifferent, self-righteous. In general, criticism fell in those areas where other relatives have to step in and take over responsibilities, financial and otherwise, that they feel he should be assuming.
- Father-in-law figured only incidentally in the complaints about in-laws. He rarely attempts to rule his children's family, as was once customary; compared to mother-in-law, his influence is small indeed. He was criticized most often, in fact, for ineffectuality. He offends by default, by his failure to be the kind of competent person his children-in-law can be proud to claim as their own. He is also seen to be old-fashioned, resistant to change, boastful and too talkative. ("He jabbers incessantly, tells the same story over and over," mourned one New York son-in-law of thirty-five.) Father-in-law also accounts for more than a third of all complaints concerning "unconventionality"—drinking, gambling, carousing—although in all, this charge did not make up a large percentage of the complaints directed at him. It would be absorbing to pursue the question of which came first, the unconventionality or the alienation within the family.

This article is based on Dr. Duvall's new book, In-Laws: Pro and Con, which will be published by Association Press, on November 20th. A family-life consultant in Chicago, the author (above) is an honorary life member of the National Council on Family Relations; regional consultant, the American Institute of Family Relations; and active member of the American Sociological Society and the American Association of Marriage Counselors. "My inspiration for the in-law study," Dr. Duvall says, "came originally from my admiration and affection for my own mother-in-law"

- Children-in-law criticize parents-in-law much more than vice versa—an indication that not only are older persons more culpable, but they are softer in their own criticisms. One complaint is that parents-in-law are "old-fashioned" in the sense of disagreeing about traditions, resisting change and being uncongenial. It is interesting that parents do not criticize their children as "new-fashioned." Rather, in complaining about the children's uncongeniality, parents-in-law seemed to wish that the younger generation would accept them, rather than label them "old-fashioned."

Now we come to mother-in-law, far and away the number one hazard among in-laws.

Hardly had we launched our investigation when it became apparent that the word "in-law" meant mother-in-law for most men and women, and that the immediate reaction was to retell a mother-in-law joke. "Have you heard this one?" was a common response.

Analyzing the jokes, we found a recurrent theme with roughly eight variations, none of them funny except in the stereotyped repetition of a hostile point of view: 1. Mother-in-law talks too much —in every dialect. (Only once in more than 5,000 responses was there a complaint of silence in a mother-in-law.) 2. She knows all the answers—the wrong ones. 3. She is a meddlesome troublemaker. 4. She is ego-deflating. 5. She is mean. 6. She is a loathsome object of aggression. 7. She comes too often and stays too long. 8. She is to be avoided.

A Vermont woman asked the riddle: "Why is a mother-in-law like an accordion?" Answer: "Because you have to knock the wind out of both of of them to shut them up."

Many Questions With the Same Answer

A graduate student in a large Midwestern university griped: "Who was it that thought I was not quite good enough for her sweet little girl? Who told my loving little spouse to go ahead and buy that expensive watch we couldn't afford? Who does the little wife use as the ultimate authority and hold as a threat in the argument? You know who. . . ."

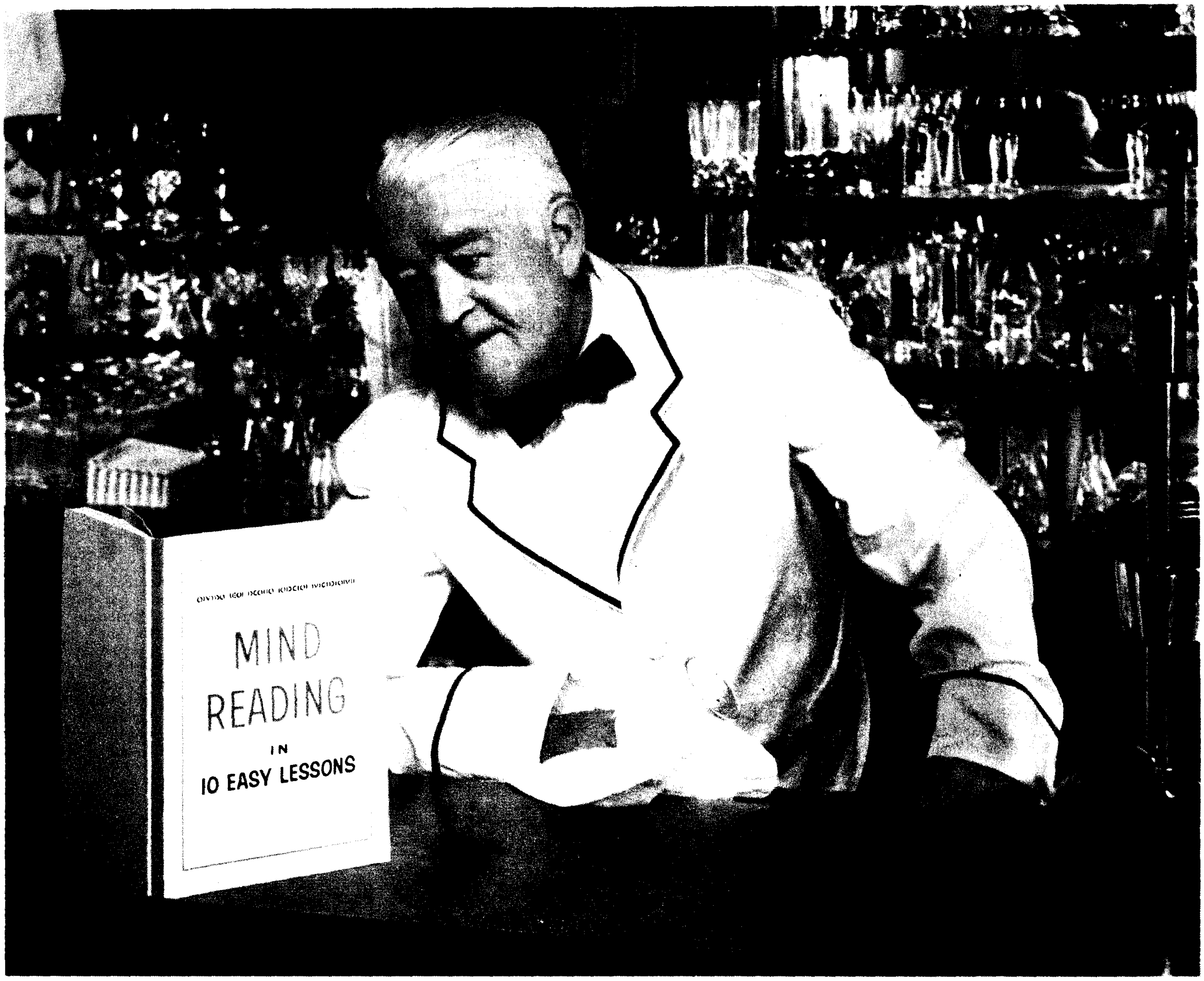
A churchman in the deep South told of the minister who went to see a parishioner to make arrangements for the funeral of the parishioner's mother-in-law. He inquired solicitously: "And what was the complaint that was responsible for her passing?"

The man replied in bewilderment: "Complaint? There was no complaint. Everybody around here was satisfied."

Perhaps this acrostic submitted by one harried son-in-law sums up the critics' views best:

M is for the many things she called me—
O means only debts, now grown old;
T is for the trouble she inflicted,
H is for her hair of well-dyed gold.
E is for the eats she gobbled daily
R means rent the landlord never saw;
I is for the idiotic gestures
N is for the night she broke my jaw.
L is for the looks she gave me daily—
A is for the antics she went through
W's for the wedding she disrupted;
The letters spell the whole darn' thing to you!

Our analysis of the chief complaints against mothers-in-law showed that their dilemma is simi-



We have a better idea

Considering the number of men who order a drink without saying what brand of whiskey they want, bartenders might be well advised to take a course in mind reading. Probably a very *advanced* course, since there are *hundreds* of brands to choose from.

But isn't it a simpler—and better—idea for you to *name your brand of whiskey*... just as you've been in the habit of doing with almost everything else you buy?

This is particularly important if your brand is Four Roses. For no other whiskey is *quite* the same as Four Roses. No other whiskey can match Four Roses' flavor—subtly different, definitely finer.

Be good to your bartender... and to yourself. Ask for Four Roses, every time.

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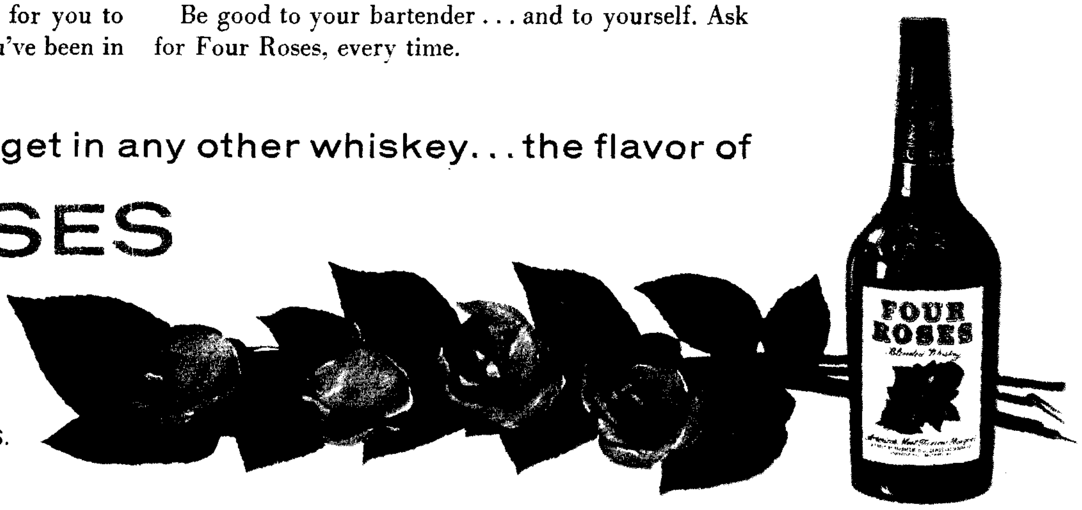
WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF. 60% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.



What's the No. 1 fault of mothers-in-law? They're meddlesome

lar to that of the porcupine, which can relate itself to its own kind only by being very careful: too close, and the quills hurt; too far away, and there's no contact.

First on the list of criticisms leveled at mothers-in-law is that they are meddlesome; second, that they are possessive; third, that they nag. Together, meddlesomeness, possessiveness and nagging constitute the "mother-in-law syndrome." These three jointly account for more than half of all complaints about them. On the other hand, the next ranking criticism was the complaint of distance: "She ignores us, is indifferent, uninterested, not helpful, aloof, doesn't accept me/us, is not close, unsociable, not motherly, etc."

A Few More Unpleasant Traits

Less often mentioned criticisms are that the mothers-in-law are immature, old-fashioned, thoughtless, pampering, self-righteous, talkative, gossiping and jealous.

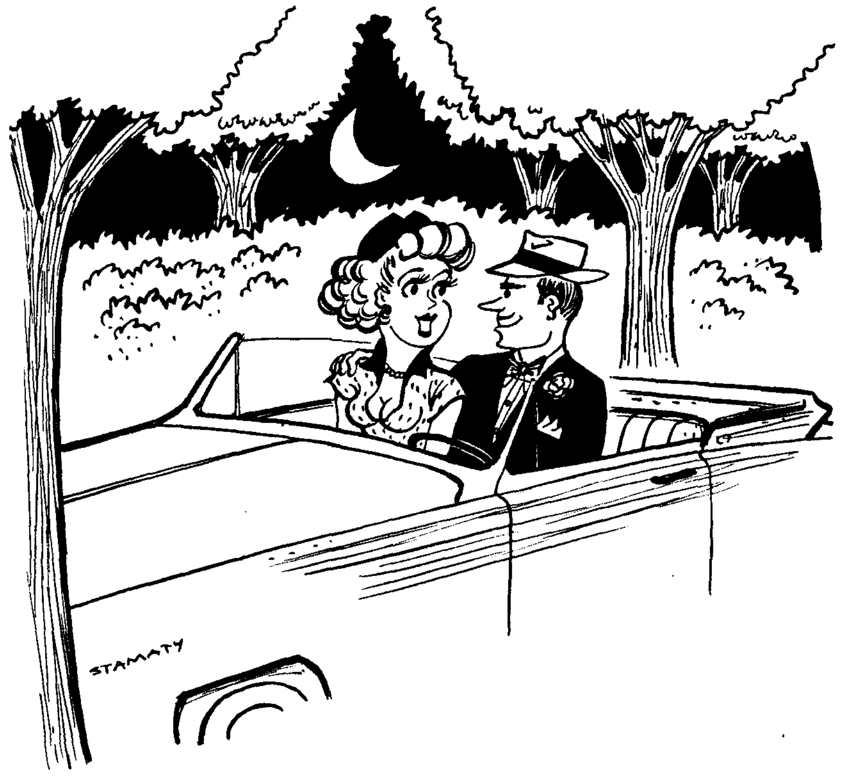
Some other findings about mothers-in-law:

- Nine out of ten complaints came from women. These data do not support the popular notion that it is the man who professes the greater difficulty with his mother-in-law.
- Younger women feel the mother-in-law problem more strongly than do older women.
- Many people showed that they harbored resentment against their mother-in-law because she had opposed their courtship of her child—a strong hint of the need for initial acceptance and mutual trust if harmony is to reign.
- Residents of the South, where family ties and sentiments remain most deeply entrenched, make fewer complaints against mothers-in-law than any other region.
- Significant differences cropped up among various religious affiliations. The largest percentage of mother-in-law "most difficult" mentions came from the Jewish group; next, from the Protestant group; least, from the Roman Catholic group. Although these differences beg for further study, one interpretation, on the basis of the few facts we have, may be that Jewish people in America are going through a cultural transformation from an ultraconservative to a more liberal, equalitarian family and personal life, while the persistence of strong traditions for family harmony in the Roman Catholic group makes for fewer expressed conflicts between the generations.

Part of the high percentage of votes mother-in-law gets for being the most difficult in-law may stem from the fact that in our society she can be, indeed is expected to be, criticized without censure. On the other hand, our study turns up evidence that the mother-in-law stereotype is being renounced. Many of the people interviewed declared that to picture her always as an ogre was not only untrue but unfair; that it put mother-in-law in an unfortunate light before she got a chance to prove herself a loving ally; that it produced unnecessary stresses and strains on a new marriage.

A Brooklyn bridegroom of six months put it this way: "When I was first married, I was a regular heel. I remember ducking out the back door when my mother-in-law came in the front. When my wife would call me up from the basement or the garage where I was escaping the visiting ogre, I would pretend not to hear. If there was a plate of cookies or a fresh-baked pie as a gift from my mother-in-law, many's the time when I refused to touch it —bum that I was about the whole business.

"But lo and behold, after I spent a little time with my mother-in-law, I observed that there was a definite absence of horns on her forehead. I discovered a very human and warm individual. She wasn't a drunk, a loudmouth, an evil viper set on destroying me and my marriage. She turned out to be a very lovable person, and fun to be with."



"Do you mean to say that you've only driven this car 236 miles in 6 months?"

COLLIER'S STANLEY STAMATY

Many married persons of both sexes said that merely anticipating mother-in-law trouble sometimes made for strains in their new family that otherwise might not have occurred. Many told of their surprise when their mother-in-law turned out to be a loyal friend and companion. These people are particularly incensed at the injustice of the typical mother-in-law barb.

Divorcee Extols Mother-in-Law

A Michigan woman who lives in a trailer reported: "To have the radio jokesters make out that mothers-in-law are something hateful and despised is very wicked. Last June I divorced my husband and bought a trailer for myself and boys. Did my husband's mother forsake me for divorcing her son? Indeed she did not! She offered to give me free parking space in her garden, and to pay to have the trailer hauled in."

Repudiation of the mother-in-law myth through actual experience is clearly evident in many of the cases we studied. The reasons given were many and varied.

Half the men and women who volunteered opinions about their mother-in-law said that they like her because she is a mother in some real sense. Some women appreciate the fact that their mother-in-law taught them, as brides, the fundamentals of becoming a good wife and mother. A bride can often accept such training more comfortably from her mother-in-law than from her own mother; with her husband's mother, she starts out as a young adult and receives her respect as such. A wife's eagerness to please her husband leads her to her mother-in-law, who can advise her of his likes and dislikes. This relationship helps both women maintain prestige. In fact, there seems to arise a pleasant sense of conspiracy-of-women when bride and mother-in-law join forces in mutual concern for the welfare of the man whose love they share.

Both men and women interviewed recalled gratefully that their mother-in-law helped them out financially, nursed the family through illness, was right there when baby came, saw the wife through the husband's military service. Still others remarked that she "reared the fine person I married"; others, that "she is more than a mother to me, for my own mother failed me."

One out of every four men and women who had anything to say about their mother-in-law reported that they liked her "as a person"—a plain hint that if we are ever to lick the mother-in-law problem we must encourage middle-aged and older women to live lives of their own.

What about mothers-in-law themselves? How does it feel to be one? Obviously, it takes a lot of patience to fill the role successfully. It isn't easy to leave the role of mother, where one is loved and cherished, and become a mother-in-law, where one is apt to be avoided and criticized as an accepted custom of our culture. That many mothers-in-law can stand all the barbs against them without resentment or retaliation amazes those who contemplate the problem.

Proof that mothers-in-law usually face the stereotype with patience is that they have never developed a parade of son-in-law jokes or filled the popular mind with prejudices against daughters-in-law. Indeed, the most striking finding in this part of our study is that children-in-law are not often criticized. This remarkable record can hardly be due entirely to the spotless character of the children-in-law; it must be that the prejudiced parental eye overlooks many human faults. When mothers-in-law do complain, the two top-ranking criticisms of both sons- and daughters-in-law are that they are indifferent and thoughtless—reflecting the eagerness of mothers-in-law to be accepted by their children-in-law, be interested in them, and feel close to the family.

Everything She Does Is Wrong

Some mothers-in-law in our study revealed an "I-can't-win" attitude. A St. Louis woman thus summed up the mother-in-law's dilemma: "If she suggests her son's favorite recipe, she's domineering. If she buys her daughter a new dress, she's interfering. If she rocks her grandson, she's old-fashioned; if she doesn't, she's a square in baby-sitting circles. If she visits the newlyweds, she's a nosy pest; if she doesn't, she's strangely aloof. Men have braved terrific odds to explore the vast unknown. But nowhere has their courage ever surpassed that required of a mother-in-law."

One suggestion for preparing for mother-in-lawhood is through the years to practice thinking of one's sons and daughters as "hyphenated-children." As the youngsters develop loyalties to toys, pets and friends, parents can make a practice of including the beloved objects or friends in family thinking and plans. Then, when a son or daughter chooses the special person who is to be a lifemate, the mother has already developed the pattern of thinking of her child as having loyalties and ties beyond herself, and can accept the chosen one as part of the family.

What about those of us for whom it is too late to do this sort of preparing—to be a mother-in-law, or, for that matter, any kind of in-law? What can those of us who are already in-laws, or just about to be, do to get along with our relatives-by-marriage? Can we improve, if need be, relationships that have soured?

Fortunately the answer is yes, we can—even though no two families, no two in-law problems, are ever exactly alike.

First, some guiding principles:

1. The best way to improve your relationships with other people is to change your own way of thinking, feeling and behaving. If you try to make others over to your ways, you may run into a wall of resistance. But as soon as you look for what you yourself may do to adapt more skillfully to the realities of the situations and persons involved, you make progress. In other words, you will have more success with your in-laws as you learn how to become a better in-law yourself.

2. Avoid pinning any "labels" on in-laws. Don't expect members of the older generation to be "old-fashioned" just because of their age; this belief

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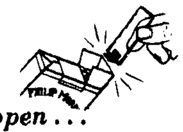
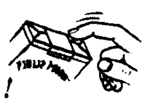


PRESTO *it closes!*



What a convenient pack for America's *finest* cigarette!

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is not only misleading, but erects a barrier between younger and older relatives. And don't assume that a mother-in-law is "meddlesome" just because she is a mother-in-law. Recognize that in-laws are individuals, each with his or her own rights, privileges, responsibilities, problems, hopes, dreams, mistakes. Each is worth knowing for himself. The better you understand him, the more you will understand his behavior.

3. Always bear in mind that maturity is important for family harmony. Maturity is not achieved in a single bound, nor at any particular time of life, but its rewards are many. You find personal satisfaction in everyday living. You don't have to depend on others for fulfillment. You become the interesting person others enjoy being with. You are able to relate yourself pleasantly to others. This quality makes for good in-law relationships.

4. Don't worry if sometimes you can hardly stand being in the same family with your in-laws even if generally you love and appreciate them. Ambivalence is in the very nature of family life. Whom we love, we hate at times. In any close relationship there is occasionally the need for distance.

Hints for Harmonious Living

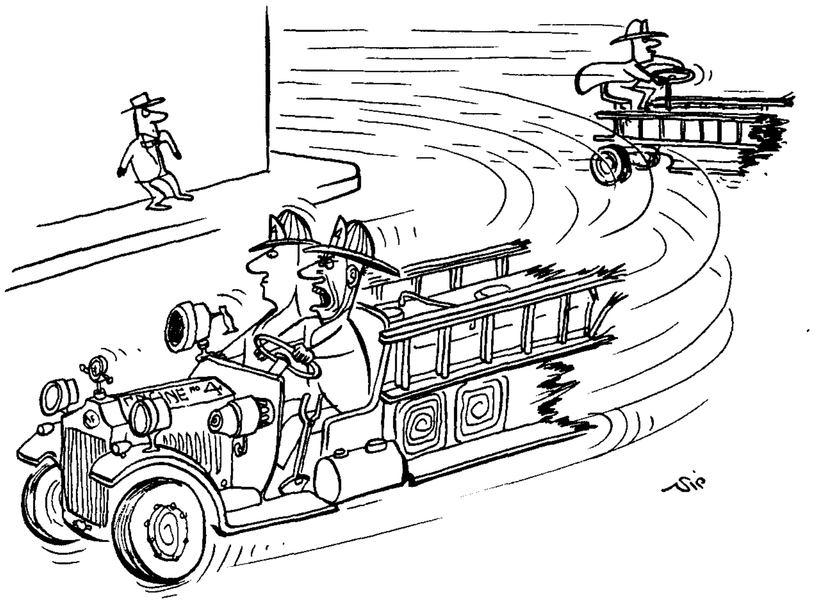
Now for some lesser, but still important, guidelines for getting along with your in-laws.

Before you marry:

- If possible, choose a spouse of similar background to yours. Your ways of behaving are more understandable to each other's family because of all you have in common; your roles with each other are in harmony because you have similar ideas of what is appropriate.
- Get acquainted with your new family in advance. As you visit your future in-laws' home, you absorb the atmosphere in which your spouse-to-be was reared; you gain some preliminary personal acceptance; you take the first important steps in getting to know your new relatives as persons rather than just "in-laws." Conventionally, the boy has the advantage of knowing the girl's family before marriage because he calls upon her during their courtship. The girl rarely has this opportunity. Many a bride is precipitated into an intimate relationship with her newly acquired family knowing little of what to expect of them save what her mate has told her. Small wonder that brides in our study generally expressed anxiety about not being accepted readily.
- Don't elope. Elopements make both sets of parents feel left out, and the hurt rankles in future relationships. As a rule, marriages solemnized by weddings and blessed by both sets of parents turn out more successfully.
- If you are a bride-to-be, draw your future mother-in-law into your wedding plans. Not to do so may cause this particularly delicate relationship to get off on the wrong foot. One wise girl who sensed this danger consulted her prospective mother-in-law on the wedding details step by step. She found her deeply touched by this thoughtfulness, and then and there had the basis for a sound mother-in-law relationship.

After you marry:

- Refrain from telling mother-in-law jokes and discourage those who do.
- Keep channels of communication open between you and your in-laws. Don't stifle your real feelings; air them, so that others may know how you really feel and can in turn express their own sentiments and attitudes. Don't fear arguments; often, the real issues and values can be aired in a good constructive argument more fully than in any other way.
- Face the fact that family conflicts are inevitable. No two people see eye to eye about everything. Differences need not shatter the relationship if you regard them without alarm, guilt, shame or recrimination. People who take this view learn to resolve their conflicts in ways that protect the value of each individual.
- Try not to use your in-laws as weapons per se in marital spats. In the heat of the moment, don't lash out at your wife by exclaiming: "You're just like your mother!" And don't angrily accuse your husband of being "no better than that no-good brother of yours."
- Make decisions of family interest jointly. As the relatives concerned are consulted, each feels "in on" the decision and shares responsibility for it. People of every age and relationship are apt to be hurt when ignored in decisions that affect them.



COLLIER'S "Him and his short cuts!" VIRGIL PARTCH

The Hardest Situation of All

If you live with your in-laws:

- Develop, together, a clear understanding of financial, household and other responsibilities.
- Make some provision for protecting the personal property of each member of the family.
- Respect each person's need for privacy—opening one's own mail, answering one's own telephone calls and so on.
- Encourage each member of the household to develop his own talents and pursue his own interests in his own way. This means you, too.
- Jointly plan for whole-family activities so that each member may share in deciding what's to be done and what part he or she will play in the affair.
- Unify the expanded family sharing the household by celebrations and rituals that bring the family close together.
- As disagreements arise, take time to hear the others out. Respond to their feelings as well as to the "sense" of the situation.
- Be reasonable in what you expect of the others. Perfectionists are hard to live with in any family.

If you have mother-in-law trouble:

- Encourage your mother-in-law to spend time and money on herself so that she may gain the self-confidence that comes with appearing well-groomed and attractive. When children have grown and a woman is left alone with her memories, it is easy for her to lose interest in life and in herself.
- Help her keep up to date on happenings in the world outside. This is a time of her life when a radio or TV set of her own, reading, perhaps a current-events course, can mean the difference between a dull, drab existence and vigorous aliveness.
- Encourage her to pick up the formal education she left off in earlier years and find avenues for untouched abilities. Refresher courses help many a woman better adapt herself to the changing needs of her growing families. Training in special areas may rekindle old interests, develop creative hobbies, sharpen salable skills and broaden the base of her activities.
- Applaud, don't deride, her volunteer activities in community and church groups.
- Whenever she performs any service for you, give her the courtesy of simple gratitude sincerely expressed.
- Return her hospitality. Too many children enjoy countless meals at the old homestead without ever proffering a return invitation.
- Reassure her if illness strikes her and encourage her to follow medical advice to complete recovery. Older women often overreact to a malady out of fear of incapacity.
- Help her get her financial house in order. She may, if she knows her married children are "back of her," feel encouraged to assume responsibility for her own affairs.
- Recognize her role in the family continuity. Don't wave off her accounts of family trials and triumphs, her old family jokes and incidents. Retelling them gives her a sense of importance she badly needs, and it gives your own children a sense of family stability.

Five Rules for Mothers-in-Law

If you are a mother-in-law:

- Use restraint and consideration in helping your married children. Wait until you're asked before moving in with some kind of help. Consult the children about something you think might be nice before actually going ahead with it for them. Assist with what they really want, rather than what you feel they should have.
- If your offers of help have been rebuffed, don't nurse your hurt feelings; learn by your fumbles how to play the game more skillfully.
- Sincerely respect your children's ways even when they differ from yours. There are times when you don't like what you see in their houses: your daughter-in-law sitting with a cigarette hanging from her lips as she feeds the baby; the once-a-day dishwashing routine that makes sense to her; the way both she and your son handle their youngsters, finances and care of their furnishings. Remember that *your* own home wasn't a carbon copy of *your* mother's, either!
- Cultivate your own self-respect. If you are competent, if you keep busy—at a job, at volunteer work, at renewed studying—you won't have to have your ego propped up all the time. You'll tolerate differences without fear of losing your own self-confidence. The personal threat is usually greater for the insecure, unoccupied woman who has nothing better to do than worry how badly things are going.
- If you are widowed, maintain your own independence as long as you can. If you have a home, your first reaction may be to liquidate it and share the assets with the children who theoretically will now make a home for you. Consider this move carefully; it is not always a wise one.

Becoming a better in-law—whatever you are in the family—involves education in its best sense: not a list of pat principles, but a spirit of continued search for the better. This sort of education does not have to wait until all the answers to life's riddles are in. It can begin with the present, if you are ready to improve and grow, to face yourself, question your shibboleths, examine your mythologies; if you are willing to reserve judgment.

Always keep in mind that you are not born a good in-law or a bad in-law. You can acquire the knowledge, skills and appreciations that make you the kind of person with whom your relatives will get along. ▲▲▲

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Must I Use the Word?

By GEORGE BRADSHAW

MARY HEDGES came into the front room of the gallery, where I was having a cigarette with an unlikely customer, and said, "There's a man to see you," and pointed to the back room, to the office.

I nodded and said, "In a minute," and as soon as I could conveniently make it seem casual, I left.

The man to see me was sitting contentedly in a chair in the office. At first glance I couldn't make out what he was: his face was bland and possibly handsome; he was carefully dressed; he looked to have no connection with us, yet he was staring with neither surprise nor irritation at a half-dozen abstract paintings that were on the floor leaning against the wall.

He got up. "Mr. Nelson?" When I said yes, he handed me a card. His name was Woodward and he belonged to a Providence, Rhode Island, insurance company. I understood.

I sat at my desk and Mary stayed at hers near the door, where she could keep an eye out for serious customers. Mr. Woodward began at once. "You know Stephan Sommers," he said.

I nodded. "Yes. Very well."

"Is he employed by you?" He accented the word "employed."

"No. He's—" I stopped. "No," I said, "he works for me—and other galleries too—but we don't *employ* him. It's difficult to explain what he does. Maybe the word 'scout' has a meaning."

Mr. Woodward hesitated to answer.

"You don't hear it any more," I said. "The picture business is so respectable now, and 'scout' has maybe an underhand sound—on account of the people it used to be attached to. Well, Stephan brings me customers. If they buy, I give him a commission. Very businesslike."

"Can he live on that?" Mr. Woodward said.

"I don't know. There are other—" I must have frowned.

Mr. Woodward said, "Mr. Sommers sent me to you. He said you would speak for him."

"Oh."

Then Woodward said, "Is Sommers his real name?"

I shook my head. "It's his legal name. He's a citizen. But he was a Yugoslav, you know. He had one of those impossible names full of c's and v's with circles and half-moons over them. Even he had difficulty pronouncing it. Sommers is a choice."

"Would you say," Mr. Woodward said, "that he's a poor man?"

I looked at Mary. "It hadn't occurred to me. He lives in a cold-water flat, of course. Maybe he's a poor man."

"And yet," Mr. Woodward said, "he owns a picture worth a hundred thousand dollars."

It was a statement. I smiled. "His Cézanne? Yes. It's probably worth more than that. Why? Are you going to insure it?"

"We already have insured it. Some years ago. Day before yesterday it was stolen."

I heard Mary gasp. "Oh, no," she said. "Poor Stephan . . ."

Americans, in matters of art, are apt to talk beauty first and money afterward. Money talk sometimes leaves a bad taste in the mouth. Europeans generally talk money first, and when that is settled they change their face and come to the real point, the picture.

I first saw Stephan Sommers when old Madame Raverat brought him into my gallery. I hardly noticed him, it was she I was so honored to see—that busy small mountain of a person in black satin and diamond earrings, the most famous woman art dealer in the world. But, alas, she had not come to look at my pictures or allow me to buy one of hers; she had come to sell me Stephan Sommers.

"He will bring you customers, I guarantee that," she said. "You will give him fifteen per cent."

"Ten," I said.

"Fifteen."

It was settled; I gave him fifteen per cent.

I brought out my one good bottle of brandy and they each had some, sitting a little stiffly in my office.

"You do not drink?" Madame Raverat said.

"It makes my heart beat," I said.

"I should think," Stephan Sommers said, "that would be desirable," and for the first time I looked at him.

Stephan was then, and is now, a tall slight man with strong hands and neck and an attractive, high-boned face. He has a European figure which he moves deliberately, and he smokes a cigarette, an ordinary one, as if it had been made to order for him in Egypt. He is a very complicated man, but this took me time to learn, because on the surface his wants seem so straightforward, so guileless: the best in food, talk, drink. His self-sufficiency is superb. He once said, "But New York is a very calm place. No need for nerves here, I can tell you."

Madame said that day, "Stephan will not come back to Paris with me."

"I prefer here," he said.

He stayed here and so, as it turned out, did Madame Raverat. In the taxi that was taking her down to the pier for the Ile de France, she leaned back her head and died.

IT WAS then, or after that, that Stephan got his picture. Madame Raverat left him her Cézanne, the Cézanne she had refused to sell to every big collector in the world.

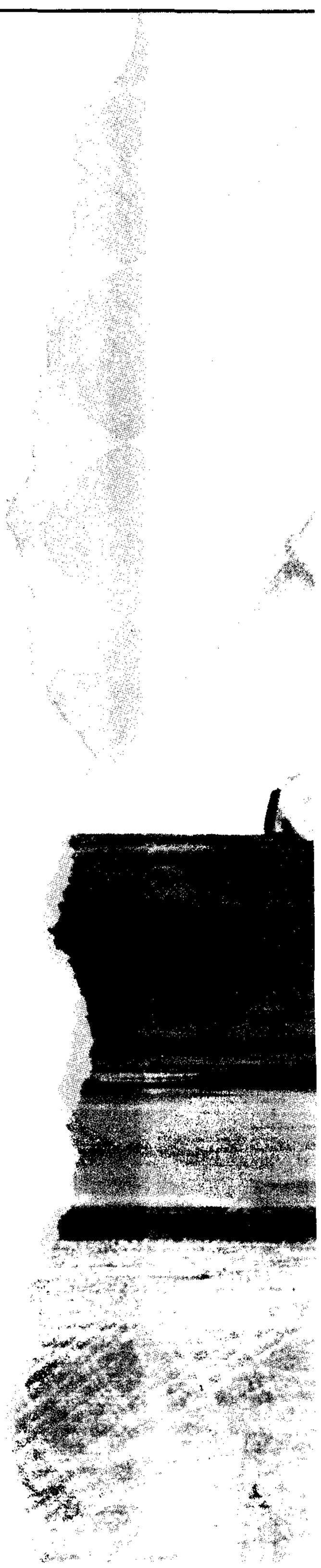
I first saw it maybe a year later—Stephan and I had become good acquaintances by then—when one day he brought it into the gallery. He had it fitted into a cowhide traveling case, and this he set on a table and opened.

I dislike to read exclamations in print about pictures. They are as dull as descriptions of symphonies. I like pieces of art only to be separated thus: this is good, this is bad. I will go do the rest for myself.

The Cézanne was good. It was not a museum picture, but a private one: the Portrait of Madame d'Auby. Cézanne was not given to painting portraits of people in the chic world, but this of the young baroness is an exception. And maybe he was influenced by her talk or her clothes, for his palette in this is brighter, gayer, more brilliant than in any of his other likenesses. It is a more immediate picture, more local—well, it cannot be described.

Stephan said, "I tell you, have you ever seen anything like it? First of all, it is Cézanne, and it is in his Boldini mood . . ."

I laughed. His Boldini mood. But I remembered that afterward, when I realized no other Cézanne could have been so satis-



a wise and witty story about a young man whose dream

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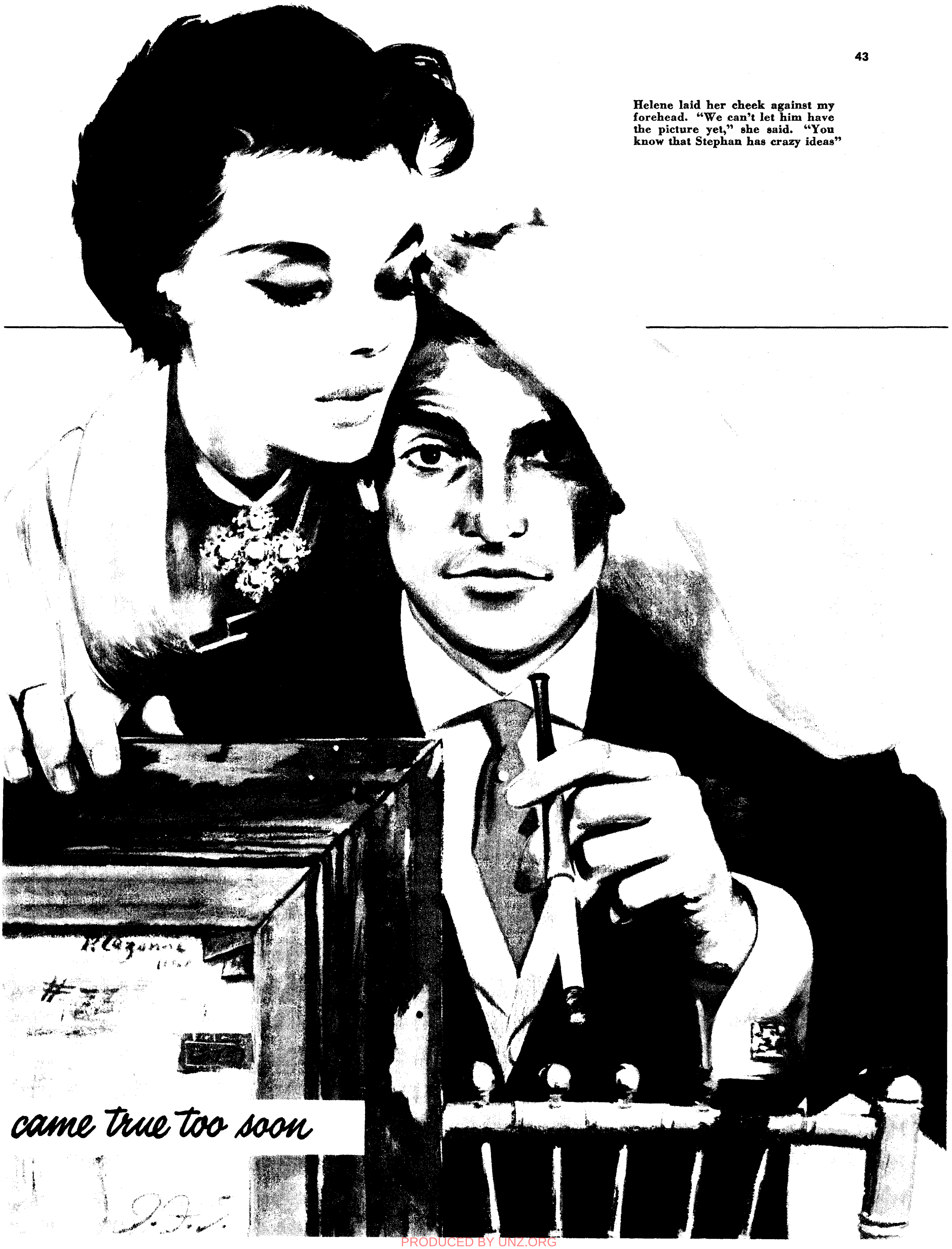
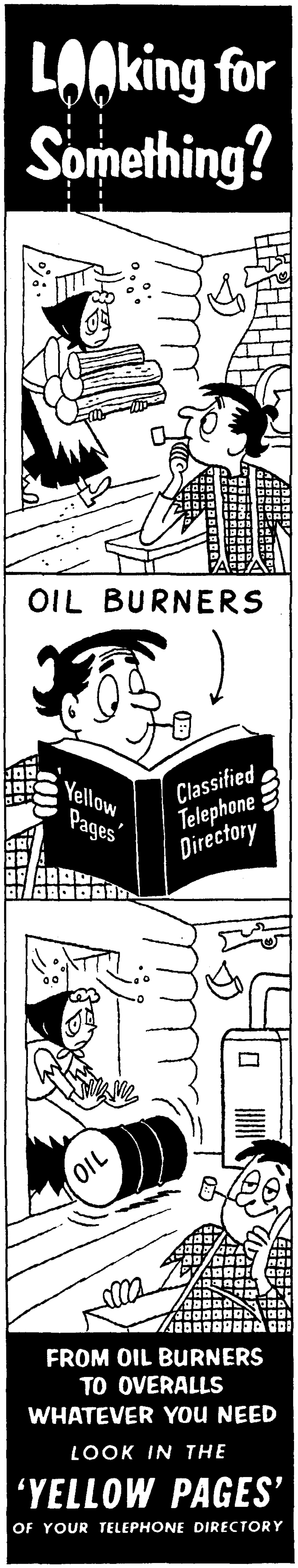
Helene laid her cheek against my forehead. "We can't let him have the picture yet," she said. "You know that Stephan has crazy ideas"



came true too soon



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fying to Stephan Sommers as this one.

I said, while I stood there wondering, "What could you have done for the old lady to get this?"

"Oh, no," Stephan said, making a depreciatory gesture, "nothing that you are thinking. I saved her life."

"Poor Stephan," Mary said.

I said to Mr. Woodward, "But this is idiotic. Who would steal it?"

He tilted his head. "It is very valuable."

"I know," I said, "but let's be reasonable. No casual burglar robs cold-water flats. Or if one did, he wouldn't bother with a strange-looking picture. It wouldn't be to his taste."

Mr. Woodward nodded. "But you can't rule him out altogether. He might have wanted the cowhide case. However, I think you're right. Nothing else in the apartment was touched."

"So," I said, "it was deliberate. He knew what he was after. But any thief who knew what he was after would know he could never sell the picture."

"Why not?" Of course Mr. Woodward knew the answer.

"Any dealer in the world who has the money to handle that Cézanne knows all about it. The minute he saw it, he'd call the cops."

"I think," Mr. Woodward said, "you are supposing a much more naïve thief than we are probably concerned with. I imagine he had a buyer waiting."

"But who?" I didn't believe this. "Rich men don't buy pictures to hide. I know. They buy them to hang up in their dining rooms."

Mr. Woodward didn't seem impressed. "The Mona Lisa was once stolen. Hardly a picture for a dining room. No. Consider. There are some odd people who are rich. The traffic in pornography and pornographic pictures runs into the millions of dollars. Those pieces are kept hidden."

I said, "Of course, but there's a certain social stigma—"

"There's a certain social stigma against theft, too. But when the desire is great enough, scruples are forgotten. The same kind of excessive desire that wants pornography could want beauty. Not the same man, but the same desire."

"The insurance game," I said, "sure is interesting."

Mr. Woodward shifted his position. "Something I'd like to be sure about," he said, "is Mr. Sommers' right and title to the picture. Is it perfectly clear, now?"

STEPHAN SOMMERS (I know) was once the concierge of a second-rate hotel in Venice. He first met Madame Raverat when she came in one day on a trivial errand. Likely he was polite to her in several languages. That was one of his prides, languages; besides his native tongue, he spoke Greek, Turkish, French, German, Italian and English. "Minimum requirements for a concierge," he said. He must have impressed her, for less than two weeks later she took him away from the hotel to help in her business.

She was even then an old lady—it was before the war—and she was a refugee. Well, refugee may be too particular a term for such an international figure, but she had belonged in Vienna and had been wise enough to flee some months before the Nazis arrived. Her business then was not anything she had had to leave behind. She kept no shop or gallery—she simply had pictures for sale where she lived.

Selling pictures was only part of what she did. On occasion she was a decorator. In the twenties and thirties she had, I suppose, the most extravagant and wonderful taste in the world. There were—that short a time ago—still some kings left in Europe, and when a throne room needed a going over, old Raverat was the only person whose lavishness could be depended on. That particular spring, times being slow with kings, she had bought a palace in Venice and was doing it over for sale.

SO SHE needed Stephan—someone to run up and down stairs, jump into gondolas, explore warehouses (she was plundering the city for her furnishings), curse workmen, flatter painters —someone to do all the chores she thought she was too old to do. Actually, of course, she did almost everything herself; Stephan simply watched.

"But I learned," he said. "This was the second step in my education. I was avid to learn; with me, learning is almost like a necessity. That is why I went with her. I bled her of her knowledge. I knew about rugs and frescoes and decoration and glass and silver. I can tell you of all their periods and their cash value and whether I like them. She taught me all that.

"And it's funny—I didn't have to ask much. I think she had a feeling that the Dark Ages were coming again and that somehow, through someone, she must pass on what she had spent her life learning."

JUSTICE
AMERICAN FEDERATION OF THE PHYSICALLY HANDICAPPED
RIGHT
OPPORTUNITY
they can EARN their future
HIRE THE HANDICAPPED

In the fall, when the house was furnished and sold, Madame Raverat took Stephan to Paris. There, suddenly, she got rid of everything she owned and bought pictures—not many, but each a masterpiece, like the Cézanne. It was then, in a most concentrated way, that Stephan learned about painting.

A practical woman, Madame Raverat was ready for anything, and yet like so many Europeans she was deceived by her own practicality. She could not really believe that the leaders of the nations would find it sensible to practice war again so soon. In an old woman's life twenty years is a very short time, and she remembered too well the other war. She felt that the businessmen of the Continent, if no one else, would prevent fighting—if only as a *policy*. So when France was overrun she, with the pictures and Stephan, was vacationing in Cannes. And suddenly the world was done: for if the Germans caught her, it meant a concentration camp.

In a day, Stephan took over. He found a man with a boat—a small, leaky, unseaworthy fishing craft, but a boat. Then he had, literally, to pull the frantic, protesting old lady on board. "She was used to yachts," he said, "and she could not swim."

There were eleven days of storm and fear and pumping and no food. On the twelfth, they reached Gibraltar.

"We were safe," Stephan said, "and we were still in business. Underneath her big skirt Raverat had carried, carefully rolled up, twenty-two canvases. That skirt was a museum.

"Well, she said I saved her life. Maybe. I saved my own too. In any case, the Cézanne was my reward."

"Oh, yes," I said to Mr. Woodward, "he has clear title to the picture."

When Mr. Woodward left, after two hours of what appeared to be desultory conversation, Mary said to me, "He was pumping you."

"Do you think he got much?" I said.

"No. A good character reference for Stephan. Maybe that's what he was looking for."

"I hope that's what he wanted."

Mary smiled. "I suppose that, quite naturally, he was suspicious. Just like you are."

"I am not suspicious," I said.

"Still," Mary said, "you didn't mention Helene."

It was true. I hadn't.

"Did you forget about her?"

"Well," I said, "no."

It is very difficult to explain innocence to an insurance company—or anyone else, for that matter. I was sure Helene had nothing to do with the disappearance of the picture; but the fact remained that she and Stephan did have a tentative arrangement to be married—and more, that she was a Frenchwoman, that she had a sense of proportion and, that while she had a respect for all that is good and beautiful, her practical heart had come to hate the Cézanne.

She hated it sensibly: it stood in the way of a proper life. While it was all very well for a bachelor who trafficked in pictures to live in squalor with a priceless painting, that was no way to imagine a proper household. I have heard her say, "Would you expect us to give a reception on New Year's Day there, in the cold-water? No." No, Helene had a strong sense of the fitness of things. If the picture were sold, a ménage could be set up. She had no idea of working after she was married.

She worked now in the New York office of a French perfume company. I wish I could describe her easily. The only word I can think of is "logical." Her face was oval and wise, and it was saved from prettiness by her elegance. Her short, shining brown hair was always in slight disarray, but disarray raised to an art. However, "logical" is the word: her clothes, her gestures, her thought, her speech, her decisions were logical. This makes her sound cold, and I should not do that. Helene was fragile and full of laughter—only she never forgot that first things come first.

I said to Mary, "I don't think Helene had anything to do with it."

"Neither do I," Mary said. "Still there are no butlers. One must suspect someone."

I CALLED Stephan and went to see him. I found him moaning on a chaise longue. "On top of everything, I have a cold in the head," he said.

The cold-water was a surprisingly handsome and spacious room, a kind you occasionally find behind an ugly New York front. Someone had paneled it in white wood, and Stephan had furnished it with an ebony grand piano, a much too large marble-topped table, and some comfortable down sofas. It had the feeling of a rich man's room—if you did not look out the window at the clutter of the neighborhood back yards—or at least, it always had had before; but suddenly, now, looking at the blank space over the mantelpiece, I realized what damage had been done by the theft of the Cézanne. The eyes had been taken from the room; it was no longer the private parlor of a pal-

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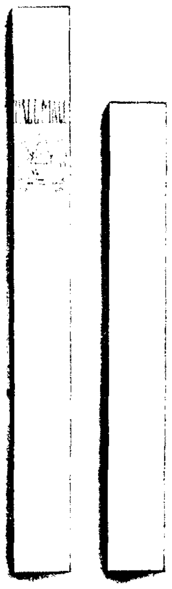

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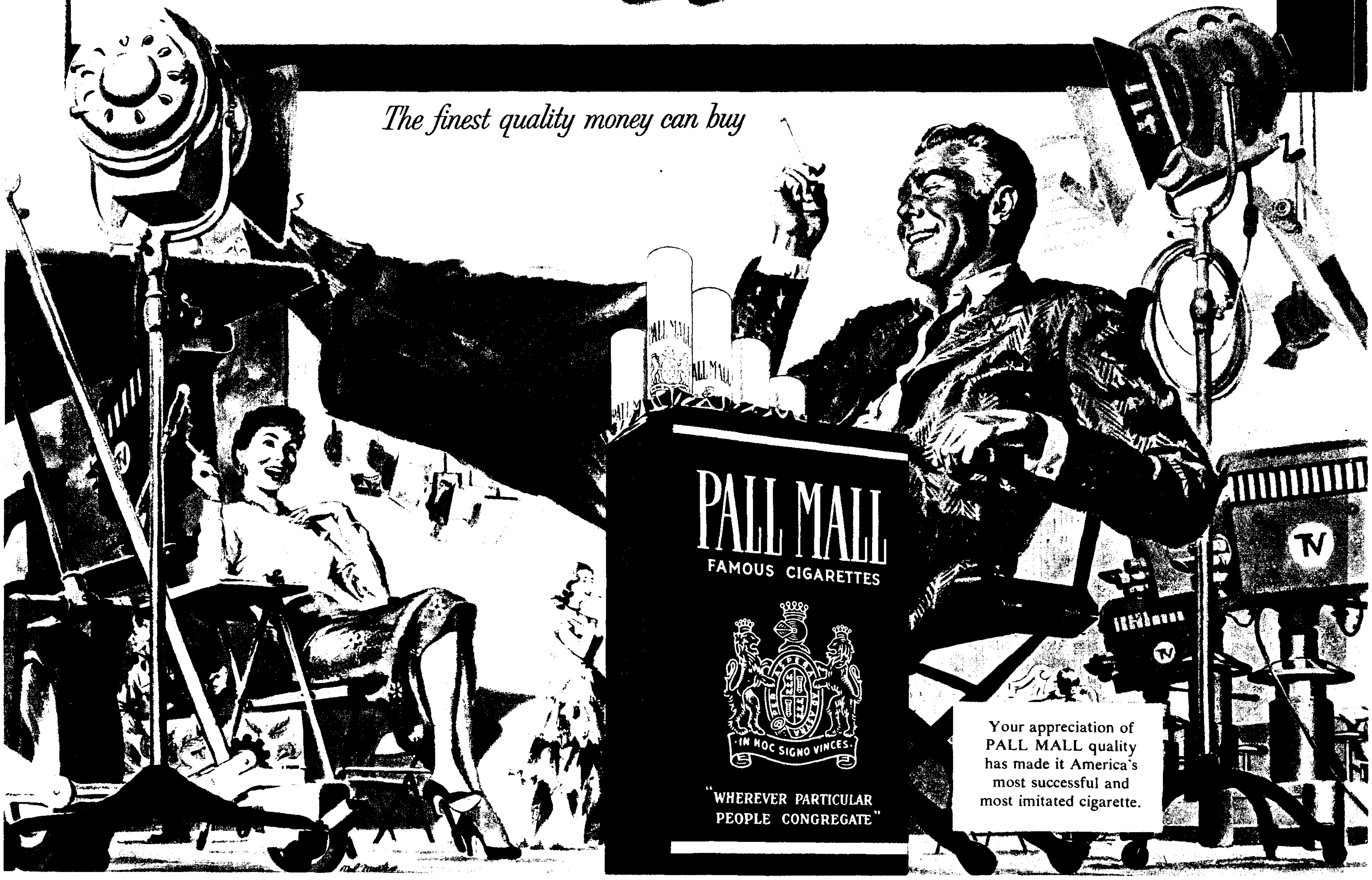

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ace, as it had always seemed, but merely an eccentric arrangement of furniture.

"Come commiserate with me in my squalor," Stephan said.

"No news, I suppose," I said.

"No, no. These matters take time."

"You seem calm about it."

"I am not that."

"Have you any suspicions?" I said.

"No. Whom would I suspect?"

"Do you know your neighbors?"

Stephan shook his head impatiently. "You sound like the insurance man. I know my neighbors. I've lived here four years. So have they. Longer."

I sat down. "What else is new?" I asked.

Stephan shrugged. "Helene has asked me to marry her."

"So soon?"

He looked at me. "I know what you think. You think it is the money. You Americans are so unsentimental."

I laughed.

"It was a gesture of consolation," he said. "Maybe all for the best."

He breathed deeply from a menthol inhaler. "This cold, this cold." He put down the inhaler, picked up a cigarette and stopped.

"I want to speak to you," he said, and then deliberately, with his long fingers, lighted the cigarette. "Do you know what it is to be poor?"

I raised an eyebrow.

"No," he said. "In America no one really knows. There are too many advantages here for one to be really poor. To be poor in America is a choice. In Europe it is different."

I settled back; I knew Stephan.

"Did you ever hear of Nish? It is the town in Yugoslavia where I was born. A railroad junction. It has a history, two thousand years of it. But, Chris, to be poor in Nish is to be poor.

"Poverty has one great consolation," he went on. "It can give you ambition Mine did." He smiled. "The great train stopped in Nish for an hour."

"The great train?" I said.

"The Orient Express. The only pleasure of my youth. The only one. I had no shoes, I had no bed, the floor of our hut was dirt, I had never in my whole life received a present. But I had the train. It was a kingdom that came from Paris and went to Istanbul and Athens. I adored it."

He stopped. His eyes were far off.

"One day," he said, "a woman in a sable coat glanced out a window of the train and smiled at me. At that moment my ambition was born. I was fourteen and I knew, somehow, I had to get on the train."

HE SHOOK a finger at me. "Luxury, my friend. That was it from the beginning. Luxury took a powerful hold. I was too poor for anything more noble. Well, I got on the train. First as a slave in the kitchen car, and then, when I had watched and learned enough—I was thirsty to learn—I became the attendant of my own *wagon-lit*. I can tell you, Chris, I was handsome in those days. I did very well. The car went from Athens to Venice. It should be the end of the story.

"But no. In Athens—I was in Athens every week for two days—in Athens I squandered a few drachmas every week in the bar of the best hotel, the Grande Bretagne. And there I saw the concierge."

He laughed. "My hero. What a magnificent fellow he was—the autocrat of an entire hotel. When he called, everyone jumped. And I was only the servant of a railway car. Well—the concierge spoke five languages. I determined I would speak seven.

"You know most of the rest. I had been a concierge in Venice three years when I met old Raverat. By the standards of Nish, I was a rich man; by the standards of Venice I was still a servant. I had learned a lot about luxury, though. To be a servant is not luxury. Still, Raverat offered me only half what I was making. To step from one world into another was hard, but I knew I had to do it. I did, and here I am."

I said, "You must have a point here somewhere."

Stephan squinted. "I must have. Yes. Let me see. My ambition. Do you understand what happened, from the first time I stepped onto the Orient Express until now? Remembering, of course, all that has occurred to influence it, extend it, temper it. Do you realize what happened to my ambition?" He stopped.

"I achieved it," he said in a moment.

COLLIER'S "Prospecting. What are *you* doing?" BILL YATES

"Taking into consideration the way the world has gone and the fact I have grown up, I have achieved it. For me, now, my leather case with the Cézanne inside represents—wherever I go—all the luxury, the safety, the beauty, the unachievable, of that woman in the sable coat I glimpsed from the railroad yards in Nish."

"And?" I said.

"That Woodward, that insurance man. You know what he thinks? He thinks I have hidden my Cézanne to collect the money. That means I would have to keep it hidden for years, never see it. Keep my ambition wrapped up and never look at it? Can he not understand? Who would do that?"

"To tell you the truth," I said, "I myself thought something very like that had happened. But if not, what did?"

Stephan shrugged. "It was stolen."

As time went on, I had a number of further conversations with Woodward. I found him to be not the cocksure investigator he had seemed at first. I don't know whether he ever actually accused Stephan of doing away with the Cézanne, but if he even had thought it, he finally changed his mind.

Once he said to me, and this was months later: "The odd part—you see we are now prepared to settle with Mr. Sommers—the odd part is that he won't accept the money. He wants the picture. He says we have not tried hard enough. Did you know he's moved?"

"Yes," I said.

"I suppose his wife didn't like the neighborhood."

I wasn't giving any information away, so I said, "That's true. But as a matter of fact, it was he who wanted to move. That cold-water no longer pleased him."

"The new apartment is fine."

I nodded. "He has to work to keep it up, let me tell you."

I, the unsentimental American, had been surprised when Helene married Stephan without the money being paid. But it had worked out very well, for it had forced Stephan to go to work—seriously, I mean. Through one of his Raverat connections he had got himself a job as mentor to a Texas millionaire, a Mr. Samuels, who was building and outfitting a museum in his home town. It was not an easy job, for Samuels was ignorant and opinionated about pictures.

Stephan did his job of buying and educating conscientiously and well. With his stupendous memory, he knew where almost every attainable picture of museum caliber was located, and he allowed Samuels to buy nothing second-rate. This was a heartbreaking and sometimes backbreaking assignment.

But—and this was surprising—he seemed to thrive on it, to enjoy himself. He and Helene were often in Texas, which they adored. Altogether, his job and marriage changed him; he expanded, relaxed.

Their apartment, overlooking the river, was wonderful. I was there a number of times. There was only one odd feature about it. On the walls there were no pictures.

THEN suddenly, unexpectedly one day, the Cézanne reappeared. And contrary to all our reasonable deductions, it had been stolen by a casual burglar. It turned up in a Third Avenue junk shop; the proprietor had paid twenty dollars for it, and mostly for the leather case. It was found by one of the insurance company's spotters. Woodward took it immediately to Stephan's apartment.

Here I came in. Helene called and insisted I come over. Stephan had flown to Europe for a week and would not be back for three days. When I arrived at the apartment I was sat down and told the facts—in more detail, perhaps, but with no other essentials than I have put down.

And then Mr. Woodward said, "Madame Sommers is making a very peculiar request."

Helene turned to me. "I think you will understand."

"She wants me," Mr. Woodward said, "to keep the picture."

"For a while," Helene said, "not forever. Until Stephan is ready for it."

I must have looked puzzled.

"I don't see how I can do it," Mr. Woodward said.

Helene said, "You have never paid the money. You have the picture. You are losing nothing."

Then Mr. Woodward said, "I know, but—"

"Let Chris keep it. It will be safe with him."

"Me?" I said.

She came over to me and laid her cheek against my forehead. "Chris," she said. "You know Stephan, you know what has happened to him. We can't let him have the picture yet. He has crazy ideas. If he has the picture again, we are lost."

I thought then that I had some faint idea of what she was driving at. Maybe I looked understanding. Helene walked over to a gray satin chair, sat down, and began to talk. "My friend," she said to me, "you know Stephan and his famous ambition, and the embarrassing event that occurred."

"Embarrassing?"

"What could be more embarrassing than to achieve your ambition? You saw him, living cold and dead, with no feeling for anyone. The world was perfect—such a dreadful situation."

This is his wife talking, I reminded myself.

"Without the picture," she said, "the world has become real again, disturbing. Stephan is alive again. He must work, he must think, he must have a future."

MY EYES were suddenly opened to Helene. This Frenchwoman, whom I had always thought so calculating, was in reality feeling deeply and subtly about her husband. She loved him, I suddenly saw.

"I hate to speak these platitudes," she said, "but I see no other way. If you know anything of Stephan's history, you know his ambition has always been centered on himself. And that has been just, when you know how he grew up. But it is not enough, it is never enough, if you are to enjoy a grown-up age. Now maybe he begins to see, this year, *but he only begins.*

"The museum in Texas—this is the first time he has not worked only for himself, the first time he has done something extra, simply for the good of it, for other people. It will be an excellent museum, and Stephan is responsible. And if you have observed, he is happy."

"I have observed," I said.

"Now what if he has the Cézanne again? His ambition was a crazy fire that burned a long time and was very uncomfortable. This new life is dangerous, daring, unpredictable—must I use the word 'spiritual'? It would be so easy for him to fall back. You do not know the power of this evil picture."

I said, "Cézanne is not evil."

"In this one case," Helene said, "he is evil."

I turned to Woodward. "You heard what she said. Can you arrange it?"

He was frowning. I judged that he at least felt involved. "It will be very difficult. I can't promise yet, but . . ." He turned to Helene. "You will acknowledge receipt of it, I suppose?"

"Of course. Chris will keep it for us. Until the time when . . ." She raised her head and looked at the bare place over the mantelpiece. "Won't it look wonderful there?"

I have it in my safe now. Sometimes at night, when everyone is gone from the gallery, I lock the doors, pull down the blinds and bring it out.

And I look at it. And I think: If a circumstance should come in some unforeseen way, if this should happen and that should happen and I could buy the Cézanne, I would.

And I would keep it for myself. That is my ambition. —GEORGE BRADSHAW

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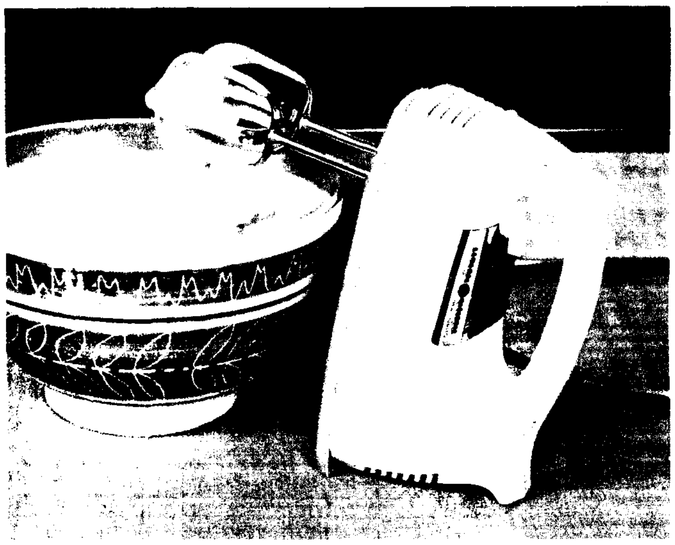

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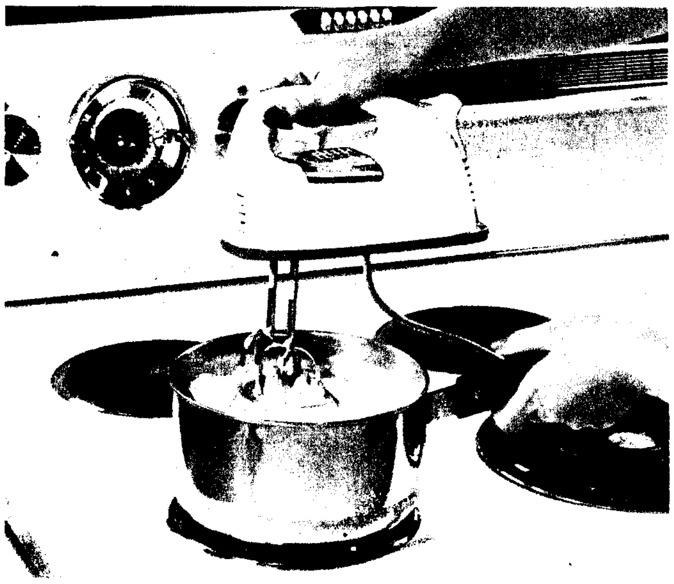


GOES TO THE FOOD. Instead of having to take the food to this new mixer, you can take it where the food is—use it to mix at the range while you cook.

Can't You Hear Them Calling

By BILL FAY

FOOTBALL, the way J. C. Caroline plays it, is a remarkably simple game. "I just tuck the ball under my right arm—wouldn't say I grip the ball real tight, just hold it so it feels snug and comfortable," J.C. explains. "Then I run fast as I know how and try to keep out of everybody's way. When it looks like I'm about to bump into somebody, I bend over and sort of hunch my shoulders and scoot along as close to the ground as I can get. If I get down low enough, sometimes I drag those tacklers another yard or two."

J.C.'s football formula is as successful as it is simple. Last season, making his debut as a halfback at the University of Illinois, he gained a total of 1,670 yards in nine games—roughly (and that's the way J.C. runs) a mile.

This prodigious performance eclipsed by 410 yards the previous University of Illinois record for yards gained in a single season—set by all-time All-American Red Grange back in 1923—and established J.C. as college football's number one ball carrier. It also landed him on Collier's official All-America, selected by the American Football Coaches Association; he was bracketed at halfback with Notre Dame's fabulous Johnny Lattner.

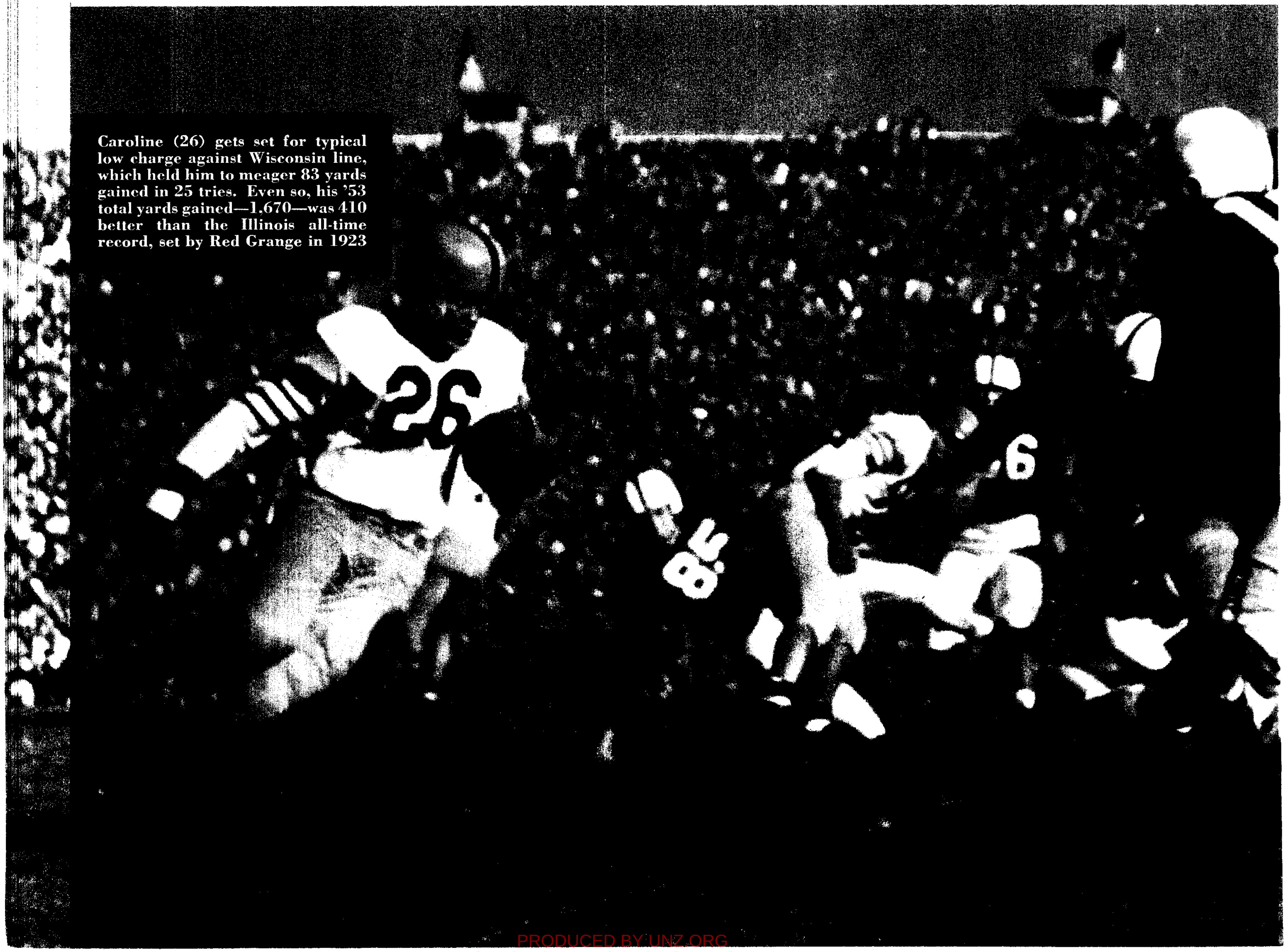
Commenting on J.C.'s amazing ground-gaining ability, coach Ray Eliot of Illinois remarked: "I've seen some runners powerful enough to run *over* tacklers, but Caroline is the only fellow I've come across who seems to be able to run *under* tacklers."

Probably the most spectacular demonstration of Caroline's down-to-earth style of running with a football took place in the Illinois-Michigan game last November. Midway in the third quarter, J.C. scooped up a rolling punt on the Illinois nine-yard line, veered off to the right—and crashed into a gang of four white-jersied Michigan tacklers at the 20. For a moment the blue-shirted Caroline disappeared under a blanket of white. Then, suddenly, he popped into the open at the 25 and raced all the way to midfield before a Michigan defender shoved him out of bounds.

As the two teams lined up for the next play, Illinois guard Jan Smid noticed that Don Dugger—one of the four Michigan tacklers who had bounced off Caroline—was rubbing his stomach and gasping for breath. Surmising correctly that Dugger's stomach had suffered a violent and painful collision with Caroline's plastic helmet, Smid declared:

"Sonny, you've just learned something the hard way. Caroline hits below the belt!"

After watching Caroline earn All-America status as a relatively inexperienced sophomore, Illinois fans began to look forward to the 1954 season with unrestrained optimism. "Caroline," a columnist noted, "will be bigger and better than ever as a junior. J.C. will establish himself as the greatest runner in the history of collegiate



Caroline (26) gets set for typical low charge against Wisconsin line, which held him to meager 83 yards gained in 25 tries. Even so, his '53 total yards gained—1,670—was 410 better than the Illinois all-time record, set by Red Grange in 1923

CAROLINE

J. C. Caroline, that is. The star Illinois back, almost overlooked as a freshman, was the nation's top ball toter as a sophomore. Now, as a junior . . .

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ORMOND GIGLI

football in '54—and he'll still be eligible to carry the ball for Illinois in '55!"

However, all such roseate forecasts ceased abruptly last June. A university spokesman revealed that Caroline had failed two courses in the School of Physical Education and had been declared ineligible for intercollegiate athletic competition. For several days, Illinois partisans feared J.C.'s gridiron career had come to an untimely end. Then reassuring news leaked out of the athletic offices—Caroline could regain football eligibility if he succeeded in passing two summer-school courses, Theory of Prescribing Exercise and Principles of Health Education.

This information considerably eased the fears of veteran Illinois fans. They recalled that under similar circumstances in 1946, an Illini quarterback named Perry Moss had gained enough academic ground during summer school to achieve football eligibility; he successfully completed physical education courses in Advanced Football, Camping and Outdoor Leadership, Theory of Coaching, and Baseball I. Similarly, a diligent young halfback named Ronnie Clark had buckled down to scholastic endeavor during the 1950 summer session and regained his football eligibility by earning passing grades in Pottery and Safe Driving.

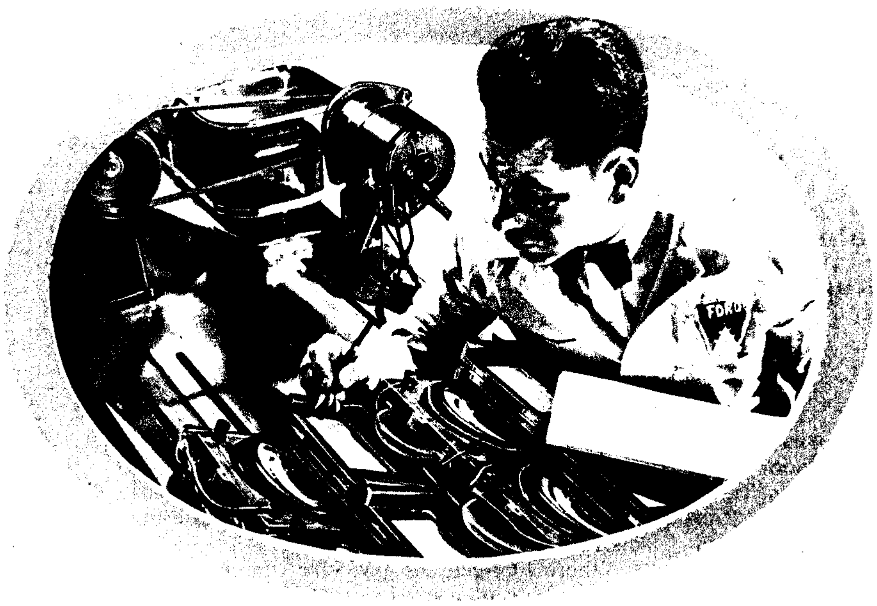
Consequently, Caroline's at least temporary ineligibility was not taken too seriously by Illinois's 1954 opponents. One Big Ten coach commented: "I am planning my defenses for Illinois on the assumption that Caroline will regain eligibility and again carry the ball from his left-halfback post. If J.C. flunks the Theory of Prescribing Exercise, it will be the greatest football upset since Columbia defeated Stanford, 7 to 0, in the 1934 Rose Bowl game."

Happily, Caroline flunked neither Theory of Prescribing Exercise nor Principles of Health Education. In August, university officials announced that J.C. had been restored to full eligibility. As a result, Illinois adherents are blissfully anticipating that the twenty-one-year-old back will carry the ball for record-shattering distances again this fall.

Where J.C. gets his explosive running power is something of a mystery. He is six feet one, weighs about 185 and is strongly built around the chest and shoulders, but his ankles and calves are so spindly his teammates call him "Rickets" and "Old Stork-legs." Illinois coaches who have studied Caroline's running style in slow-motion movies believe his remarkable equilibrium has a lot to do with his talent for crashing past heavier opponents.

"Caroline's always in perfect balance," Coach Eliot says, "even when he's driving full speed in his characteristic crouch. And he seems to get some extra leverage because he hits lower than most opposing tacklers."

As for J.C., he's never bothered to analyze



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the source of his running power. "Seems like," he says, "I always did have a little speed and the knack of staying on my feet."

This observation is verified by an incident in J.C.'s boyhood. "One day," his father recalls, "J.C. didn't want to go to the grocery store for his mother because three boys who lived near the store wanted to fight him.

"J.C. said he didn't mind fighting those three boys, but sometimes they got bigger boys to help them. I told J.C. if he thought he could whip 'em all, he ought to fight, but if he didn't think he could handle the whole crowd, he ought to run. He was so fast they'd never catch him.

Born at Warrenton, Georgia

"I don't know everything that happened around the store after that, but I remember some days J.C. would come home with scratches and bruises and I'd figure he'd been fighting. Other days he'd come home panting and out of breath, and I'd figure he'd been running. Far as I know, he never got whipped and never got caught."

J.C.'s dad, Ben Gordon, is a truck driver now working in New York. Ben and his wife, Eugenia Caroline Gordon, separated shortly after J.C. was born in 1933 at Warrenton, Georgia, and the boy grew up in the home of his maternal grandfather, James Caroline. The grandfather gave the lad his own initials—J.C.—as a first name, and Caroline as a last name.

When J.C. was eight, the Carolines moved to Columbia, South Carolina. Ben and Eugenia finally reconciled when J.C. turned fourteen in 1947, and the whole family moved to Jacksonville, Florida. By this time, J.C. had become so accustomed to the initials that his parents decided against renaming him Benjamin Gordon, Jr.

"J. C. Caroline sounds a lot better even to me," admits Gordon. "It's got more music in it."

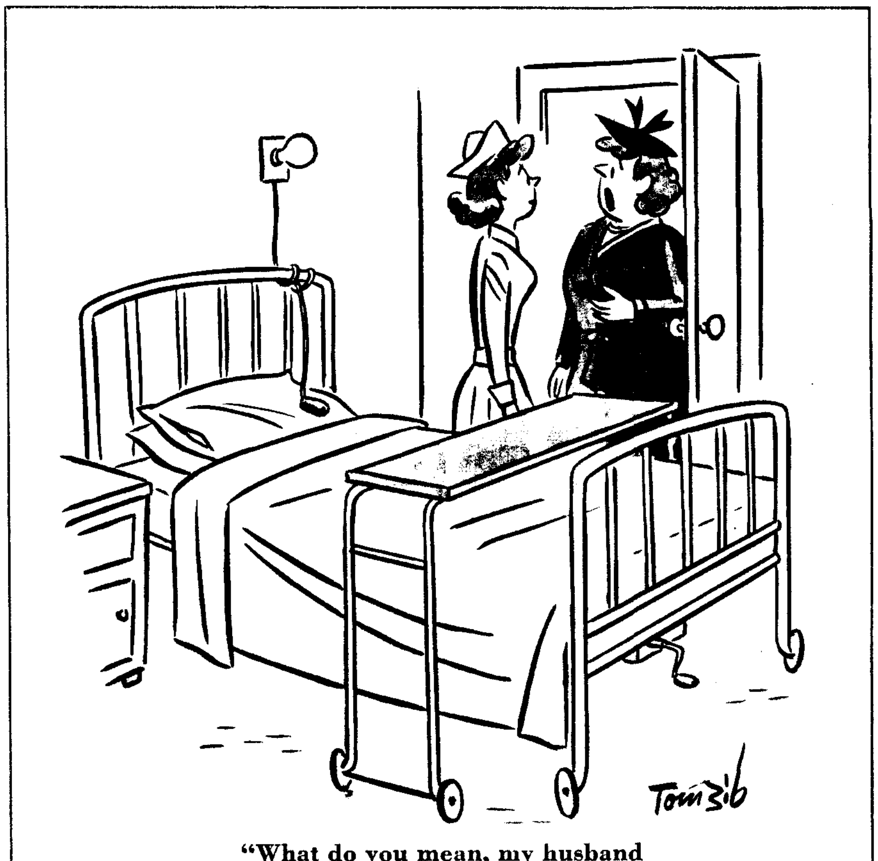
The Gordons lived in Jacksonville only two years before returning to Columbia, but the events of this brief period profoundly influenced J.C.'s future gridiron career. Ben Gordon landed a job driving a truck for a wholesale produce market and persuaded his boss to put J.C. to work, too. J.C. loaded trucks every weekday morning from five o'clock until noon, then attended classes at Lewis Junior High from one to five and spent the evenings playing sand-lot football and baseball.

At the market, J.C. earned $15 a week—plus all the fruit he could eat. A limited family budget previously had precluded such luxuries as fruit, and J.C. became quite fond of bananas. "I'd take a bunch home almost every afternoon," he recalls. "Anytime I felt hungry around bedtime, I'd eat four or five. One night I ate 10. Slept real fine, too." J.C. still likes to eat a few bananas before retiring for the night. "He takes them," says teammate Harry Jefferson, "like sleeping pills."

The two years in Jacksonville, during which J.C. loaded thousands of trucks and himself with fresh fruit, produced striking physical changes in the growing youth. He shot up six inches to five feet ten, fattened up from 115 to 165 pounds, and developed conspicuously muscular shoulders.

A Jacksonville fight manager, impressed by the broad shoulders, tried to lure Caroline into a boxing career. J.C. fought six amateur bouts—all in the 135-pound class—and scored six knockouts. "Gave it up though," J.C. shrugs. "Mom asked me to quit. She was afraid I'd get hurt." J.C. still thinks he might have made himself lots of money as a fighter.

When the Gordons returned to Columbia in the fall of 1949, the then sixteen-year-old J.C. was plenty big



COLLIER'S "What do you mean, my husband was discharged two days ago?" TOM ZIB enough to start carrying a football for the Booker T. Washington High School team. Over the next three seasons, he scored 50 touchdowns—20 of them in his senior year, when he also sprinted 100 yards in 9.9 seconds in a track meet.

Despite these impressive statistics, J.C. was not overwhelmed with scholarship offers from institutions of higher football learning. Talent scouts for the South's major grid powers—operating under athletic policies which precluded mixed competition between white and Negro players—wasted no time investigating Caroline's accomplishments. The irony of this situation was not lost on one Southern coach who recently delivered this off-the-record comment:

"In the spring of 1952, I was visiting Gary, Indiana, trying to drop a net over an Irish kid who I knew wasn't half as good as Caroline, when I bumped into a Big Ten coach. I won't mention his name because I don't want to embarrass him.

Big Ten Material

"I told him about Caroline. 'Get that kid and he'll make you Coach of the Year,' I told him.

"He thanked me and wrote J.C.'s name on a slip of paper, but he never contacted J.C. and I was surprised to learn a few months later that J.C. had enrolled at another Big Ten school—Illinois.

"Last Christmas, after J.C. had made All-America and just about wrecked the Big Ten, I bumped into that coach again. I asked him what happened and he shook his head real sad-like. 'Nothing much,' he said, 'except I lost that blankety-blank slip of paper and forgot all about Caroline!' "

Caroline was directed to Illinois by Johnny McHugh, the Booker T. Washington coach. McHugh was determined that J.C. should have a chance to exhibit his touchdown talents against major college opposition. One afternoon, discussing J.C.'s future with Columbia sports writers Jake Penland and Ray Benson, McHugh remarked: "If J.C. has to play segregated football for some small Southern Negro college, nobody'll ever know how good he really is."

"Why don't you get in touch with Ray Eliot at Illinois?" Penland suggested.

"That's a good idea," Benson thought. "Lots of Negro youngsters—including that great halfback Buddy Young—have done mighty well at Illinois."

McHugh wrote Eliot, enclosing a transcript of Caroline's scholastic record and details of his football and track prowess. In addition to scoring 50 touchdowns, McHugh informed Eliot, Caroline also had run the quarter mile in 49.9, broad-jumped 21 feet eleven, high-jumped six feet even, and thrown the discus 139 feet.

Eliot replied in a courteous note that Caroline's grades appeared satisfactory, and said the boy could enroll at Illinois by writing to the university registrar. Caroline's letter, Eliot added, should be accompanied by a check for $100 as partial payment of his out-of-state tuition fee of $350 a year.

It is strange but true that in this era of profuse financial assistance for muscular young college scholars J.C. had to pay to get into Illinois. What's more, once on the scene, he was obliged to pay for his room and board, plus miscellaneous fees and other expenses. (Even today he doesn't get a scholarship.)

To keep himself in college, J.C. worked at a variety of campus jobs. In the fall, he dug ditches; during the winter, he checked skates at the ice rink; when spring came, he splashed gray paint on thousands of bleacher seats in the football stadium. Over-all, his net receipts during his first year averaged $25 a week—a sum calculated to keep him barely solvent.

For shelter, he obtained a small room—furnished with a bed, one GI blanket, one chair and a small wooden desk—in a university housing project near the football stadium. The necessity of eating regularly posed an equally pressing financial problem, but J.C. solved it swiftly and ingeniously.

First, he broke himself of the habit of eating breakfast; next, he struck up a firm and abiding friendship with Herbert Nesbitt, the rotund and fatherly chef at the Inman Hotel in downtown Champaign. They quickly negotiated a mutually satisfactory exchange of goods and services. J.C. was to report each day at noon and either peel vegetables or clean around the kitchen for an hour; in return, he was to receive a free lunch, plus a reasonable quantity of portable merchandise—mostly fruit and sandwiches—suitable for a late-evening snack.

This convenient arrangement—coupled with the free meal Caroline enjoyed at the freshman training table—reduced J.C.'s daily food budget to precisely zero. "And I could just about afford it," J.C. says.

Coach Eliot Unimpressed

Although he thus stabilized his financial affairs, his football stock tumbled disastrously in his freshman year. At the outset of spring practice, Coach Eliot watched J.C. run a few plays in signal drill and was singularly unimpressed by his first glimpse of J.C.'s skinny legs.

"Did you ask the trainer to tape your ankles?" Eliot inquired.

"No, sir," said J.C.

"Don't you think," Eliot persisted, "taping might help protect your ankles?"

"Guess so," J.C. conceded. "But in high school, Coach, I never fussed with tape."

"After this," Eliot suggested firmly, "you had better tape up before practice."

Three days later, an obedient Caroline—running on taped ankles—stumbled and severely sprained his left ankle. The injury kept him out of action for virtually all of spring training. Consequently, Illinois publicity man Chuck Flynn mentioned J.C.'s name only once in the university's 1953 football brochure. Wrote Flynn on a back page of the bulky brochure:

". . . sophomores most likely to succeed at halfback include Melvin Bates, Kewanee; Bernard Bryant, Champaign; J. C. Caroline, Columbia, South Carolina; Bob Graeff, Murphysboro; Don Groethe, Tolono; and Dick Ohls, Champaign . . ."

Recalling this incident recently,

She Has No Time For You, Bud!

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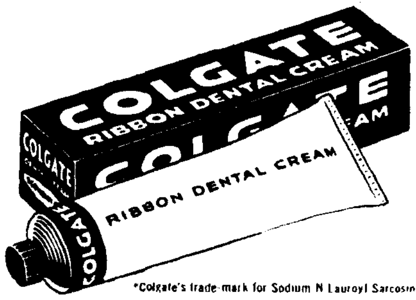

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Fast relief
for sore,
tired feet!

Absorbine Jr.

To Caroline, football is simple: "I just run"

Flynn explained: "I listed the sophomores alphabetically as their names appeared on our roster. If I'd been listing them on potential ability, Caroline's name probably would have been last. Actually, our coaches had no idea how good J.C. was at the start of fall practice because they'd never had a chance to see him run in a tough scrimmage."

J.C. remedied this oversight in a hurry when he went to work against Eliot's varsity during the first week of fall practice. Stationed at left half in a scrub backfield, J.C. carried the ball on a quick opener and drove straight toward the strongest man on the Illini squad—235-pound guard John Bauer.

Bauer—standing upright to follow the play—reached out to grab Caroline with a shoulder-high tackle. Abruptly, J.C. bent low and rammed his headguard into Bauer's expansive waistline. There was an audible *whooosh.* The deflated Bauer collapsed over J.C.'s shoulders, and J.C. plunged ahead for a 10-yard gain.

J.C. Doesn't Like Tape

While Bauer was receiving first aid from the trainer, Eliot inquired: "Did he catch you off balance, John?"

"No," Bauer gasped. "I was set for him, but he's got power. He carries you right along."

Crossing over to the scrub's huddle, Eliot tapped Caroline on the shoulder. "J.C.," said Eliot, glancing at the player's feet, "you forgot to tape your ankles again."

"Can't run all taped up, Coach," J.C. said. "Don't feel comfortable. When I run, I like to be able to wiggle my feet around in my shoes."

"Forget I ever mentioned tape," Eliot said. "Just stay comfortable."

Although Eliot had grave misgivings about Caroline's defensive ability, he nonetheless nominated J.C. for starting duty against Nebraska in the season's opener.

"You can't keep a runner like J.C. on the bench," Eliot observed at an Illinois coaches' meeting. "He may be weak on pass defense, but he'll learn. All he needs is experience."

In the second quarter, with Illinois leading, 7 to 0, Nebraska's Jim Yeisley sprinted into Caroline's sector—faked in toward the middle—then cut out to the right and caught a pass from quarterback Johnny Bordogna on Nebraska's 37. Unmolested by Caroline, who was completely fooled on the play, Yeisley raced to Illinois's 39 to touch off a Nebraska offensive which produced three touchdowns and a 21-7 advantage.

"I had to yank Caroline after Yeisley's run," Eliot recalls. "Between halves, we went over Nebraska's pass patterns and J.C. said he thought he'd be able to handle Yeisley. We put him back into action in the fourth quarter. This time he not only covered his man, but zipped 73 yards for a touchdown and sparked another touchdown drive which enabled us to tie the score.

"J.C.'s comeback under fourth-quarter pressure demonstrated he had lots of poise and resiliency. Incidentally, that was the last serious defensive mistake J.C. made all season. His tremendous speed helped him on pass defense—and he turned out to be a good tackler."

After the 21-21 tie with Nebraska, sports editor Jake Prowell of the Champaign News-Gazette interviewed Caroline in the Illinois dresing room. "That Nebraska end really suckered you out of position," Prowell observed. "How did you feel when Ray Eliot yanked you?"

"I was embarrassed," J.C. replied.

This retort characterizes the brevity of J.C.'s exchanges with the press. After Illinois upset Ohio State, 41 to 20, in the third game of the season—during which J.C. made his Ben Ten debut by sprinting 192 yards in 24 attempts—a score of reporters questioned him about explicit details of his ball-carrying technique.

"I just run," J.C. told one and all.

As the season progressed and J.C.'s fame grew to national proportions, reporters made increasingly *diligent* efforts to penetrate his reticence. Peter Wyden of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch spent almost a week on the Illinois campus interrogating J.C. and also talking to his teammates.

Later, Wyden reported: ". . . in a group never noted for expansively articulate philosophizing, J.C. stands out as the master of the bashful shrug and the muttered monosyllable."

J.C. was even more taciturn on the field than off. Elry Falkenstein, the Illinois quarterback, cannot remember J.C. having uttered even one word in the huddle during Illinois's nine-game season. Against Michigan, Falkenstein called Caroline's signal on eight successive running plays—and J.C. ground out two first downs and a total of 27 yards.

"I didn't realize I'd worked J.C. that hard until I read the play-by-play in Sunday morning's paper," Falkenstein recalls. "Any other player in that situation would have spoken up in the huddle and asked for a breather. But J.C. didn't even grunt, although he must have been mighty tired the seventh or eighth time I called his signal."

Undoubtedly, Caroline's reluctance to discuss personal football affairs can be traced to some advice he received from Coach McHugh that morning two Septembers ago when J.C. left Columbia for the Illinois campus. "Remember," warned McHugh, "talkers spend too much time talking and not enough time producing. You just stick to running."

Nobody can say that J.C. has ignored McHugh's instructions, nor is there any indication that J.C. will develop any garrulous tendencies in the foreseeable future. Several weeks ago, while he was cramming for a final examination in Theory of Prescribing Exercise, a Collier's representative remarked to him:

"Every team will build a special defense for you this fall, J.C. Think you'll be able to gain as many yards as last year?"

Prescribing for Halfbacks

"Depends," replied J.C.

"On what?"

"Our line," said J.C.

"In other words, if the line keeps on opening up holes, you figure you'll have a good year."

J.C. nodded.

Groping for another topic, the reporter hit upon J.C.'s imminent examination in Theory of Prescribing Exercise. "Let's suppose," the reporter said, "that you were prescribing an exercise for a high-school halfback who wanted to learn how to carry a football like J. C. Caroline. What would you prescribe?"

J.C. thought for a moment.

"First," he said, "that boy ought to get a rope."

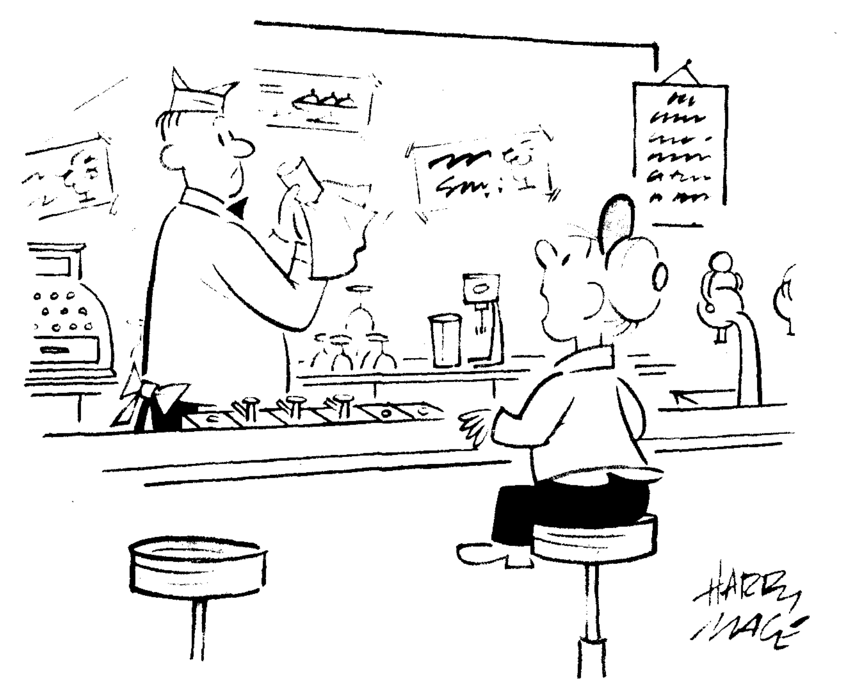
"Yes?"

"Then," said J.C., "that boy ought to stretch out that rope about waist-high between two posts."

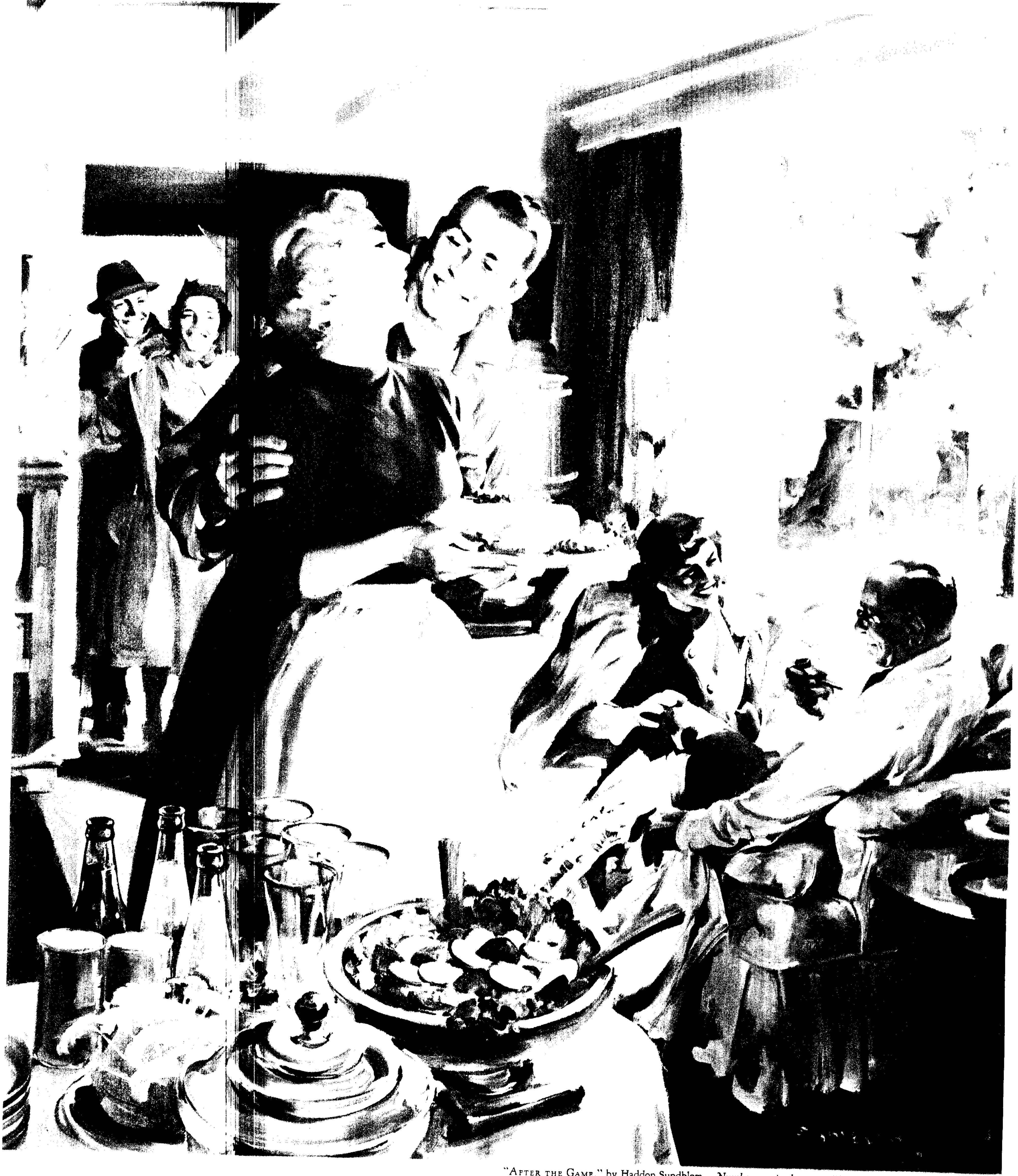
"And then?"

"He ought to bend over and practice running full speed under that rope," *concluded J.C.*

As was noted at the outset, football—the way J. C. Caroline plays it—is a remarkably simple game. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S "Would you like to make someone *awfully* happy?" HARRY MACE



"After the Game," by Haddon Sundblom. *Number 100 in the series, "Home Life in America"*

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The Gilt-Edged Romance

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

for Anaconda, *BX* for Bendix, *C* for Chrysler, *ED* for Consolidated Edison—and he gestured (rather airily, she thought) at the assortment of brokers at their desks around the office. There was a stolid Norwegian, a charming Chinese girl, a tired-looking old-timer, a glum-looking young man and a brisk middle-aged gentleman in a pin-stripe suit.

"Good customers' men, all of them," Wallace Lowe said with a faint air of condescension, "but I'll handle your account myself."

"But my little account is so small," she said, "and you're such a busy man."

"We want all our customers, big or small, to be satisfied," he said, "and I especially want *you* to be happy." He gave her a meaningful but conservative smile. "Incidentally, just about how much do you feel like investing?"

"Five hundred dollars, more or less."

"Oh," he said. But then he brightened. "Why don't we go out and have lunch and talk about it? We'll build you a little nest egg with that five hundred dollars."

"I'm *so* sorry," Virginia Bowers said, "but I've got to get back to work."

"Of course, of course," he said. "A cocktail this evening, perhaps? It's always more pleasant to talk business in a relaxed mood."

"Oh, I'm so *terribly* sorry," she said, "but I've got to get home early tonight. I've an engagement." She did—to wash her hair. "I'd just love to take a rain check, though. Will you ask me again?"

"You bet I will," Wallace Lowe said, patting her shoulder. Definitely Yale, she thought.

Outside on Fifth Avenue, as she hurried back to work, Virginia frowned slightly. Wallace Lowe seemed like almost too nice a man to be her instrument of revenge against all men. But there was no help for it, and anyway, it might even be fun. . . .

In a branch brokerage office such as Fendell, Quigg and Jensen's—whose main headquarters were down in Wall Street—there are not too many traders present. A handful of gentlemen who fancy themselves as sharpshooters lounge around in the big leather chairs in front of the board; but for the most part the customers' men advise their clients by telephone.

After three days, Virginia Bowers decided sadly that she had picked the wrong battlefield. She should have become a waitress at the Union Club or a hat-check girl at El Morocco. A brokerage office was not a haven for handsome, eligible millionaires.

THE reason her decision was sad was that she was hooked. If you give yourself over to the vagaries of the stock market for three days, you're a gone pigeon: you are a speculator. And Virginia Bowers was a speculator of the most speculative sort; she was speculating with other people's money.

"Your credentials seem in order, young lady," the chairman of the personal-loan department of the Hanley Square Bank had told her. "Now, you understand that this loan of five hundred dollars is for a six-month period, do you not?"

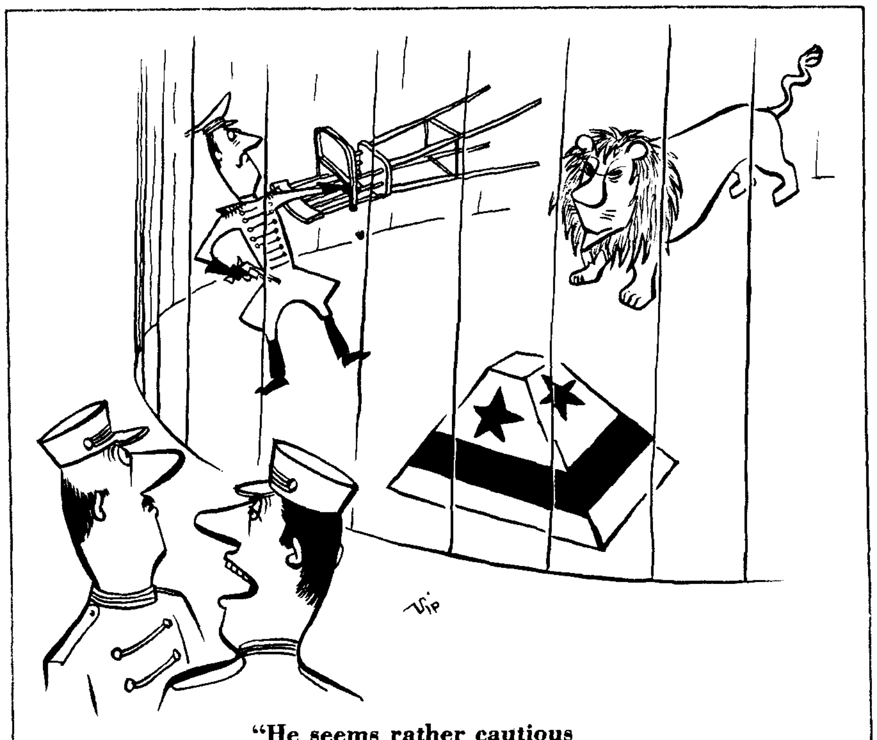
Theoretically, her reasoning was sound. Virginia Bowers was a secretary. It is the rare secretary who can save enough, after lipstick and nylons and tips for ladies'-room attendants, to become self-sufficient. Some other method had to be devised, and in investing in the stock market she had devised it.

"Now, dear, my advice to you is to invest your funds in United Motorcars, Inc.," Wallace Lowe told her one noontime, as they sat in front of the big board. The time was three luncheons and one cocktail date later. "If I didn't make it a practice not to purchase securities myself, because it might influence me in advising our clients, I'd invest considerably in UM, Inc."

"And that'd be considerable, I'll bet," she said sweetly. He kicked an invisible pebble across the gray carpet.

"Oh, not so very much," he said.

"Go *on*," she said. She looked at the board. "That stock doesn't seem to change very much, does it? It says it



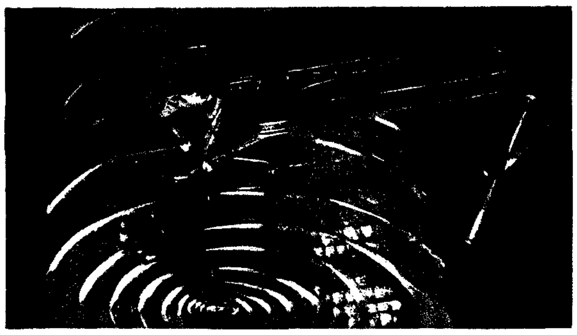
COLLIER'S "He seems rather cautious since he became a father" VIRGIL PARTCH

THIS IS THE HEART, the core, of the power-producing nuclear breeder reactor. Here, fission takes place. Here, atomic "fuels" are "burned." And here, right here, Stainless Steel is on the job. Stainless Steel made stronger, more heat-resisting, more corrosion-resisting, by the Nickel in it!

This breeder reactor not only "burns" U-235, thus releasing heat for atomic power. It also produces plutonium, the man-made substitute for fissionable U-235. Moreover, this reactor produces more "fuel" than it "burns." One new and exciting reason that power from the peace atom may now be closer than you think!

INCO NICKEL HELPS mine uranium ore, first step in producing power from the peace atom. Nickel alloys, Nickel containing steels, Inco-developed Nickel Cast Irons, are in critical parts of the giant steam shovels, the big rugged earth-movers, the "stop-for-nothing" tractors and trucks used in mining and hauling uranium ore. Nickel's there for the toughness, strength, wear-resistance it gives alloys.

INCO NICKEL HELPS separate U-235 and U-238 from natural uranium. This is some job because less than one per cent of natural uranium is fissionable U-235, the enriched fuel required in power reactors. One way it's done is with fluorine, a highly corrosive gas. This gas burns water, dissolves glass, ignites steel. But Nickel it doesn't affect. This, in part, is why so much Nickel is needed in the atomic power program.



INCO NICKEL HELPS extract plutonium, the man-made fissionable element. Uranium is "cooked" in a reactor or pile, and changed partially to plutonium. It's "water-cooled," and in "cooling" an eery, cold blue glow appears—one of the most breathtakingly beautiful spectacles of the atomic age. Finally, the "hot" plutonium is extracted by a chemical process using tremendous quantities of Stainless Steel piping and tanks. Stainless with Nickel in it!

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closed yesterday at one sixty-seven and a quarter and today it has evidently fluctuated between that and one sixty-seven and three eighths."

Wallace nodded sedately. "Virginia, child," he said, smiling expansively, "you must understand that, in the market, one does not make a million dollars overnight—in spite of what one hears. The stock market is business. It is sound, solvent and it can yield a small dividend profit over the long haul. That is what one should expect. Money made any other way in this profession is rootless and vanishes as quickly as it comes."

"But I—" Virginia Bowers started, and then stopped. I wanted to make a quick profit, she was going to say. I came to this place to make lots of money in a hurry. But instead of saying it, she looked at the tanned, vigorous Mr. Wallace Lowe, particularly handsome today in a British tweed suit and *so* substantial-looking.

"I'm sure you're right," she said, thinking that there was little sense in jeopardizing the bird in hand for the one in the bush. It was this conversation that Chuck Stanley interrupted.

HE WAS, summing it up, a handsome devil. He was a little too gaudy, his slacks a little too expensive, his whole air a little too Broadwayish, but his hair was black and his eyes were blue and there was a little smile around the corners of his mouth. Consciously, Virginia Bowers looked at him briefly and then ignored him. But subconsciously, she forgot Wallace Lowe was even in the room.

"They tell me you're the one to advise me what to do with my money," Chuck Stanley said to Wallace Lowe. Wallace eyed him with a combination of coldness and eagerness.

"Well, I suppose 'they' are right," he said. "What did you have in mind?"

"I want to beat the stock market," he said. "My name is Chuck Stanley. I have thirty thousand dollars to invest the right way."

Wallace Lowe's coolness softened to politeness, but he kept his Yale colors flying. "What exactly do you consider the right way, sir?" he said.

"The way that pays off," Chuck said. "I made this mound of greenbacks on fifteen-to-one shots at Belmont. For the last week there has been nothing worth betting there, and so I've been passing the time just reading the form charts on stocks. They don't look too tough. And the broker's commission doesn't come close to the sixteen percent tax bite taken out of your racing dollar."

Wallace laughed hollowly. "I believe you will find there is considerable difference between wagering on the thoroughbreds, which of course is a form of common gambling, and investing in the stock market," he said. "Will you come into my office?"

Stanley nodded and turned to follow him. Then he looked back at Virginia Bowers. "I'm ahead already," he said. "The women at the track never looked like this."

Virginia Bowers glanced at him quickly and then turned away, as Stanley shrugged and followed Wallace Lowe into his office.

That was a Tuesday. On Wednesday, Virginia Bowers appeared at the brokerage office promptly at 1:00 P.M. and took up her usual vigil in the leather chair nearest the window. Keeping a firm eye on the board, she noted that United Motorcars, Inc., went down ⅛ in the hour she stayed. She shuddered a little. The five hundred dollars remained in her purse. Chuck Stanley did not reappear.

On Thursday she again patroled the board from 1:00 to 2:00 P.M. and was delighted to observe that United Motorcars, Inc., went up ⅛. Chuck Stanley did not show up but Wallace Lowe came out of his office, patted her hand and asked her to dinner.

"Wonderful," she said.

On Friday at 1:00 P.M. she was again in the big leather chair by the window, and at 1:10 Chuck Stanley, in a loud jacket, was seated next to her. He was holding a half-dozen sheets of paper covered with elaborate pencil marks, and for five minutes or so he looked up at the big board in rapt concentration, making a mark here and there on his papers. Then he looked sidewise at her and grinned.

"I learned at the track," he said, "never to use anyone else's figures." He got out a cigarette and lighted it. "That dopey Lowe wanted me to put my thirty thousand on some three-to-five shot called United Motorcars, Inc.," he went on. "I told him off. 'Let me use your facilities, Jack,' I said, 'and I'll give you the commissions, just like the law says—but please, don't tout me any stiffs.' "

"Stiffs?" she asked coldly.

"Ventures that aren't worth the trouble," he explained.

"United Motorcars, Inc., is as solid as a stock can be."

"Sure, it's like betting Native Dancer to show and you make a nickel on the dollar. I want some laughs. I want to see my money double in a month."

"Stocks like that are not to be found," she said.

"I have found one."

Virginia sniffed and turned to watch the board. It was all of five seconds before slowly, reluctantly, she looked sidewise at him again. "What stock will double itself in a month?" she said.

"I beg your pardon," he said coolly, but he couldn't keep it up. He grinned and moved his chair closer to hers. "South African Iron and Steel."

"I don't remember seeing that on the big board," she said.

"It isn't there," he said, smiling smugly. "It's a purely local outfit—I got it through connections in Johannesburg. It will triple itself in three months."

"If it's a respectable proposition," Virginia said, "why isn't it on the Stock Exchange? I mean, a listing would make it respectable—wouldn't it?"

"Sure, if it's respectability you want. I want a big profit."

"I may investigate your suggestion," she said haughtily. "And of course I'd pay off for the tout." She got up.

"Let me buy you lunch," Chuck said. "That will be reward enough."

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm having lunch with Mr. Lowe."

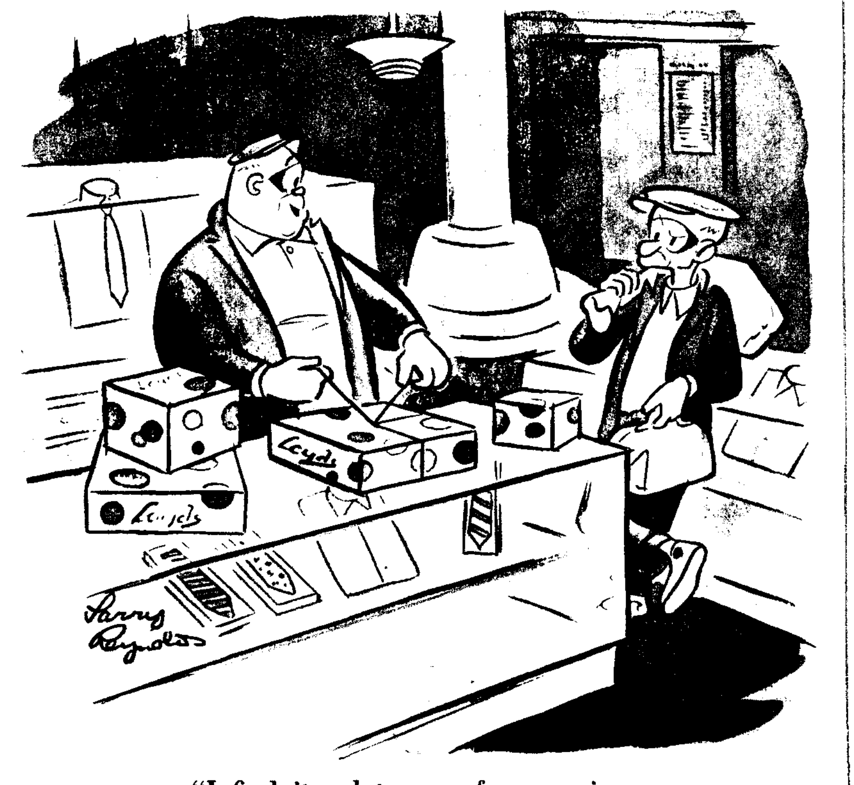
"Hang on to your pocketbook," he called after her, but Virginia didn't look back—even though she wanted to.

CHUCK STANLEY may have been easygoing and raffish-looking, but he was also, in his own way, proud. He had asked Virginia Bowers to lunch once. That failing, something kept him from asking again, even if she *was* the most beautiful, the most wonderful—well, everything he figured Virginia Bowers probably was.

After the racing scene in New York shifted from Belmont to Aqueduct, Chuck Stanley began coming into Fendell, Quigg and Jensen, Inc., shortly after the market opened at 10:00 A.M. and staying until almost closing time.

And it turned out he was right: there wasn't much difference between studying the horses and studying the big board. Instead of the Morning Telegraph he read the Wall Street Journal. In place of the touts at the track there was the mournful, bleary-eyed customers' man—Johnson. At the track, an average day's betting handle was $1,500,000; on the market, Chuck found,

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "I find it a lot more fun opening fancy packages when I get home, than just dumpin' out a sack of loot" LARRY REYNOLDS

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the average turnover was 1,500,000 shares of stock. At the track they took sixteen cents out of every betting dollar for taxes; and at the brokerage office, the brokers snagged their commission out of every stock transaction. The one difference was that on the market you could buy on margin. You could invest ten thousand and get twenty thousand worth of pretty certificates.

"That," he told Johnson, "is something even a bookie doesn't permit. You want two bucks' worth of a certain horse, you put down two bucks at the window."

Though Chuck was too proud to ask Virginia Bowers twice for a date, he still got cold shivers whenever he saw her. So he began to needle her, in the way of a man scorned.

"How's Groton thirty-nine?" he asked her one day a couple of weeks later, with elaborate politeness. "Or is it Exeter forty-five?"

"Just because Wallace Lowe has retained his youthfulness and politeness and enthusiasm is no reason for you to make remarks about him," she said, looking at him with icy scorn. "You know about people in glass houses."

"And what does that crack mean?" he said. "I have got no buried bodies."

"Look," she said, with heavy patience. "Where did you get the money to play the stock market? From the race track, that's where. It comes easy. It'll go just as easy. Wallace—Mr. Lowe—is, thank heavens, a dependable citizen. He has money because he saves it. He is not a gambler. He is a businessman." She shook her head in irritation. "Mr. Stanley, you would be very surprised to know how many people admire those qualities of dependence and solidity in a man."

"You sound as if you once were tied up with a real fly-by-night," he said, "some John Jones who told you he loved you and then took the next boat for Afghanistan."

"Prattle on," she said.

"So it's true," he said. "Well, I'm sorry—but that's no excuse to get tied up with a blubberhead like Lowe. He'll bore you to death if you marry him."

Virginia Bowers blew up. "I am *not* tied up with Mr. Lowe. Your talk of my marrying him is ridiculous. I would personally consider it a favor if you just minded your own business."

Chuck Stanley grinned. "I see this man is campaigning for you," he said, "and here I would just like to say one small word: think about it for at least five minutes before you say yes." His handsome face, tanned from many afternoons at the track, became momentarily serious. "You aren't the kind of dame to marry for security and a quick buck, and to stop the relatives from asking you when you *are* going to be married."

She turned her back on him.

VIRGINIA BOWERS was able to put Chuck Stanley's remarks about life, love and marriage into the back of her mind. She was not so lucky with South African Iron and Steel. Five hundred dollars doubled was a thousand dollars, she thought. And then, if there were another stock that looked as if it were going to double itself . . .

"I think one has to take a *little* chance, if one is going to trade in the market," she told Wallace Lowe a couple of days later. He sighed patiently.

"The stock market is a profession, not a bingo game," he said firmly. "This—this South African Steel is nothing but a common gamble." He patted her hand. "Virginia, dear, get-rich-quick schemes have no real place in this business, believe me. A solid, dependable investment, yielding an appropriate dividend—that is the kind of proposition you should invest in."

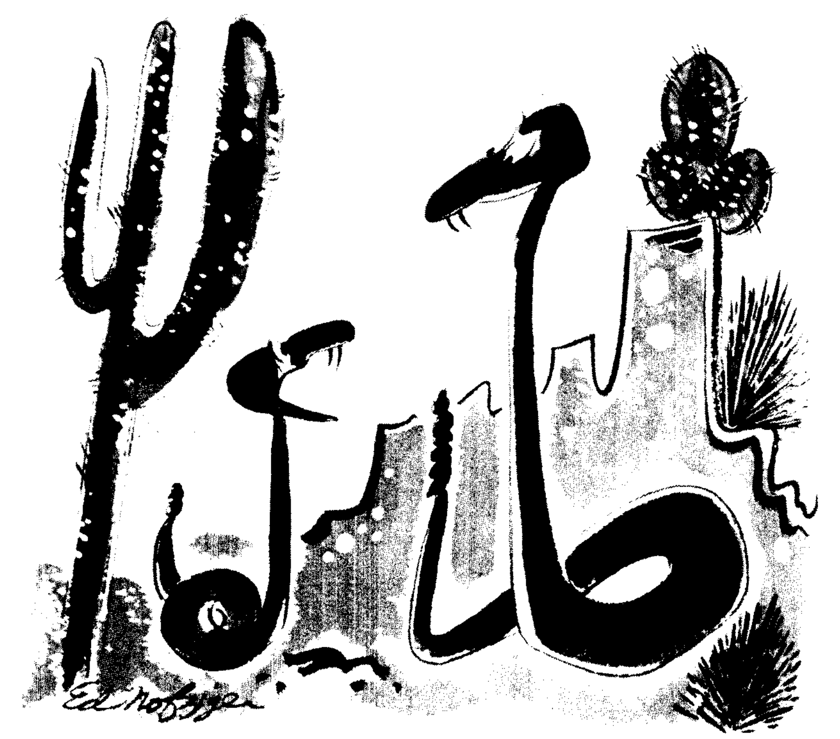
"My savings? Oh. Oh, yes."

Wallace Lowe, it was obvious, had no interest in helping her pay back the five hundred dollars to the Hanley Square Bank and turn a quick profit for herself. So there was only one course open to her.

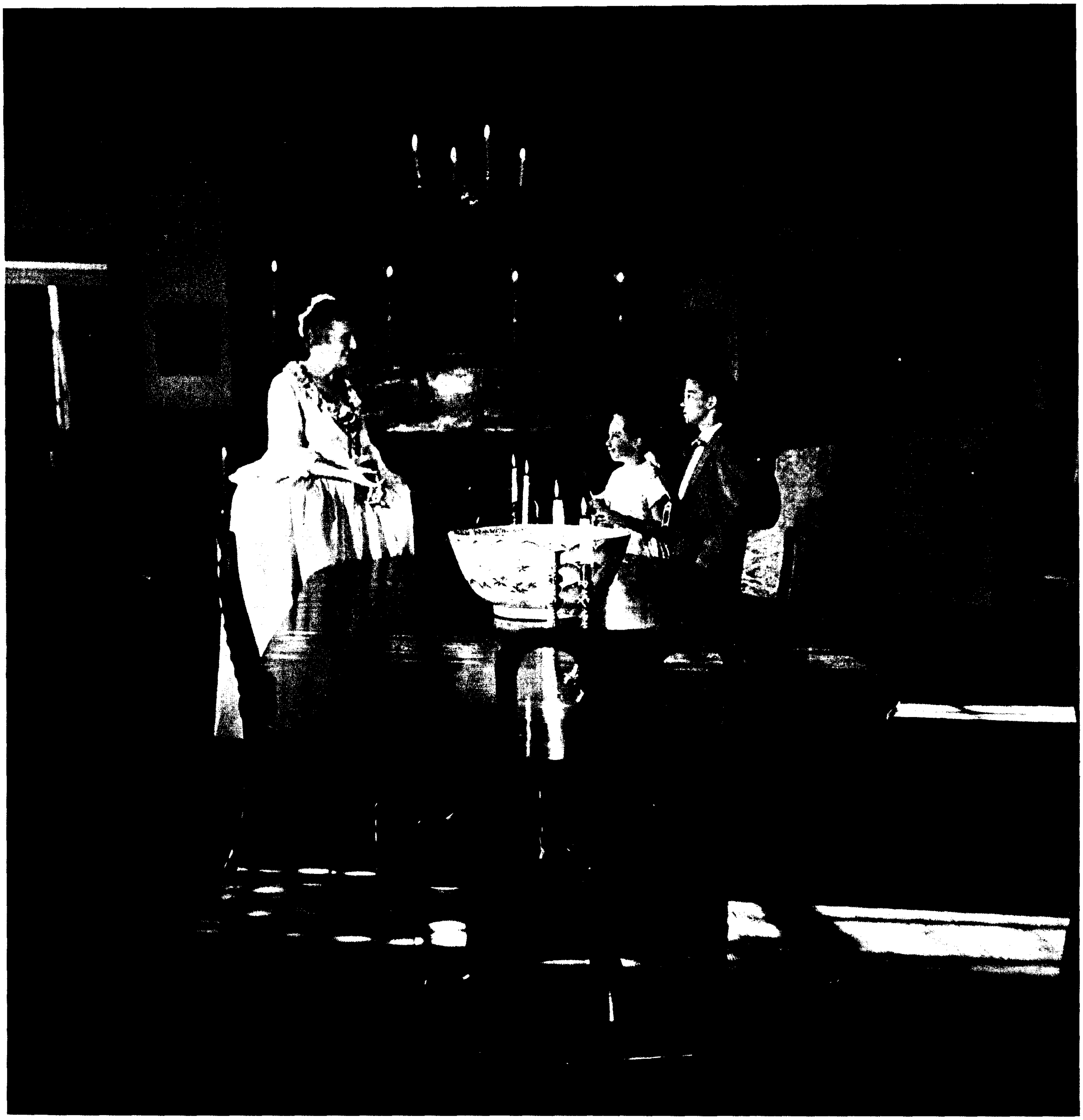
"For reasons that are much too long for me to go into," she told Chuck Stanley the next afternoon, "I would like to give you my five hundred dollars and have you buy South African Iron and Steel for me, but in your name."

He grinned. "Do I look *that* honest?" When Virginia reddened but didn't reply, he got an all-knowing look on his face. "Old Andover thirty-eight won't let you buy this stock," he said.

"As it happens, Mr. Lowe has noth-



COLLIER'S "I have a terrible itch, but I'm afraid to scratch it . . ." ED NOFZIGER



The Apollo Room, Raleigh Tavern, Williamsburg, Virginia

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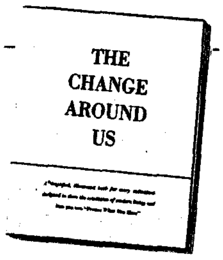

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ing to do with my decision," she said coolly. "I have been investigating South African Iron and Steel and it seems like a good investment. But you don't have to do anything. I easily can invest this money myself."

He caught her wrist as she got up to leave. "Knock off," he said. "I'll do it. And no needling."

She sat down again slowly and handed him the money.

"I think I'll go out and get drunk," he said. "Or maybe I'll take a tramp steamer to Macao. Maybe I'll fly to Agua Caliente and bet your money on the horses."

"Aren't you *ever* serious?" Virginia asked him.

He smiled. "Only about you, darling, only about you," he said.

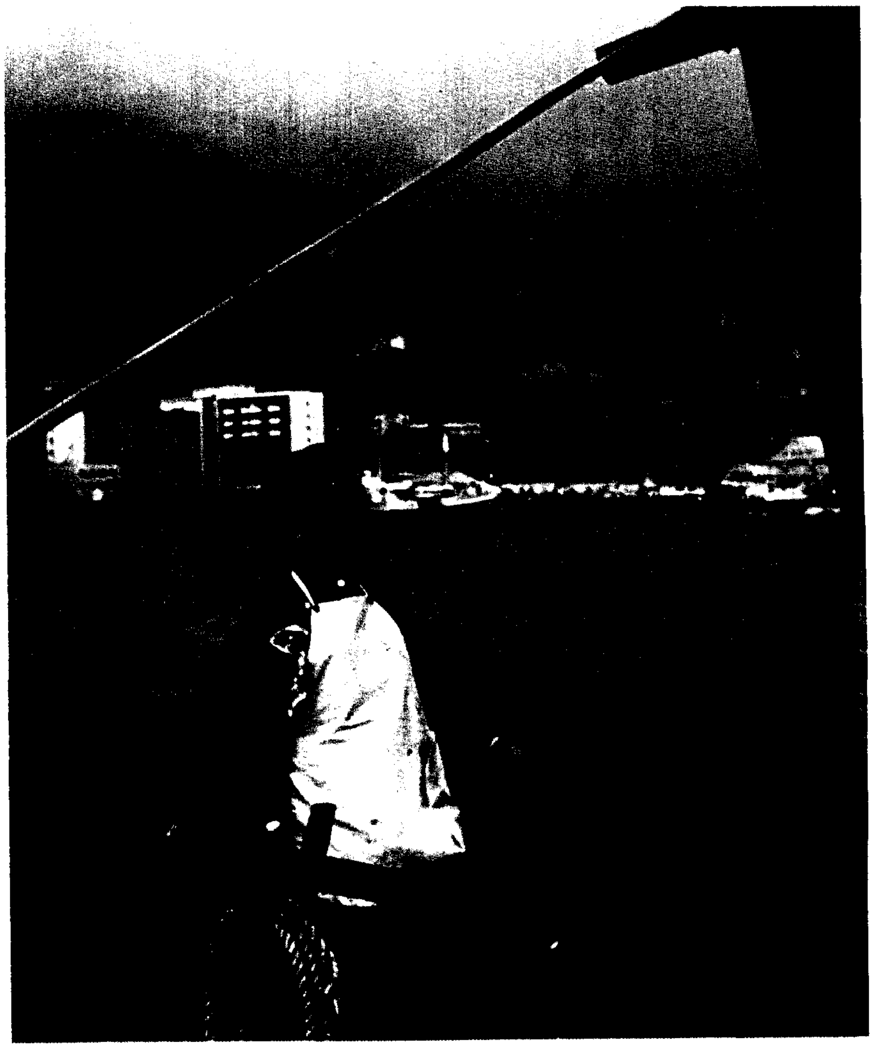
"I'M NOT a romantic kind of chap at all, I guess," Wallace Lowe said a couple of nights later as they dined at a small and exclusive French restaurant on Madison Avenue. "And I suppose under ordinary circumstances I'd court a girl for two years and be engaged to her for still another year before I married her. That's the classic pattern, isn't it?"

She looked at him tenderly. "Oh, Wallace, you make yourself sound dull and uninteresting," she said, "and you're not, you know. You're not dull at all."

"Well, I know where I'm going in life, I guess, and that's something, anyway." He cleared his throat, only a trifle sententiously, and glanced at her. "Virginia, I realize I'm not the kind to set a girl's heart to pumping, the way, perhaps, that Stanley chap does," he went on. "If I were like Stanley, I'd probably ask you to marry me right now. Instead, and I regret it in a way, I only want to express the fact that my intentions lie in that direction."

"Mmm," Virginia said. To find a clean-cut, presentable American male with money in the bank, devotion to her, and the prospects of being able to

THE NAVY'S GIRL



PETER KALISCHER

Mary Soo—"Garbage Mary" to the U.S. Navy—negotiates for the leftovers of the USS Walton, at anchor in Hong Kong Harbor

buy her a white mink coat, left her confused. "Mmm," seemed the best way to answer the question that hadn't yet been asked.

Twice in the week that followed, Wallace Lowe dined with Virginia and her mother in their small apartment in Teaneck, New Jersey. Mrs. Bowers, who was no judge of men, showed her approval by baking popovers.

Wallace hinted that on Friday he wanted to take Virgina for a little stroll through Tiffany's; but with his usual caution, he didn't say it was for the purpose of getting an engagement ring.

IT WAS early on Friday afternoon that New York was hit by the hardest summer rainstorm in years and Virginia Bowers was hit right between the eyes by a startling and violent lecture from Chuck Stanley.

The Manhattan sky was that weird dark-gray-yellow color that seems to presage the end of the world. At 1:00 P.M. Virginia Bowers was, as usual, hurrying to the brokerage office to watch the board. She got there just as the rain started, but before she could sit down in one of the comfortable leather chairs, Chuck took her elbow, steered her back to the elevators, his face more end-of-the-world than the sky.

"I want to talk to you," he told her brusquely.

"You're hurting—we'll talk here."

"I don't like the air here," he said.

When they got out of the elevator on the street floor, he steered her out onto Fifth Avenue. The rain was coming down in torrents.

"Oh, no!" she said over the drumming of the rain, but Chuck, still holding her tightly, led her down the street. She looked around for a policeman but that, of course, was absurd, so she let him pull her along. She was a little afraid, a bit angry, and she almost knew why he was doing this. He didn't stop until they reached the Public Library at 42d Street, where he lifted her up

IN HONG KONG

Hong Kong

THE first person to greet the U.S. Navy during its visits to Hong Kong is always Mary Soo. Mary doesn't wait for the boys to come ashore; her 15-foot sampan is bobbing alongside a visiting American warship before the anchor is down. Mary is forty-one years old, stands four feet six, and has four radiant gold teeth and a three-foot pigtail. She bosses a dozen sampans and 35 Chinese girls, none of them beauties. Mary is not in the glamor business; she is in the garbage business. For the exclusive right to all garbage while the ship is in port, Mary's girls will scrub down the sides of any vessel from a destroyer escort to the aircraft carrier Tarawa.

Mary has held the unofficial monopoly on leftovers from U.S. Navy ships in Hong Kong since the end of World War II. Nobody remembers how she got it, but she has it. A Navy officer would think twice before awarding the side-cleaning contract to anyone else. Recently, however, a tightening of security regulations nearly ruptured the relationship. Hong Kong merchants were forbidden to board Navy ships, and Mary had to forgo a lucrative side income selling soft drinks on the taffrail. Then Lieutenant Robert Garrett, of Frances, Washington, the executive officer of the destroyer escort Walton, interpreted the new regulations to mean that Mary Soo could not even come aboard to supervise the garbage collection—and that was a terrible shock to Mary's pride.

I met Garrett aboard the Walton, and he told me the severance of relations with Garbage Mary was not necessarily final. A new commander was taking over the vessel, said Garrett, and it would be up to him to make his own interpretations.

"Personally, I think Mary's as good an American as—well, I mean *she's* all right," Garrett said apologetically. "Of course, she's awful mad at me. She's been lying off the stern all day in that sampan, yelling things. She wants to sell soft drinks, too, but that's out. The ship's fund made $250 clean profit last month selling soda to the men and I don't see why she should get *that,* even if it were allowed."

I hung over the rail and asked Mary if I could take her picture. She sulked in the bottom of the sampan.

"Why you give me bad time?" she shouted suddenly. "Why no sell Cokes? Who sent you take my picture—admiral?"

The new captain of the Walton, Lieutenant Commander Arthur T. Emerson, Jr., resolved matters later that afternoon: no selling of pop, but Mary could come aboard. After that Mary preened for the camera like a Miss Universe contestant.

The scuttlebutt has it that Mary is one of the richest women in Hong Kong, but it seems doubtful. There are other stories, equally unreliable, including one that she has a restaurant of her own where the Navy leftovers taste better than they ever did at the mess table.

"I no rich," Mary said for quotation. "I sleep on sampan. I sell garbage for pigs. I no marry. I take care of Mary." —PETER KALISCHER

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onto an abutment, splashing her down into a little pool of rain water.

"That guy," he said, rain streaming down his face, "says he's going to marry you."

"He hasn't even asked me yet! Now will you let me go?"

"He's got you in his pocket," Chuck said, "and I'll let you go as soon as I tell you something." He stepped back. "You don't know me—but I know you." He stood there, his expensive clothes getting soggy and shapeless. He seemed entirely unaware of the rain.

"You're the kind of girl who spent her adolescence dreaming of young Lochinvar to come out of the West and sweep you off your feet," he went on. "You're a dreamer and an idealist, and if you say you aren't, you're a liar."

"That's what I *was* like," she said. "People change."

"Hooey. God makes you one way. You can cover the surface with grease paint or paneling, but you don't change underneath."

"All right, so I'm covering. That's the way it is."

"Look," Chuck said, holding up a hand and counting on his fingers. "One: you don't love Lowe, the boy broker; you're on the rebound from some foolish jerk. Two: you think you want money and security, and you're dead wrong. Three: all this goes against the real you, for you *really* want a shining knight to romance you. And four: Wallace Lowe is a stupe." He should have ended on three. When a man criticizes the man a girl is considering marrying, he's as good as dead, for no girl likes to be told she has given her heart to a fool.

Virginia tightened her lips and jumped down off the abutment. "Talk," she said and stamped her foot. "Go on and talk. I know men like you. They talk up a big storm about sincerity and ideals and the good clean life, and after three months of romancing they take off. Two-faced, that's what men are. So I'd be compromising if I married Wallace Lowe. So what?"

She stopped for a moment and then looked across the avenue at the rain pelting against the shop windows.

"I'd be compromising," she said more softly. "That's the way it is. There isn't anything more to say." She looked at Chuck once more and then walked away, the water squishing out of her high-heeled pumps, her summer dress plastered to her body.

Chuck Stanley watched her go. Then he sat down on the library steps, tried to light a wet cigarette, couldn't, and went on sitting there for a long time. It finally stopped raining.

FOR some reason known only to her, Virginia Bowers read a newspaper that next Monday morning on the bus coming to work from New Jersey. Ordinarily the world around her pretty head held only casual interest for her, and she preferred to spend her time on the bus trying to do her fingernails. But she had washed her hair Sunday night and done her fingernails then, and it was too noisy and crowded in the bus to talk with any neighbors, so she unfolded her copy of the Daily Mirror and read, slowly, unbelievingly, the interesting tale of how South African Iron and Steel had been disclosed as a complete fraud, how its president had absconded with the public's money, how many American investors had been taken in by the schemer—how the firm's stock was utterly worthless.

Virginia Bowers was crushed. Somehow, it wasn't the five hundred dollars. She could marry financial security; she could get Wallace to pay back the money.

What bothered her most was the feeling, suddenly, that she had done wrong in buying the stock behind Wallace's back. She was being punished for her foolishness.

When she got off the bus in the terminal building, she wasted no time; she went straight to Fendell, Quigg and Jensen, Inc. Once there, she walked into the office of Wallace Lowe and told him everything.

She was demure, she was contrite, she was even truthful. It made her feel much better. When she finished talking, she lifted her eyes to his and smiled. But not for long.

Wallace Lowe merely looked at her, the look of a man who has said "Heel" to his collie pup and then is stunned and outraged when the collie wanders off, unheeding.

"Well, I must say, Virginia," he said finally, "this is something I *never* expected from you. It's—well, in a way it's almost as if we were married and you had been unfaithful to me. You can just imagine how this will give me pause."

"Pause?"

Lowe looked politely exasperated. "Well, good heavens, girl, you haven't forgotten, surely, that I gave you specific—and, I might add, professional—advice against investing in this obvious fly-by-night security," he said. "Not only that, but it's practically a slight to your own country. If you had put this money into some security listed on *our* stock exchange, you would have had an ironclad guaranty that there was no chicanery involved." He looked at her with cold and hurt eyes.

"Mostly," he said, "I just cannot understand why you didn't come to me and tell me you were going to do this!"

"It would only have upset you," Virginia said.

He nodded and pursed his lips. "I dare say it would have," he said.

He turned and looked out the window for a moment, and when he had finished reflecting on the perfidy of womanhood, he turned back to her with a slightly softer expression on his face. Wallace Lowe was a big man; he had always known that there was within him the power to forgive an erring human. So he turned around to forgive Virginia Bowers, but she was no longer there to forgive. She was outside, heading for the elevators, not quite sure of where she was going or what she felt, knowing only that she was mad.

CHUCK STANLEY met her head on as he got out of the elevator. She glared at him. "Mister Fixit," she said. "I could—I could—"

" 'Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,' " he said. " 'Youth's a stuff will not endure.' Shakespeare said that."

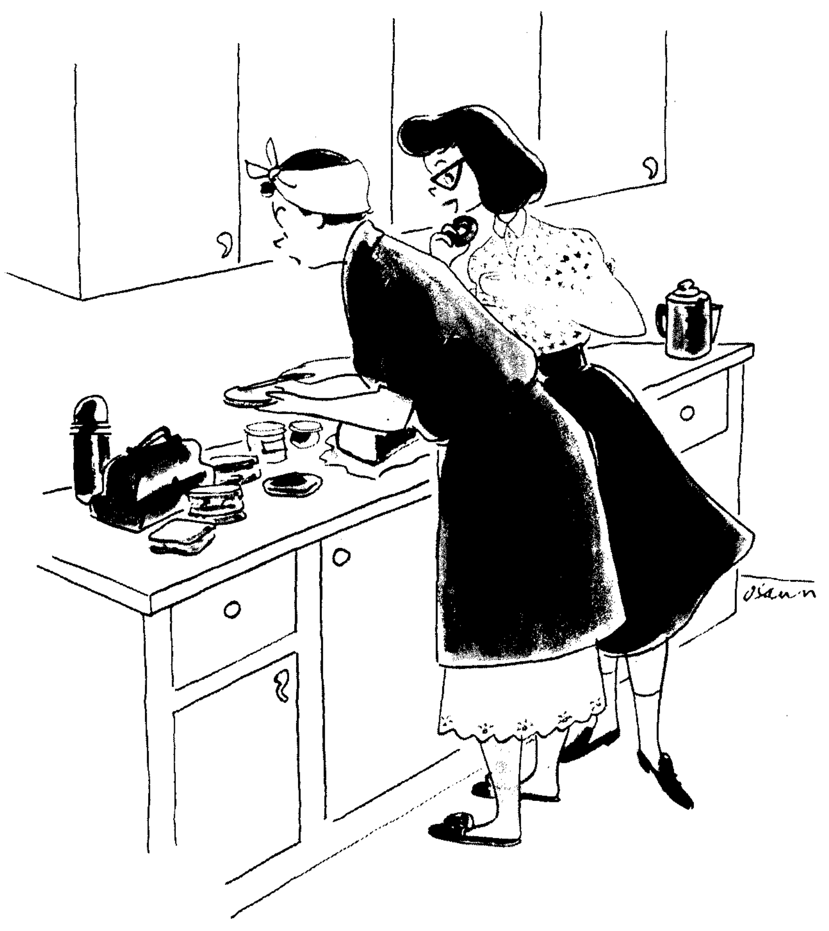
"Funny man," she said. "Do you know what you've done? You've ruined my life, that's all. You and your big, wonderful, race-track ideas!"

Chuck Stanley looked at her and his grin softened and became a gentle and easy smile. "It's only money," he said.

"That's all," she said, and she felt tired, defeated. "It's easy for you; you live on caviar one day, chocolate bars the next. But I *borrowed* five hundred dollars. Now it's gone and I don't know how I'll pay it back."

"Wait a minute," Chuck Stanley said. "It can't be all that bad. How about Yale's oldest living undergraduate? He must be willing to make it up for you—he has the first nickel he ever earned. Five hundred is less than his annual contribution to the alumni fund.

TIZZY



COLLIER'S "We had to cut our club down to *four* to give us *all* a chance to talk" KATE OSANN

BSchroeter

COLLIER'S "Easy, dear, don't overdo it" BOB SCHROETER

Virginia shook her head. Chuck saw that she was beginning to cry.

"He gave you a time, didn't he?" Chuck said. "I knew it. I read the paper this morning and I said to myself, if that no-good finds out, he'll flunk her for this, and give her a lecture in front of the class on the ingratitude of the female."

Virginia closed her eyes for a moment; then she turned slowly away and started to brush past him, but he caught her by the elbow. Then he reached into a jacket pocket and brought out a wad of bills and gave it to her.

"Yours," he said. "Five hundred dollars. No strings."

She stared at him. "I know I'm a fiend in suède shoes," he said, "but I *had* to make this good—if only to soothe my conscience. Do you think in the years to come I could sleep peacefully, knowing I had led the mother of my children astray?"

"It's absurd," she said. "Besides, you lost—"

"Thirty thousand. The thirty thousand I won at the track." He looked out the window and tightened his upper lip, like Robert Taylor. "With me it doesn't matter," he said bravely. "It came fast, it went fast. There'll be more tomorrow—or next year."

Suddenly his expression brightened. "I'll just put a little into this new stock I've heard about, see, and after a day or two it'll double and then—well, soon I'll bring sixty or seventy grand to you and say, 'Is this enough for us to get married on?' "

He tousled her hair and she didn't mind, and then he looked down at her. "I don't think you'll ever again think of marrying a man for his money."

Virginia gazed up at him for a long moment. Then she turned and walked back slowly to Wallace Lowe's office and opened the door and took a good look inside. Chuck was watching her, and it seemed she stood there for an endless time, just looking; he could hear Lowe saying something but she wasn't answering—she was just taking a good, long look. Then, with great finality, she closed the door.

"Say that again," she said to Chuck. He looked at her, uncertain.

"Say 'the mother of my children' again," she said.

He grinned foolishly, shifting his weight from one foot to the other, and then he said, "Don't you move. Not a step. I am going to make a small investment in this new stock, see, and in one minute flat I'll be back here and we'll head for a reliable doctor to give us blood tests, which I am informed are the first strides toward the altar."

He walked quickly to a corner of the room and talked briefly with Soo Sung Tay, the Chinese-girl customers' man.

Johnson, the old-timer, got up from his desk and shuffled up to Virginia. "Looks as if he's lost his lunch money, doesn't it?" he said, nodding toward Chuck. Virginia asked him what he meant. "Well, didn't he lose thirty thousand or so in that South African Iron and Steel fiasco?" Johnson said. "Man in his position'd miss that about as much as I would a dime I dropped through a sidewalk grating."

"His position?"

Johnson sighed. "Yes, you know, him being one of America's ten richest men and all that." He scratched an ear and gazed at Chuck Stanley, the man who could get along so bravely. "Don't act or look it now, does he? I mean, you wouldn't know, unless you knew, that he was C. C. Stanley, the horse owner and millionaire. With those fellows, you can't rightly make them out. They behave mighty peculiarly."

"Yes, they do," Virginia said.

Chuck came back smiling. "You all right?" he asked.

SHE took a deep breath and looked at him brightly, then put her hand on his arm. "I'm fine," she said. "Let's go to lunch. There's so much we have to talk about."

"I know," he said.

She shook her head sweetly. "I don't think you really do."

I'm a lucky guy, Chuck thought, as they walked toward the elevator.

A millionaire. I didn't think it was *possible* to love a millionaire, Virginia thought.

Johnson peered out the office doorway at them. " 'Money is not required to buy one necessary of the soul,' " he said, and added, "Thoreau." Scratch a customers' man and find a philosopher every time.

—MEL HEIMER

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The Mexican guide grabs Dr. F. Bonet's hand to haul him out of swirling river into which scientist fell at mouth of cave

A WILD CAVE

By ALFRED M. LANSING

If you're seeking new adventure, go underground. Crawling through dark, twisting, unexplored passages can be exciting, and even terrifying—as the author learned in the Cave of the Star

FOR generations, America has been a nation of explorers. Nowadays, of course, there isn't much left to explore; the physical frontiers of the world have been pushed back until there's almost no unknown territory remaining. Perhaps that's why people climb mountains, or swim around under the sea—or crawl through caves.

Judging by the swift growth of the spelunker (or amateur cave-investigator) movement, more and more people are finding in underground exploration the excitement they're looking for. I can see why. A few weeks ago, I accompanied a world-famous speleologist (or *scientific* cave-investigator) into a rugged section of Mexico which is pockmarked with caves, and had an opportunity that few would-be adventurers get: a chance to explore a so-called wild cave—one which never before had been fully investigated. I got my fill of excitement.

There were six of us in the party: Dr. J Harlen Bretz, professor emeritus of geology at the University of Chicago, and one of the world's foremost experts on caves; Dr. Alberto R. V. Arellano, professor of geology at the National University of Mexico; Dr. F. Bonet, one of Mexico's leading zoologists; Raymond de Saussure, a hell-for-leather research associate with San Francisco's Western Speleological Institute Inc.; photographer Leo Choplin, and myself.

Dr. Bretz had led us into the mountain country of southwest Mexico—a region of limestone hills, scrub forests, tiny villages and poor herdsmen and weavers—where, he had been told, there was one of the largest caverns on earth. Dr. Bretz is the leading proponent of a theory now widely accepted among top geologists that caves are not created by subterranean rivers deepening their beds (as has been believed in the past), but are caused by water pressures deeper underground which, circulating within limestone or other soluble rocks, produce chambers which may not come to light for thousands or millions of years. The caves of Mexico's southwest mountain region promised to give fresh substantiation to the Bretz theory, and he was looking forward to seeing them.

All of us were clothed in rough shirts and trousers, cleated or rubber-soled shoes and miners' helmets equipped with carbide lights. At the hamlet of Tonatico, we hired Señor Morelos Guzmán, a dark-skinned, silent man, as our guide; others in the village told us he knew the area better than anyone else around. Morelos turned out to be a prize. He said little, but he was tireless, fearless and willing. No burden was too much for him, no chore too hard.

It was Morelos who led us to the cave we were looking for, called (I don't know why) Cacahuamilpa, or Field of Peanuts.

But the exploration of Cacahuamilpa was a disconcerting experience. The cave was one enormous room—easily the largest and longest single underground chamber known. It was also one of the dullest. It was about 300 feet wide, nearly as high as a 20-story building in some places and running for almost a mile into one of the local mountains—far surpassing in volume the immense main room in the Carlsbad cavern that has always been called the world's largest. The Mexican cave was so big that it defied Leo Choplin's efforts to cap-

Author's map shows area in southwest Mexico which party explored. Limestone hills in region account for numerous caves. Note Cueva de la Estrella (Cave of the Star) is drawn overscale

Scientists dig in cave floor for 400-year-old pottery after Dr. A. R. V. Arellano (right) found piece of broken jug. Others are (l. to r.) Dr. J Harlen Bretz, Dr. Bonet and Ray de Saussure

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEO CHOPLIN

The largest single cavern in the world isn't Carlsbad's, the expedition

Mexican porters, who carried heavy gear to cave entrance, make hazardous river crossing at mouth of Cave of the Star with aid of rope ladder. Rain had swollen stream to torrential size

ture it on film—he couldn't photograph more than part of one surface at a time.

Although Cacahuamilpa was interesting to the scientists, from a photographer's point of view it was a flop—and from an adventure seeker's viewpoint, it was even worse: it didn't twist or climb much, it had no side passages, and it obviously had been visited often by the local folk, so it wasn't wild. It was just an enormous, unexciting shaft in the side of the mountain.

Not far away were other caverns. Without much hope, we turned to them—and in one of them, called the Cave of the Star after a star-shaped rock nearby, I had enough adventure to last me a whole lifetime.

The Cave of the Star was a cave-crawler's dream: unexplored, mysterious, dark and ancient. Morelos told us about it, then guided us to the entrance: down the winding mountainside into the valley of the River Zapote, which is bounded on two sides by sheer limestone cliffs and on the third by a great hill, and then along the banks of the rain-swollen river. As we approached the hill, the rushing noise of the water gave way to a roaring sound. Suddenly we passed through a curtain of shrubbery, and stopped.

The Rock That Swallowed the River

We were standing on a tiny ledge. In the bare rock before us yawned a huge, dark mouth, drinking in the waters of the Rio Zapote as they roared from a waterfall off to our left. About 20 feet below us, and on the other side of the water, was a shelf—the only visible footpath into the cave.

Ray de Saussure was the first to speak, and he had to shout into Bretz's ear to make himself heard.

"It'll take ropes. I've got a sixty-five-foot rope ladder that at least ought to get us down to the river. But we still have to get across."

Bretz nodded. It wasn't going to be easy. The water rushing along below us was neither deep nor wide, but it was very swift and turbulent. From inside the cave came enough additional noise to make it evident that the stream remained rough for quite a distance. A man who lost his footing in that water, especially a man burdened with packs as we were, might be in serious trouble.

De Saussure rigged his nylon ladder, dangling it toward the stream, then tested it. It groaned, but held. Morelos grabbed the rope, swung himself down. Then he jumped to a great boulder in the center of the stream—and was across. He steadied the ladder and looked up encouragingly. Bonet started down, quickly and sure-footedly—and suddenly slipped. For a moment he dangled from the ladder by one hand, then dropped into the boiling water below. For an instant longer he teetered upright, trying to keep his feet, and in that instant Morelos leaned over, grabbed Bonet's arm in his strong brown hand and hauled him out in one sweeping motion, soaked but safe.

The rest of us descended more carefully after that. We made it without incident and for a few seconds we stood there sizing up our surroundings. To the right, out through the mouth of the cave, we could see the sunshine glinting off the waterfall. In the other direction lay the dark passageway of the cave—and from somewhere in that blackness there came a booming roar, a noise so loud that it now drowned out the waterfall only a few feet away.

"Light up your lamps and let's get moving," Bretz shouted. Ray lighted the gasoline pressure lantern, the rest of us turned on our carbide helmet lamps, and then we started into the cave, walking in Indian file, with Morelos in the lead. The rim of rock on which we walked skirted the edge of the subterranean river, curving around as the stream twisted. With every step, the roaring became louder and the pathway trickier. At first it was possible to walk upright, but then the roof got lower and lower, and soon we were forced to shuffle forward in a crouch. The real hazard, however, was under-

Arellano, Bretz and De Saussure (left to right) examine stalactite which fell from ceiling. Debris slowed passage of exploration team

Braced against wall, De Saussure investigates pocket in stone which indicates cave was formed by underground water dissolving limestone

foot. The slick-surfaced limestone, which was covered with a thin paste of slippery mud, began to slope alarmingly toward the rushing water and it quickly became impossible to get a good foothold, even with the cleated shoes we wore. I made plans: if I slipped, I would drop flat on my back and cling to every surface within reach, to keep from sliding into the gorge.

Suddenly, the roaring reached a new pitch and we swung our lights toward the river. There, at our feet, was a waterfall—first a long drop into a deep pool about 15 feet across, then an even more impressive drop into a slotlike chasm, way, way down. There may have been a third waterfall even farther down, but it was too dark to be sure. Instinctively, I pulled back against the wall. I wanted adventure, but not at the bottom of a gorge. Bretz beckoned to Choplin, and the photographer sidled up and peered over.

"As a photographer, you should be able to judge distance," yelled the speleologist. "How far would you say it was to the bottom?"

"I can only guess," Leo shouted, "but I'd say it's at least seventy feet. Let's get out of here!"

We scraped forward along the ledge—and 100 feet farther on came to a juncture. The gorge and the roaring river that flowed through it swung abruptly to the right, the grotto becoming steadily deeper and the walls completely sheer. It was impossible to follow the river. But to the left was a second passageway, and Bretz turned into it.

We found ourselves in a tunnel-like corridor that wound and twisted between stalactite and stalagmite columns, becoming so narrow in some places that it was hard to squeeze through. Very quickly, the thunderous roar of the waterfall was gone—lost in the natural baffles of the twisting tunnel. After about 50 yards we emerged into a small room where a number of large stalactites had fallen from the ceiling and now lay on the floor like great petrified logs. We all paused, and I looked at my companions. Like me, they were perspiring heavily. The temperature was high, and the humidity, incomprehensibly, must have been close to 90. Bretz mopped his forehead with a bandanna and sat down. "Let's take a breather," he said.

We collapsed limply on the nearest stalactites, some of us examining the walls curiously, some just resting. Professor Arellano scratched absently at the floor with his archaeologist's hammer.

Professor Couldn't Explain Warmth

"What makes it so hot in here?" I asked Bretz. "I thought caves were usually cool."

"They usually are," he said. "I don't know how to account for this . . ."

Suddenly Arellano spoke. *"La linterna!"* Somebody passed him the lantern. Instead of resting, he was digging hard, obviously excited. As we crowded around him, he pulled a small, jagged piece of pottery out of the cave floor, and studied it carefully under the lantern. Then he looked up and smiled.

"It's preconquest, I'm certain; made before the Spaniards came to the New World. It's at least four hundred years old."

"How can you tell?"

"Mostly because it doesn't have any glaze. The process of glazing was unknown among the Indians before the Spaniards came."

He went back to his digging. Within 15 minutes he and the others had dug up 11 pieces of pottery, including one to which a handle was affixed—apparently part of a jug.

Somehow, those nondescript-looking fragments were exciting. It's one thing to see archaeological specimens laid out in a museum case with a neat little placard explaining what they are; it's altogether different to watch them being freed from the ground where they have lain for 400 or 500 years—ever since they were dropped there by the user. We had suddenly closed a gap in time: far to the north, at the time that jug had shattered on the cave floor, there had been nothing but plains and forests—no cities, no roads, no white men. . . .

"Let's go," said Bretz.

We climbed back into our packs and helmets, a little tired now, and resumed our Indian-file passage through the tunnel, ducking to avoid low-hanging stalactites, and stepping high to avoid deep pools of water that had seeped in through the roof.

We had gone perhaps a hundred yards when we became aware of a change. We stopped and flashed our lights around. We were in a huge room. Our lights just disappeared when we groped with them for the walls, and it was terribly still: you could hear yourself breathe, and you could hear your neighbor breathe, but the sounds seemed to travel out into the blackness and never come back. Once again, we gathered around Bretz.

"I'm going to call it a day," he said. "I want to look around outside. I'd like to find out where the Rio Zapote emerges from the cave and there are other geological questions I want to look into, too. Suppose we split into two teams, one to finish exploring in here, the other to go back."

Bonet and Arellano also were eager to get back outside, so the cave exploration was left to Ray de Saussure, Morelos Guzmán, Choplin and myself.

First we tried to figure out the size of the big room by moving around the walls. It was roughly

Secured by two ropes, De Saussure cautiously goes down nylon ladder for a closer look at gorge formed by triple-drop 70-foot waterfall

the size of a baseball diamond, and—judging by the way our lights shone on the ceiling—about 60 feet high.

At the other end of the room we found a large corridor leading deeper into the mountain, and we started along it with a real sense of exploration, now that the more scientific-minded members of our group were no longer with us.

Each Passage Had Its Own Mystery

In all, there were three major passages leading off that winding, twisting corridor. We investigated each of them in turn, and each supplied us with a minor mystery. In one, we were brought to a stop by a great boulder-filled hole, apparently marking a spot where the floor had collapsed (and quite possibly the ceiling, too, since there was no passage beyond that point). Using ropes, we let ourselves down onto the topmost boulders—and we could then hear distinctly, far below us, the sound of rushing water. Where was it coming from? The Zapote was a long distance away, and no other rivers were supposed to be in the area. We never learned the answer.

Investigating another passage, we came to a small room and were startled to hear a soft moan.

"Did you do that?" Leo asked Ray.

"Gosh, no!"

"Well, who did?"

The sound came again: *"Oo-oo-oo-ooh . . ."*

My flesh crawled.

"Señor." Morelos beckoned from the far side of the room. Holding his lantern high, he pointed out an 18-inch hole in the wall, about 10 feet off the floor. The hole groaned. *"Whoo-oo-ooh."*

We boosted Ray de Saussure up and he peered into the hole.

"There's nothing in it," he said, shrugging, after we'd let him down. "It's just a hole about three feet deep. It's making a noise, but I don't know why."

Morelos grinned. *"Fantasma?"* he suggested.

Ray grinned back. "No, no ghosts."

"Maybe it's the wind," someone suggested, and we all agreed that it must be the wind. Then we dropped the subject, before anyone got around to mentioning that there wasn't a breath of air in that cave, and hadn't been since we entered it.

We continued along the passage a short distance farther, but the walls began closing in. Soon the passage became too narrow to admit us and we turned back.

The third major passage also petered out. It climbed sharply for a long way, then the floor began to rise toward the roof. Finally we reached a small chamber where floor and roof came together and we could go no farther. As we started out of the little room, something fluttered past. It was a bat. We were as far from the mouth of the cave as we could get: How did bats get all the way in there? The only possible conclusion (unless the bats knew of an opening that had eluded us) was that those bats were in the habit of entering where we had, and flying all that tortuous distance to this little room, deep under the mountain—which seemed pretty silly.

While we were walking back toward the big room again, I turned my head for a moment and my helmet light picked out a small side passage. We studied it for a while, and then I said, "Why don't I try it, while the rest of you wait below? It's too small for more than one of us—and I'll have to crawl, at that."

I was much less confident than I must have sounded, but I felt obliged to volunteer; after all, *I* was the adventure seeker on this expedition.

Breather. In light of lantern, expedition members rest and plan next move. Altitude, heat and high humidity made even slight effort tiring

So the others went on, toward the big chamber. I watched them go, then hitched up my belt and squirmed into the narrow opening. The stillness and the darkness had impressed me before, but now for the first time I was alone. I could hear only myself breathing, and I could hear only my own boots scraping along the ground. The passage became narrower and narrower. At last I was down on my belly, with my helmet scraping along the roof. The passage couldn't have been more than nine inches high. But I had always heard that, in caves, the smallest passageway sometimes leads to the largest room, so I kept going.

Then my light went out.

I don't think I've ever been more scared. I was all by myself, a long way from my friends, pinioned in a tiny tunnel deep underground—in pitch blackness. I didn't *think* I'd passed any side passages while crawling along, but suppose I had? Suppose I blundered into one, trying to back out in the darkness? What if the others couldn't find me? Why had I ever taken up cave-crawling?

Fixing a Carbide Lamp—the Hard Way

I took a deep breath. There was really nothing to worry about, I told myself; all I had to do was fix that lamp. My arms were stuck straight out ahead of me, and by a little gymnastic exercise I was able to get my hands back to my helmet and get the helmet off my head. First I had to clean out the little nozzle on the lamp. I burned my fingers trying to find the cleaning wire, then spent long minutes fishing with the wire for the tiny nozzle hole. At last I had the nozzle clean. All I needed now was fresh carbide.

At that instant, I remembered. I had no carbide. Ray had taken the whole can with him.

I don't know how long I lay there fighting panic, my face pressed against the rock, my arms stretched over my head, my heart beating. At last I started to scrape backward along the narrow tunnel, trying to return to the main passage. My progress was slow and painful, and I imagined all sorts of things were in the tunnel behind me. I crawled that way for a long time, wondering if I had missed the right route.

Then something touched my leg. Instantly, I stopped and pulled my leg up. Then I felt a squeeze. Wildly, I kicked out; I couldn't go forward, and so I scrambled backward. Something grabbed my arm, and I flailed about. . . . I was in the main passage, and Ray was shining his light in my face and peering at me.

"What're you doing running around with no light?" he asked.

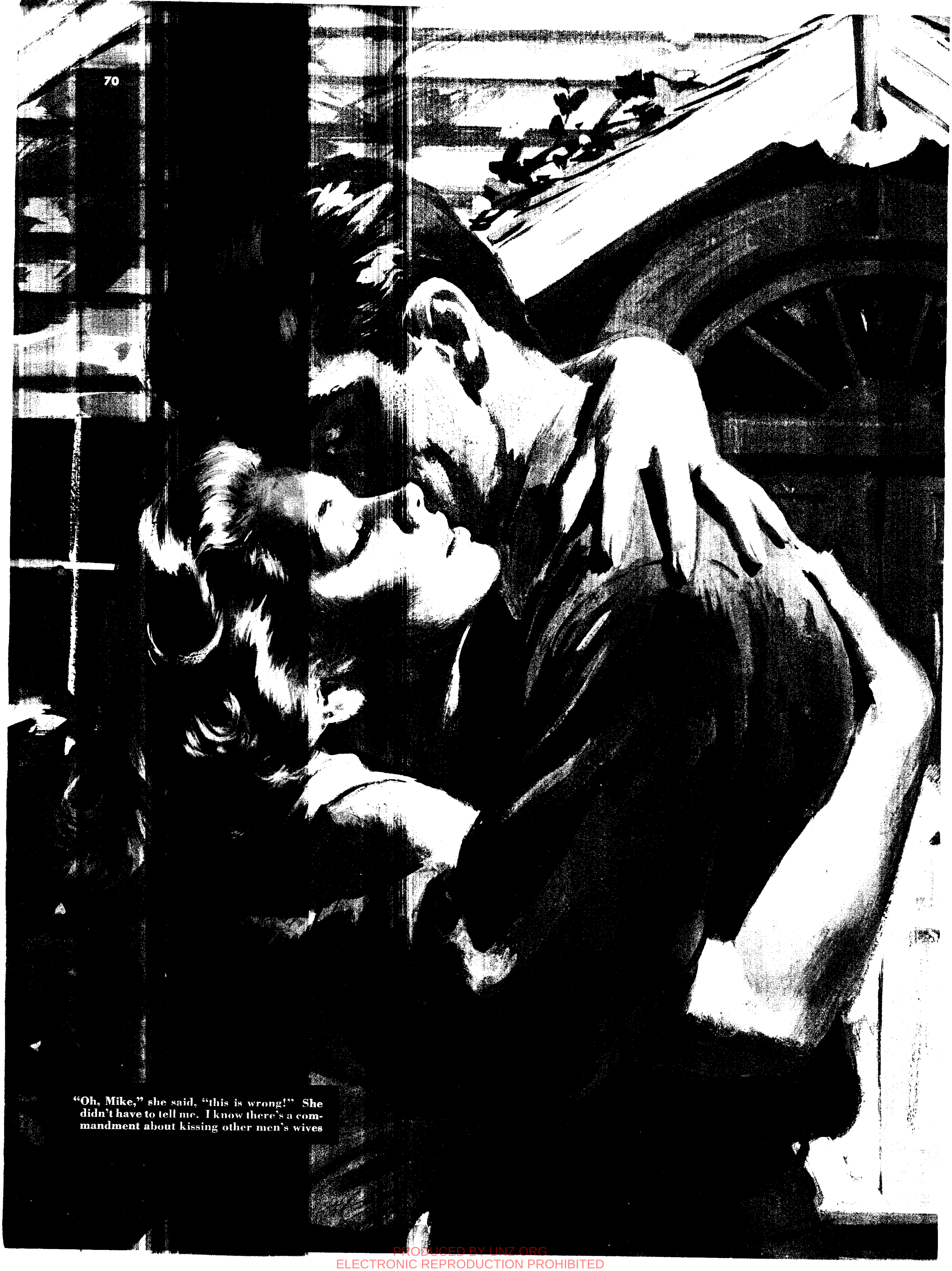
"Let's get out of here," I said.

He looked at me again, read the expression on my face, and didn't press the point. We turned and left.

Outside, we met the three scientists. They took us to see a couple more caves, both good-sized (their mouths must have been eight stories high), but so full of water that they couldn't be entered. I didn't mind. I'd had enough of caves for a while. I was willing to consider the expedition a success: Dr. Bretz had found abundant evidence that the caves in the area had been created in accordance with his theory, so he was pleased; I, who had come looking for adventure, had found more excitement than I'd bargained for. I can't say I was pleased, exactly, but I was mighty glad to be outside.

And I realized, a little to my surprise, that I was also exhilarated. I had helped explore a cave that had been visited rarely, if ever, since Columbus' time. I'd had a good scare, but I'd had a lot of fun, too.

Cramped passageway stops De Saussure. Party found it best to crawl backward into really tight spots, feeling out the route with feet



"Oh, Mike," she said, "this is wrong!" She didn't have to tell me. I know there's a commandment about kissing other men's wives

I Do as I Please

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

An irate husband was trailing me; a killer was telling me what to do—it was great to be home again

The Story: I'm MIKE LINDEN and I got discharged from the Army a year ago, but I didn't go back home to Squaw Valley in Oklahoma. There wasn't anything to go back to: my home town was about to become the bottom of a lake, part of a flood-control project; my girl, MYRA, had married a no-good named GEORGE HANLEY; my kid brother, EDDIE, all the family I had, was devoted to our stepfather, EMIL ZOLLERNBACK—a nice enough guy, but I just never got along with him. So I wrote to my farm-equipment-store partner, FLOYD ROSS, and told him to buy me out on time. But now, all of a sudden, Eddie came looking for me and demanding that I come home. I don't like to be told what I'm going to do, and I didn't like his wild talk about cattle-stealing back home and my duty to Emil. We fought, and, like always, I won—but not so easily this time. Then, before I set off for Alaska, I decided to take just one look at New Squaw Valley—and when I got there I didn't like what I saw: GOOBER YARBOE, an ex-con, was the law; Floyd had turned into a drunken bum; Myra was fed up with George; and George was getting rich commercial-fishing down in the slowly flooding valley. When I got out to Emil's ranch, the old man and I didn't hit it off any better than ever, but there was a cute kid named BARBARA HEATH keeping house for Eddie and Emil. Eddie was about to be drafted, but before he left he wanted to try an idea he had for trapping whoever was stealing our calves: he'd sell the cows at auction, and somebody'd be glad to get them to keep from having to hand-feed young calves. But me, I wanted to talk to Myra without George around. Myra agreed to meet me at the schoolhouse that night. George caught us talking, and with Goober and Floyd around to step in and help him, we started to fight. But somebody, I didn't know who, came up behind me and knocked me out.

THE SECOND OF THREE PARTS

I WAS knocked out for just a few seconds. When I could see and feel again, I had the unpleasant taste of mineralized reinforced cow feed in my mouth; and I had burlap burns, and skinned knees and elbows from the concrete. And there was a dull, pulsing ache behind my right ear that George hadn't given me. I shook my head and looked around groggily, and saw them in the doorway—Goober Yarboe and my partner, Floyd Ross. Okay, I thought. I got on my feet and started for them.

"Who bought in?" I said. "Which one of you bought in?"

Hands caught me from behind, holding me, and Eddie's voice said quietly in my ear: "I bought in, Mike. If I hadn't, the law might have done it—with the butt of a pistol."

"I'd of broke it up," Goober said sternly to Eddie, "but I wouldn't of used no gun butt—unless it was you in the road."

The rage was draining out of me now. In a way, I was glad Eddie had stopped me, although I didn't like his method. I looked at George. Maybe I should have been relieved that he had protected his pretty face from my fists by wrapping his arms around it, instead of using them to fight with, but I wasn't. I felt cheated. His skull was probably a little lumpy, but he wasn't hurt where it would show. He wouldn't be going around without a shirt for a while, though; he was going to look like the tattooed man tomorrow.

"Come on," Eddie said, pushing me toward the door.

"Hold on, now," Goober said. "Might be George wants to prefer charges. Just stick around, you boys, until I get this little matter cleared up."

George shook his head. "Let 'em go," he said.

"Go on, Mike," Eddie said. "I'll represent your interests."

I walked into the front of the store, dusting myself off. Myra had her hands up to her face, but she wasn't crying; she just had her hands up to her face. "This is terrible," she said, shuddering. "Oh, Mike, why did you come back *now?*"

"I thought I had to," I said. "You ought to know why, Myra."

"I'm—all confused, mixed up," she said. She stared through the front window and I stared at her lovely profile, and she sighed and said, "I'll get your groceries for you, Mike." And then she added with a kind of despair: "My life is going to be good clean fun from now on, isn't it?"

Personally, I was dubious. I said, "I'll drive the jeep around front." I wanted to get out into the fresh air. Life in the raw, I thought. See men battle over an alluring, ravishing ex-high-school home-coming queen. See forbidden, stolen moments in the feed room. Now showing at your nearest general store.

When I went back inside, Eddie was sitting on the counter, casually drinking pop. "They decided to let you off this time, boy," he said. "But don't do it no more." He grinned. "You sore?"

"I'm sore," I said. Myra had put the groceries in a box, and I picked it up and looked at her. "I'm sorry, Myra," I said.

She bit her lip and looked away, and I didn't know whether our meeting at the schoolhouse was off or not. She probably didn't need to talk

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

to me after all, not any more. I walked out of the store. Eddie followed me.

"I'm not sorry, Mike," he said.

"All right," I said. "Where'd the others go?"

"They went to give George first aid. They resent strangers coming to town and beating up on their fellow merchants." He watched me get in the jeep, and leaned in and said in a low voice: "I got some stuff to do in Rockville and might not get back until dark. Don't go prowling around in the valley until I get back. Are you okay, boy?"

"I'm dandy," I said. "I'm just real fine and dandy, and I want to thank you for what you did for me, Eddie."

His rare grin flashed at me. "Any time, boy, any time."

I put the jeep in gear and drove home. The hired girl wasn't around when I deposited the groceries in the kitchen. So I drove the jeep on down to the barn, where the old man was still fiddling with the corral fence. "What do you want done with the salt?" I asked.

"Why," he said, grinning his meaningless grin, "just leave it in the jeep. I'll take it down to the valley and scatter it around this afternoon."

Then we just stood there, and I got that urge again, the one about putting an end to the eternal nonsense. I wanted to say: Look, Emil, we're a couple of big boys now. Let's stop being polite to each other, let's start just being friends, with none of this stepson-stepfather routine. I'm sorry about all of my boyish rudeness and obstreperousness, but you didn't make it any easier for me, going into your protective shell like a turtle—just try to remember that. And please, just this once, stop grinning like a burro eating cactus and look the way you feel.

BUT it was only a small, weak impulse on my part, and so we stood there, ill at ease, looking at the sky with great interest, and I made the obvious remark: "Looks like it might rain some more."

"Yes. Yes, it does," he said. "Yes, sir, I believe you're right."

"Well," I said. I thought of something to say. "Eddie said he might not get back until dark." Emil nodded, and I added hurriedly: "Well, I'll be getting on with it."

I didn't have anything to get on with. I just had a long, hot, humid, possibly rainy day to get through before I could go lean on the schoolhouse and worry about whether Myra would keep the date or not. And then, walking toward the house, it occurred to me that I had overscheduled myself. I was supposed to go on patrol with Eddie after dark. Oh, well, I thought. I'll stall Eddie.

But it wasn't eleven yet, and I still had the long day on my hands, and suddenly it seemed like a very good time to take that last, lingering look at the valley and whatever was left of my old home town. I decided not to wait for lunch; I could take a couple of sandwiches with me and eat when I got hungry. I was just getting the necessary ingredients laid out when Barbara came into the kitchen.

"What are you doing?" she said.

"Fixing some sandwiches," I said. "You still mad at me?"

"I am," she said. "Can't you wait until dinner is ready?" I told her the situation, and she said, "Well, for pity sakes, *I'll* make you some sandwiches. Get out of my way."

I sat down and lighted a cigarette and watched her make sandwiches.

"What did you and Eddie fight about?" she asked after a while. I said well, what do men *usually* fight about? She put her fists on her hips and stared at me. "Women," she said.

"Wrong," I said. "Men never fight over women. It's always the other way around, Barbara." I stood up. "I might as well be getting ready while you're fixing the grub. Don't use any arsenic."

"I won't," she said. "I only use ground glass."

In my room I found some old jeans and my comfortable scuffed cowboy boots. My old game bag was hanging in the closet and I decided I'd take a .22 rifle along and maybe shoot snakes or turtles, or even a squirrel. As a precaution I got out an old slicker and dug up a disreputable rolled-brim cowboy hat. I liked the way I looked in all that old comfortable, shabby gear; I looked like a real Texas millionaire.

COLLIER'S

"If they're genuine, she must be worth a small fortune!"

GARDNER REA

I took the rifle and gear and went downstairs, and my picnic lunch was on the kitchen table. I went to the barn and saddled a horse and climbed aboard, liking the feel of a horse between my knees again after three years, and I headed for the valley. I felt the little lift I had always experienced when I'd head into the valley for a hunting trip. It was a fine feeling, despite the fact I had much on my mind—Eddie and our stepfather, in a mild way, and Myra and George and the dark unknown quotient of calf rustling. It was good to be home anyway.

BELOW the driveway the old road began to show the results of its long neglect: ruts and gullies and washboard ridges, and everywhere the encroaching vegetation. When I got to the valley floor, the brush was so high it was like riding through a hot, heavy-scented tunnel. And I began to have some idea of what to expect when I finally got to the old town.

I passed the crossroad I remembered, and it was just a narrow weed-grown path; and everywhere the oak thickets and the thorny locust and elm and sycamore saplings and the creeper vines and blackberry brambles and a dozen other kinds of vegetation had overrun the edges of the roads. Once, passing what had been a lawn two or three years ago, I saw a few wilted roses fighting for survival among the healthier, hardier weeds and vines. I was prepared for the ghost ruins of Old Squaw Valley when I got there, but that didn't make it any pleasanter.

I viewed the sad remnants of my dead home town: rubble and stones where wooden buildings had been torn down for lumber; the hollow, empty shells of stone buildings. It was as if a tornado had whipped through town, followed by a fire and then an earthquake, leaving only devastation and the attacking undergrowth.

Our old home place was in the north end of town, but I didn't want to see it; better I should remember it the way it had once been. I rode straight on through town on the old highway, and came to water and forded it. I forded again at the approach to the old bridge, which stood in the middle of a flooded lowland, no longer bridging anything but the deepest current of the river. I looked at all the water and lost heart and turned back, and when I came to the town again I turned the horse south, wanting to see how soon this road disappeared into the new lake. After about a mile I found out.

I didn't want to go back through the town, and so I followed the edge of the flood for another mile until I began hitting a few small clearings where cattle had cropped the grass and discouraged a lot of the brush. In one of the clearings, near an open stretch of water, there were a couple of makeshift feed troughs: hollow logs that had been split and the ends boarded up, and set up on rickety legs. There were a few dribbles of ground corn in one of them, and signs of some other kind of feed; and I thought: Emil must have given the cattle supplementary vitamins when he first drove them down here, not trusting the winter-cured grasses to be sufficient.

Later on I found a shady stretch of clean gravel. I ate my lunch there, and then I lay on my back and looked up through the trees at the sky and the clouds that kept moving in from the southwest, and I drowsed off.

It was late afternoon when I woke up and started home. I headed east through the jungle, passing a few scattered cows and steers and calves once in a while. After a long time, sweaty and scratched from the brush and bothered by swarms of mosquitoes and gnats, I finally reached the road I'd been hunting for. And when I reached the intersection with the old highway and turned east again, I met my stepfather and the jeep.

He stopped. "Do any good?"

"I didn't see any squirrels," I said, wiping sweat from my forehead. The clouds seemed to filter only the hottest part of the sunlight through into the sultry, breezeless valley. I looked in the jeep and saw the shotgun lying between the seats, and a coffee jug and a slicker and a grease-stained package I guessed was food. "You must be planning to stay a while," I said.

He nodded. "After I put out the salt I thought I might work out some of the old roads," he said. "Might find some man sign, or stumble onto some kind of something. Didn't see anything suspicious anywhere, did you?"

"No, sir," I said. "I might mention the mosquitoes are bad, if you're interested." It sounded forced and silly.

"Well, I thought I'd stay after dark a few hours; just sit and listen," he said and grinned his maddening grin. "Man might hear something, never can tell. But if the mosquitoes get too bad, I'll head for home right fast, I imagine."

IT WAS after seven when I got home, and the sun had broken clear again and slanted in over the valley, painting the jungle with molten reds and hot greens and deep purple-blue shadows. I stood by the barn after I turned the horse into the holding pasture and looked down into the valley and remembered how it was down there, and I didn't envy the old man. I didn't envy me, either, having to go back down there with Eddie after I got back from what would probably be a lonely vigil at the schoolhouse.

Barbara was getting supper. "Is there anything cold to drink?" I asked her. "I'm parched."

"There's beer in the refrigerator," she said indifferently.

"You look kind of lopsided with that chip on your shoulder," I said. She sniffed, and I got a bottle of the cold beer and took it out on the screened porch. I was coming back with the empty bottle when the telephone rang. I picked it up; it was Eddie calling from Rockville.

"Listen," he said, "the truck broke down. The garage says it'll be midnight or later before they can have it fixed. I figure I might as well stay here tonight and take in the sale tomorrow. I guess our coon hunt is off."

I wasn't sorry to hear it. "Okay," I said. "I got a headache anyway. I'd just as soon postpone the ordeal."

He ignored my headache. "Listen, Mike," he said. "What caused the truck to foul up, the oil-drain plug was loose and most of the oil leaked out. I got a funny feeling about it. While it was parked back of the beer joint, somebody might of tampered with it—and Goober Yarboe hates my guts since I flattened him that time he annoyed Barbara at the dance. I figure he might of done it out of spite. And he's the guy we're depending on to put a stop to the rustling. Nice, huh?"

"Nice," I said. "Well, there'll be another dance sometime."

"There's a real one here tonight," Eddie said. "And I'm taking it in with a gorgeous blonde, so don't feel too sorry for me."

I said I wouldn't, and we hung up, and I told Barbara he wouldn't be home for supper. I went upstairs and took a long, cold shower and started feeling better. But the weather fixed that. When I came out of the bathroom it was raining again—only a quick, short shower, but it might just be warming up, getting ready for a good one. And if it rained tonight, Myra surely wouldn't be at the schoolhouse.

While I got dressed, I started wondering what Myra wanted to talk about, why she had seemed so urgent. But speculation was a dangerous pastime, considering the circumstances, so I pushed it out of my mind. Looking in the mirror, combing my hair, I asked myself: What has George got that I haven't got? A hollow, mocking voice in my mind said it for me: Myra.

When Barbara called me to supper, I met her mother, who was going to chaperon us during the meal. Mrs. Heath was a frail little wisp of a woman with beautiful eyes and thin hands and a fragile appearance in general, but she was jolly and a lot like her daughter.

I COULDN'T eat for thinking about nine o'clock. I had butterflies in my stomach and my palms felt damp, and although the meal was good, I couldn't get with it. But Barbara wasn't concerned about my appetite. However, she registered some concern about my stepfather.

"He shouldn't be down there after dark," she said.

"It isn't dark yet," I said.

"Nevertheless," she said, "it soon will be, and he took food and coffee with him, so he'll *stay* after dark, and he *shouldn't.*"

"He'll be all right," I said. "Stop fretting about him."

"How old is he?" she asked, and I had to stop and figure it out. My mother would have been fifty-two if she'd lived, and he was fifteen years older than that. "He's only sixty-seven," I said. "And he's hale and hearty. You don't need to feel concern for him, Barbara."

"Well, he shouldn't be roaming around down there by himself after dark in that creepy place," she insisted stubbornly. "Not *alone.*"

I understood what she was trying to say. "Look," I said. "It would be impossible to find him down there now. So do you mind if I don't even try?" I looked at the clock: seven forty-five.

Barbara lapsed into a thoughtful silence, and I drank iced tea and toyed with my food, and after a while Mrs. Heath excused herself. After that her daughter and I sat there listening to the whippoorwills and frogs. Maybe she was thinking about her boss, but I was preoccupied with schoolhouses.

When she got up and began clearing the table, I offered to dry dishes, just to kill time. She accepted with alacrity. Neither of us seemed to have anything much to say for a while, and pretty soon Barbara said, "What's gnawing on you? You're so quiet!"

I had to be cute about it. "It's you," I said. "Here we are, all alone in a romantic kitchen. I'm fighting temptation."

She snatched the dish towel out of my hand. "Go fight it somewhere else," she said. "I might break a plate—over your head."

I told her to relax. "You're safe," I said. "I was joshing."

She scowled ferociously. "For that uncomplimentary statement, you deserve a glass hat more than ever."

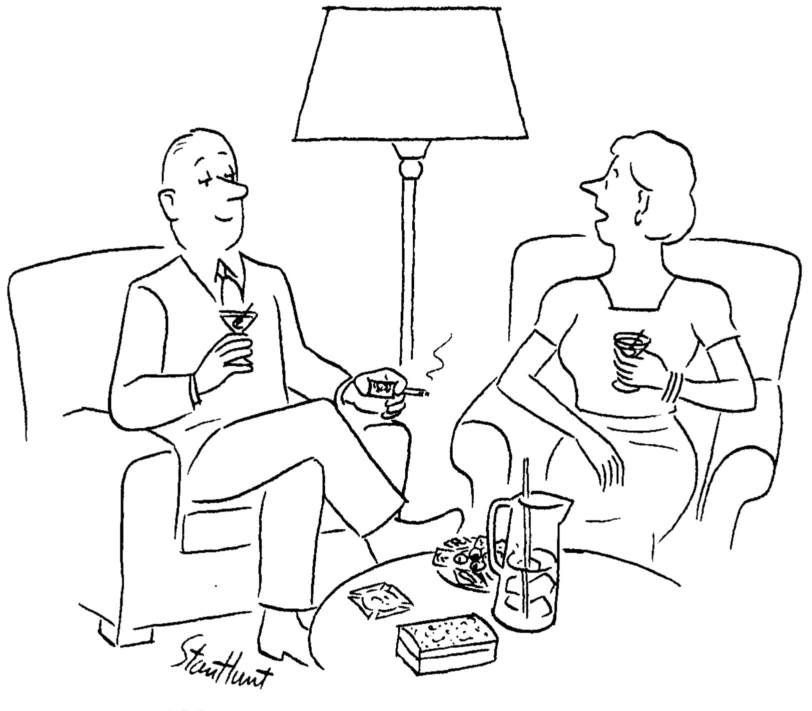
We laughed a couple of forced laughs and I looked at the clock, thinking: Surely it's later than that! Fumbling for a cigarette I thought about the perverse nature of the human animal. Here I was with a very attractive, pleasant, charming unmarried girl in a situation fraught with romantic possibilities, and all I could think about was going to a dark, lonely schoolhouse and hanging around like a haunt, hoping to have some sort of conversation with a married woman.

"Barbara," I said, "don't think I haven't truly enjoyed this charming little get-together, but I really must be going now."

"You bore me too," she said with asperity. "Say hello to Mrs. Hanley for me, huh, Mike?"

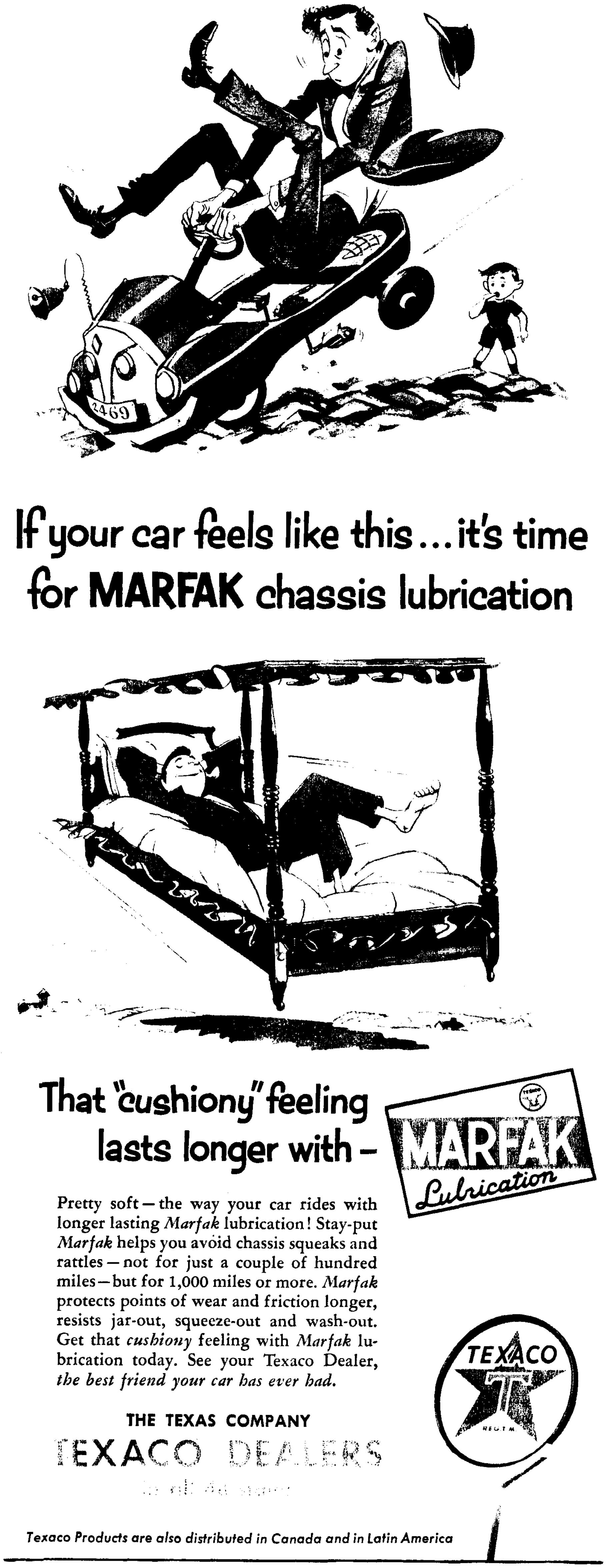
"What are you talking about?" I said. "That wasn't a very funny remark."

She flushed a little, but she didn't back down. "Nobody watches a clock the way you've been doing unless it's a pretty big deal," she said. "And I happen to know that George usually goes fishing down in the valley every



"These cocktail-party ideas you get are nice, dear, but don't you think sometimes we ought to invite people?"

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT



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night. Anyway, relax; I was just doing a little fishing myself."

"You have a low mind," I told her.

"Oh, I don't know," she said airily. "I thought I got a little nibble there for a second. Haven't you got a new battle scar tonight?"

Automatically, I touched the burlap burn on my temple, and she grinned, and I felt foolish. "Look, monster," I said, "I'm just going to go drink some beer with Floyd, if you don't object."

She said she didn't object, and I got out of there. She is beginning to get on my nerves, I thought, always digging—a rookie scandalmonger, that cook of Emil's . . .

THE schoolhouse was about a quarter of a mile south of the one-block business district, so I didn't have to go through town to get there. The frame building was set in the corner of a field, next to a grove of shade trees that merged with a dense growth of scrub oak, which walled in the south and east sides of the field.

I parked my car about three hundred yards south of the schoolhouse, well off the road on an old wagon trail, and walked the rest of the way. I made a tour of inspection around the building and then posted myself on the front steps as a lookout. Wanting a smoke badly, I voted against it, even though the untrimmed shrubbery around the building probably would have shielded the glow from any shadowy enemies. Sitting on the wooden steps, I listened to the whippoorwills, a distant dog barking fretfully, a thin blare of radio music from a house somewhere, and the usual hundreds of crickets and tree toads that pipe monotonously on wet, still, summer nights.

The town had no street lights, and I watched the flickering lightning all along the horizon, and the infrequent flash of headlights. Once a car came toward the schoolhouse and then turned south past it, and I crouched behind the shrubbery like a guilty prowler, listening to the rattling of the car as it faded into silence down the road.

A couple of times my jumpy mind told me I had seen a silhouette of a man or woman briefly in the distance, but I didn't hear Myra until she came onto the sidewalk. She took me by surprise and I leaped up, as ready to run as a sneak thief.

"Mike?" she called softly.

"Yes," I said. She came right into my arms. I hadn't expected it—maybe I had daydreamed that it might happen, but I certainly didn't expect it to. She came against me and put her arms around me and clutched me like a drowning person, pushing against me, and after a startled second I held her.

"Oh, Mike, darling!" she murmured, her voice ragged.

I didn't know what to say; she had me there.

"Oh, Mike," she said, "what are we going to *do?*"

I hadn't given it any thought, and I wasn't sure if she meant now, or just eventually. She felt wonderfully soft, and she smelled clean and sweet—I remembered the perfume, even after three years—and her breath was warm on my cheek. She moved her mouth then, searching; and I kissed her in the old way. Her lips clung to mine hungrily and I stopped breathing.

It was a long, dizzy kind of kiss and it shook me and numbed me, and I thought: Right now would be the time to die, while this lasts, because when this ends we'll be right back where we started from, in a clandestine, unlawful assembly. But when it was over, it wasn't a sudden return to reality, and I held her lithe, trembling body in my arms and thought bitterly: This is what I lost, this is what George stole from me.

"Why, Horace Langley! How did that novel of yours turn out?"

COLLIER'S CHARLES STRAUSS

"Oh, Mike, I'm so miserable," Myra said tremulously. "I'm so unhappy. Oh, it's all wrong, all wrong!"

"This?" I asked her. "Being here together, you mean?" Sure it was wrong. There is one of the Commandments that can be loosely interpreted to mean that a man shouldn't kiss his ex-sweetheart in front of the schoolhouse while hoping her husband won't get wind of it. But at the moment, kissing Myra seemed to be one of the few right things left in the world. The world was wrong, not us.

"I made a ghastly, terrible mistake, darling," she said huskily. *Mistake* had a familiar ring; I remembered where I'd read it—in the Dear John epistle she'd written. One mistake never cancels out a previous error, I thought, and she said, "Kiss me, Mike."

I kissed her, but this time it wasn't as rapturous, or something. The world had crept into our little dream again—blurred music from a radio and a dog barking. Okay, I thought. Where does this go? I don't want to be just the man she meets in dark places while George is running his trotlines. Where do we go from here? And so I asked a question I'd been carrying around for two years and hurting myself with: "Why did you do it to me, honey?"

"I don't know; I don't *know.* I was insane," she said. "You weren't here and I was so terribly afraid for you and so lonely. It was like my mind and heart rebelled, I couldn't bear it any longer, I wanted to stop loving you—and stop being all torn apart with fear and worry. I thought I *did* stop, but I was wrong. So wrong."

That was a pretty good explanation, for a quick job, I thought. But it was a little hard to follow. It wasn't simple enough. "But why George?" I said. "Why did it have to be George Hanley?"

"He was here," she said, with a kind of stark simplicity. "He was always after me to go places. And he *can* be sweet and thoughtful—when he has to be. He was so—so *insidious,* damn him; and all the time he was lying. Oh, he was so *false!*"

"How do you mean, false?" I asked, wishing I hadn't brought up the subject of George Hanley. "How did he lie to you?"

"He swore we'd go somewhere else to live, and he wouldn't be a doormat for his stingy old father any more," she said. "He promised we'd live in Tulsa or Fort Smith or somewhere, but it was all lies—lies."

She was making out a good case against George, but I wasn't sure she was doing the plaintiff much good. Just for a split second there I had *almost* understood a pretty vital point, but then it eluded me and was gone.

Headlights flashed on the main street and came toward us, and Myra began to shake and generally go to pieces. "It might be him!" she said.

"Hadn't he left yet when you came here?" I asked, alarmed.

"I thought he had, but the panel truck was in the alley behind the beer joint. He mustn't find us here, Mike, he mustn't!"

He sure mustn't, I thought, and then the car turned north at the corner. But I didn't relax. When the headlights had swept across the corner of the schoolyard they had momentarily outlined a dark object that hadn't been there before, an object like a man hunkering down trying not to be seen.

I started south away from the building, pulling Myra along, whispering for her to keep quiet. Angling onto the road, I hurried her along for fifty yards and then cut into the scrub oak.

"Why are we doing this, Mike?" she asked, as if she wasn't convinced it was necessary.

"Hush, baby," I said, and kept going. If it *was* him and he had a flashlight . . .

It was and he did. Suddenly the beam of the flashlight came around the rear of the schoolhouse, moving fast toward the road. George was running, trying to catch us by surprise. He must have tailed her, I thought, he must have seen her coming this way and guessed. If it hadn't been for that car . . .

CROUCHING with Myra behind a clump of wet bushes, I had a very chilling thought: Wronged Husband Slays Wife's Lover. It seemed likely that George would have a gun—a gun was his courage.

I pulled Myra deeper into the woods, going away from the road. Then I saw the beam of the flashlight going around the building again, its glare zigzagging on the ground; and then the beam went out entirely, and that was worse. He's thinking now, I thought. Not knowing which way he might go next was very depressing.

After tripping over logs and stumps and getting thoroughly wet from the dripping undergrowth, we came to the edge of the woods east of the schoolhouse and stopped. I felt grimy and itchy, and my mind felt that way too. It was a very unpleasant situation.

"What am I going to do?" Myra whispered. And then she said wildly, "Take me away, Mike. Let's go away from this miserable town."

It would be easy enough. We could

"This is the stuff I busted when I was two years old. This is the stuff I busted when I was three. This is the stuff I busted . . ."

COLLIER'S AL KAUFMAN

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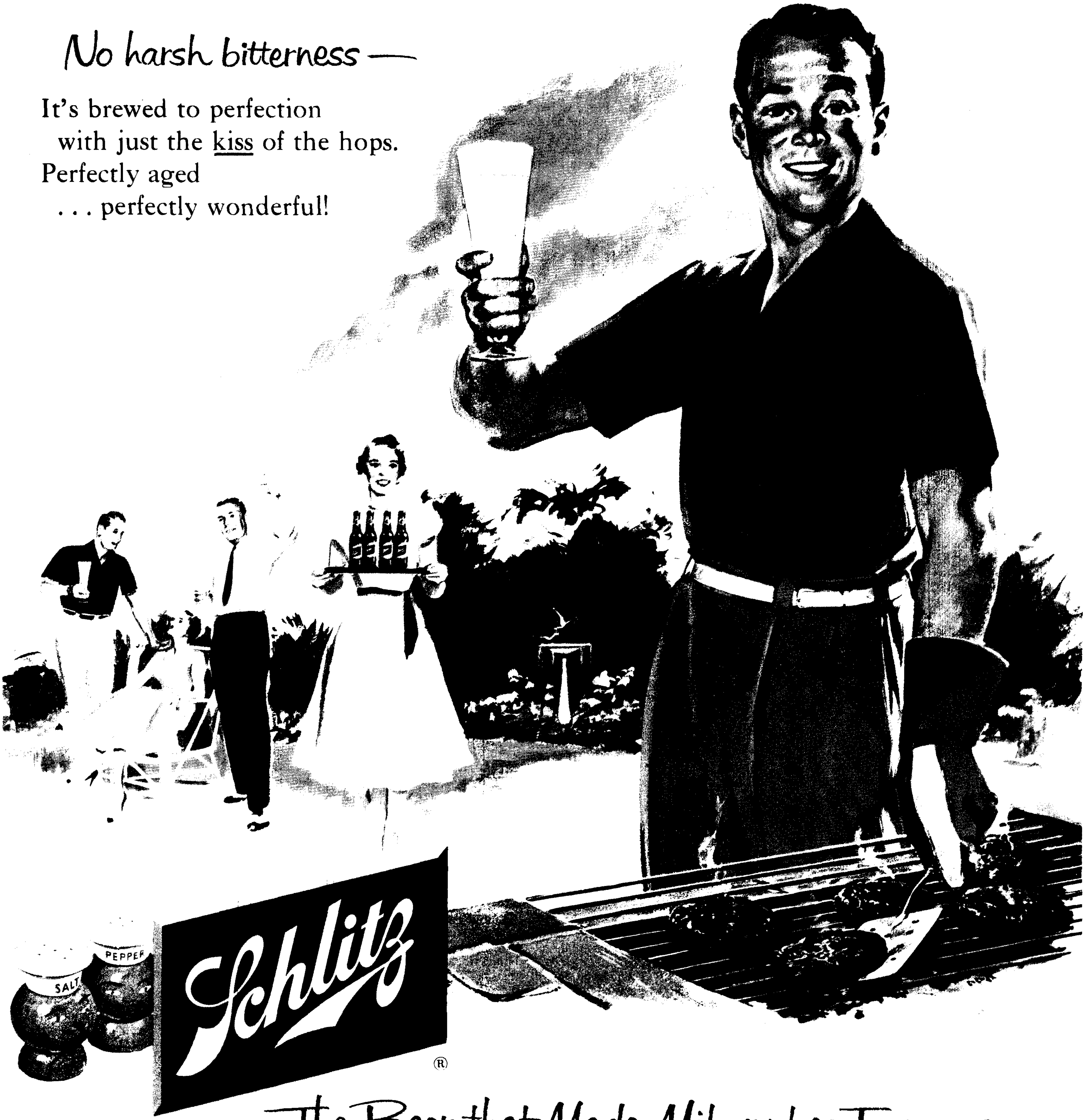


The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous

© 1954—Jos. Schlitz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis., Brooklyn, N. Y., Los Angeles, Calif.

get in my car and start driving and be hundreds of miles away by morning. And what if she *was* legally wed to somebody else? Nobody would know the difference in Alaska, or somewhere like that.

We'd know, I thought. We'd always know, and what kind of life would it be for us? I didn't know, but I didn't want to do anything spur of the moment, and I said, "We can't do it that way, baby. We can't just run."

"He'll do something awful," she said, shivering.

"No, he won't," I said. And suddenly, standing there in the wet woods in the silence, I got an inkling of George's side of it. Right now he must be in a special kind of tortured hell, I thought. Myra said, "I'll go to Sylvia's tonight. I'll tell him I was there all the time—Sylvia will back me up; she doesn't like him."

She had a shrewd brain in her lovely head, all right. And then she said, "You remember Sylvia Mangussen? She married Bo Glenn, and she lives three blocks north of the schoolhouse. She'll help me."

I was watching the dark hulk of the building, and I saw the flashlight again. He was on the road now, going south. So I pulled Myra out of the trees and started across the open field back of the schoolhouse. "Show me the way," I said.

"I'll tell Sylvia we had a fight," she said. "She hates George."

"She does?" I said. Poor George—everybody was against him, it looked like. "What about Bo?" I asked her.

"He's in the Army," she said. "My dress is all wet, but I can wear one of Sylvia's; we're the same size."

A little later I said, "What happened after the deal at the store today, Myra?"

She said, "George hasn't spoken to me since." Her voice was subtly different now. At the schoolhouse it had been soft, anguished, emotional. Now it was, well, kind of brittle, I guess. It bothered me. All of it bothered me.

A little farther along she stopped me. "I'd better go on alone, darling," she said. She kissed me, quickly. "I'll call you, or get word to you, Mike, or something. I'll think of something. Oh, darling"—she clutched my hand—"you *do* want me, don't you?"

I pulled her against me and kissed her hard and let her go. "So long, baby," I said. "Good luck. You better go now."

"Good-by, just for now, darling," she said, and then she was gone, and I stood there feeling confused and a little sad. Hell of a way to spend an evening, I thought.

When I got back to the schoolyard, I waited, and, sure enough, George finally thought about Sylvia's house. The beam of the flashlight came bobbing up the road, and after a minute or so I eased out of hiding and went on down to my car.

THERE was a light in the kitchen when I got back to the ranch, but Barbara had knocked off for the day—and when I looked in the bathroom mirror and saw the lipstick smeared on my face I was thankful that she hadn't been there to see it. All of a sudden I wasn't proud of the lipstick. I scrubbed it off viciously.

After I had got out of my wet clothes and put on a T-shirt and jeans, I didn't know what to do next. Downstairs I tried listening to the radio, but the static was awful. There was beer in the refrigerator and I got out a bottle, but then I changed my mind and put it back. Looking at the kitchen clock, I was surprised to learn it wasn't nine thirty yet; the evening's events had seemed to take much longer than that. I went out the back door, seeing the soft glow of lights in the tenant house, and stood in the yard for a minute or two, feeling restless and tense, and finally I got in my car and drove back to New Squaw Valley and parked in front of the beer joint.

FLOYD was sitting alone at one of the tables in the rear, and I started back there. Before I had gone two steps a door opened in the partition and Goober Yarboe, wearing old clothes and a sour look, walked over to Floyd's table and said something. Floyd stared sullenly at the table and shook his head stubbornly, and for a second I thought Goober was going to hit him. I could have sworn he started to hit him. But then Goober saw me coming and he looked disgusted.

COLLIER'S "I want to know why you withdrew your request for a parole" CHARLES E. MARTIN

"Howdy, Goober," I said.

"Whatta you want, Linden?" he asked sourly. He wasn't pleased to have me interrupt, but I thought Floyd seemed relieved about it.

"How much do you get for it?" I asked Goober.

"For what?" he said.

"You asked what I wanted, and I asked you how much you get for it? I'll take a pint if it's cheap."

His hooded eyes stared out at me from their deep sockets. "You're gettin' smart with me," he said, looking sinister. "I don't like guys that get smart with me, Linden."

"Hello, Floyd," I said, and Floyd tried to focus his eyes on me but wasn't able to manage it. I pulled out a chair and sat down.

"You're ridin' fer a fall, Linden," Goober said huskily. "Don't push your luck. You're messin' with the law, don't never forget."

"Honorary deputy sheriff," I said. "A junior G-man outranks you, Goober. All you need is a stick horse, and you got it made. You can be the Lone Ranger." I guess I wanted trouble. I must have.

"Linden," Goober said hoarsely, "don't you never come in my place again. If you do—well, just try it an' find out, boy. Just try it."

"Good night, Goober," I said, not satisfied with mere threats, wanting to know how it felt to have a knife in my entrails, maybe, nudging Goober and making it awfully hard for him to back up. But he backed up. He glared murderously at me, and then abruptly he wheeled and stomped away, going through the door and slamming it behind him.

"Mike, buddy, you shouldn't do 'at," Floyd said, wagging a finger at me. "Shouldn't mess aroun' with ole Goober like 'at, buddy."

"What was he jumping on you about, Floyd?" I asked.

"Man want me do somethin' for 'im, but I din' wanna do it," he said, shaking his head sadly. "But you shouldn't talk to ole Goober 'at way, Mike. He *killed* a man one time."

"Floyd, you're a damn' lush," I said brutally.

"'At'sa fack, 'at'sa fack," he agreed thickly.

I knew something else about my old buddy. He was in terror of Goober Yarboe. I had seen it, naked and ugly, on his face and in his eyes a minute ago. Maybe that was why I had to taunt Goober—so nobody would think I shared Floyd's fear of him.

"May be a lush," Floyd said, looking owlish, "but ole Floyd Ross ain't nobody's fool. Don' mess with Goober Yarboe."

"Why did Kate leave you, Floyd?" I asked him.

He started weeping, still shaking his head. "Don' blame 'er," he said. "No damn' good, Mike. Business went to hell an' ole Floyd got in hock to Goober an' started bein' a lousy lush. Don' blame 'er."

Lighting a cigarette, I looked around at the other customers and then back at Floyd. He was beginning to furnish some of the answers I wanted, and he had some of my attention, but not all of it. Part of my mind was back in the dark woods with Myra, hearing her say, "Take me away, Mike. Let's go away from this miserable town." It was a miserable town, all right—or at least most of the people in it were miserable. Take Floyd, the human wreck, for example. He and I had double-dated back in high school; we had hunted and fished together, and he had been right end on the football team when I was in the backfield. And when he married Kate, I was his best man. We had been business partners. But that had been a different Floyd Ross; this sobbing sot was a stranger.

"Tell me all about it, Floyd," I said. "Unload, boy."

He was holding his head in his hands. "Don' know," he said. "Damn' lake run all our cus'omers away, nobody buyin' farm m'chinery. Got to gamblin' at Goober's poker table inna back room. Lost. Drinkin' an' gamblin', an' lost more. On his hook for plenty, Mike. He's holdin' three, four IOUs on me." He turned and sent a blearily hating kind of look at the door Goober had gone through. "Damn' convick! Crook. Goober's a card shark, 'at's what he is."

"Gambling is illegal in Oklahoma," I said. "You don't have to pay illegal debts, Floyd. Tell Goober to go soak his head."

Floyd shook his head. "He killed a man one time, Mike. Remember?"

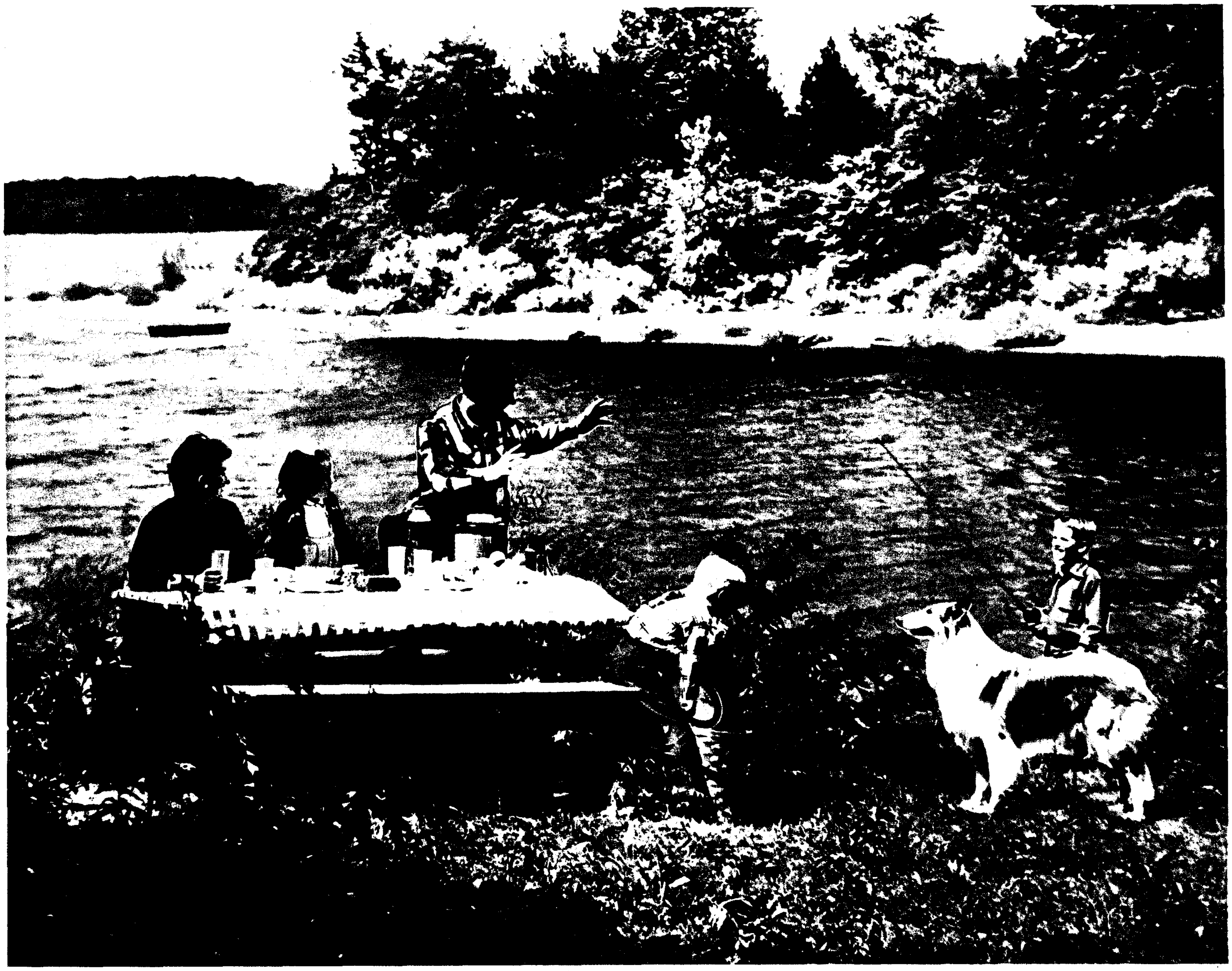
I REMEMBERED. I remembered a different Floyd, too, and now I looked at him, trying to imagine how he might feel, facing ruin and probably divorce and the prospect of starting all over again alone somewhere. But his ruin was my ruin, so far as the business was concerned, and I also faced the prospect of starting all over somewhere. But I wouldn't be leaving the ruins of a marriage behind, like Floyd—unless it was the ruins of George Hanley's marriage.

I had no way of knowing how far down Floyd had gone. Maybe the business could be salvaged, if he'd pull himself together and stop hitting the bottle. He could sell out the rest of his current stock somewhere, try to borrow a little capital, and switch over to the sporting-goods business. With the new lake, fishing tackle and outboard motors ought to be hot items. In fact, come to think of it, I was surprised that nobody had put in a sporting-goods store in New Squaw Valley yet. It was a virgin field.

Floyd blew his nose on a gray handkerchief and pushed the thin hair back over his bald spot and sighed weakly, and I thought: He's gone too far down the wrong road. In real life, people don't get rehabilitated unless they can afford psychiatry. I sighed too.

"Come on, Floyd," I said, getting up. "I'll take you home."

"Home?" he said. "You call 'at pigpen home? Won' ever be home any more, Mike. Katie ain't there any more. She's gone, Mike." He started crying again, and I got the hell out of there, wondering if there was anybody in the town I could envy. Not Floyd. Not George. Not Eddie, facing his hitch in the Army; or Emil, who had lost over twenty head of white-faced calves and who would be a lonely old man with Eddie gone. And certainly not Goober Yarboe, who wanted to be respected and admired, and only managed to be feared and distrusted and laughed at behind his back. Why would a man



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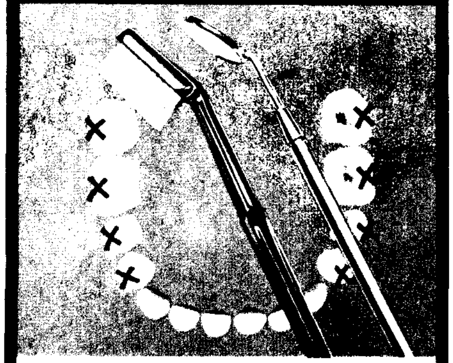

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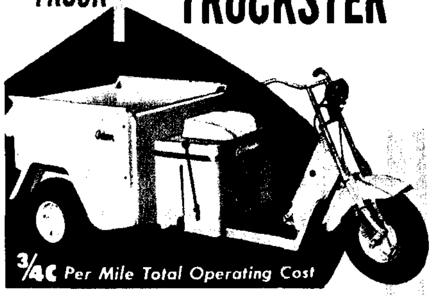
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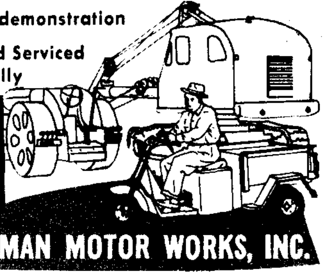

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ever come back to a place where he would always be thought of as a guy who had once killed a man with a knife? No, I didn't envy Goober Yarboe.

Well, I thought, does anybody envy *me?* Why not? I didn't have to stay in New Squaw Valley; I wasn't homesick for the Sand Kitchen hills any more—or for the wild, desolate Squaw River Valley either.

SEVERAL times before morning I woke up. Once I heard a mockingbird and saw moonlight on the window sill and broken clouds edged in silver. Once I woke up feeling chilly, and pulled the light quilt up over me and breathed deep of the good, clean, rain-wet woods smell before I went back to sleep. I didn't dream about Myra; I didn't dream about anything that I could remember. But each time, I had come awake with a start, with a heavy feeling of gloom and disaster, an uneasiness I couldn't account for.

When I woke up the last time, it was morning, with a cool gusty breeze blowing the curtains, and I lay there a while hearing the world come awake and start its lazy summer-in-the-country routine. Birds twittered and gabbled in the trees outside the windows, and somebody was rattling pots and pans in the kitchen. When the savory smell of coffee drifted upstairs, I felt it was time to roll out.

Barbara looked fresh and energetic, wide-awake and full of cheerful self-confidence. She was one of those rare people who give you a lift, who make you want to be friends. Very few people are like that, but she was; and it was wonderful to bump into her at that grumpy time of day.

"Coffee?" she said, very chipper.

"Yes, ma'am," I said. The clock said it was ten after six. "You just get up?"

"Hah!" she said scornfully. "I've been up a long time. I'll have you know I've milked two cows already, and separated." She opened the oven door and looked in and added, "I have also made biscuits, and there is country butter and strawberry preserves to go with 'em, bub."

"You're talking my language," I said. "How come you're so friendly this morning, Barbara?"

"You mistake politeness for friendliness," Barbara said gravely, with a twinkle in her eyes. "You're the folks I work for."

"Okay," I said. "Where's your boss? Doesn't he eat breakfast?"

"He hasn't come down yet."

I was astonished to hear it. "Emil Zollernback staying in bed this late in the day?" I said. "Ridiculous."

She was scrambling eggs. As she scooped the lemon-yellow eggs onto a small platter and put it on the table she said, "He sleeps later now, usually. Since he had influenza so bad last winter. I think he just does it to please Eddie; he gets a kick out of letting Eddie boss him around."

Nobody had told me the old man had been sick last winter.

"When was he sick?" I asked. "I mean, what month—I forget."

"About the middle of January." She took the biscuits and some broiled bacon out of the oven and put them on the table and looked at the clock. "He'll come down about seven," she said. "And he'll want flour gravy to use on his biscuits. He always wants gravy for breakfast."

"Yes, he always did," I said. "He used to do the cooking himself, after my mother died, and most of the time he fried potatoes nearly every meal. When we got a little jaded with fried potatoes and white gravy, Eddie and I started doing our share of the cooking in self-defense. I fry a mean egg myself."

"Maybe I ought to let him sleep later, if he *doesn't* come down at seven," she said. "I've got orders always to call him at two minutes after seven, if he isn't down, but he was out so late last night—"

"When did he get in?" I asked her.

She laughed. "Don't ask *me,*" she said. "I went to bed at ten, but I always go right to sleep, and the jeep wouldn't have waked me up. Once I slept through a bad storm that blew down trees."

I ate bacon and scrambled eggs, and I polished off half a dozen fluffy biscuits with real cow butter and strawberry preserves, and then I had a cigarette with my third cup of coffee.

"Barbara," I said, "you're a genuine chef. You'd make some man a fine cook."

"I know it," she said. "I like cooking, that's why I'm good." She grinned. "Why should I deny it if it's true?"

"I don't like false modesty either," I said.

"Also, in case you hadn't noticed, I'm a tidy housekeeper."

"I noticed," I said. "You're sort of cute, too."

That got a mild blush out of her, and she finished eating rather self-consciously, with me watching her and thinking that she even *ate* with a good deal of natural talent. Presently she finished and sat there, fiddling with her coffee cup, and I finished the cigarette and wondered what to do with myself after breakfast, and wondered what sort of dreams Myra had encountered during the hectic night.

"Well then, since I talk such a good job of housekeeping," Barbara said abruptly, "maybe I ought to come up with some tangible proof."

She cleared the table and exchanged an ash tray for my saucer, and got busy at the sink, and I sat there thinking about Myra and not feeling it much, just thinking, a little puzzled as to the next move. Was I supposed to telephone her, or go buy some more salt, or what? Maybe I could exchange some of the yellow block salt for some of that lovely bruised pink. Only all of the yellow was down in the valley where Emil had scattered it for his cows, and I didn't want to go down in the mosquito-infested jungle. The sooner Lake Tawkella covered that ugly wilderness the better, I thought.

I said, "On an eleven-hundred-acre steak farm, there might conceivably be something I could do to while away the long hours. Have you got any suggestions, chef?"

Barbara turned and said, "Why don't you go fishing?"

It was another gloomy day, promising more rain, but sometimes a rainy day turns out to be sensational for catching fish. "Urge me," I said.

"Last week Eddie caught a six-pound black bass," she said.

"You talked me into it," I said. "I'll go fishing."

"I just wanted to get you out from underfoot," she said.

So I went upstairs and found my casting rod and the twelve-dollar reel, well-oiled and in good shape—as if maybe Eddie had been lending it to himself in my absence. My plug kit was intact, and my hip boots were hanging in the closet with my plastic rain jacket. Everything was right where it should be, as if the three years since I'd been home had only been three days; and there wasn't any dust anywhere in my room or on my stuff. Somebody was a tidy housekeeper, all right. I found an old baseball cap to wear, and I was the compleat angler. I went downstairs, hearing tuneless whistling coming from the screened porch. She was sweeping in rhythm. It was too bad she couldn't carry a melody, I thought.

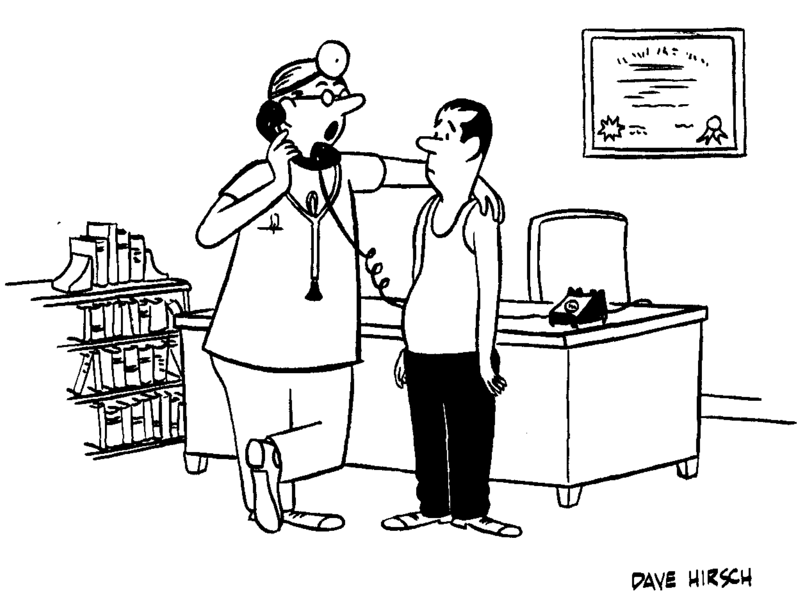
"I'm on my way," I called.

"All right," she said. "Have fun."

It was a short walk down across the barn pasture to Emil's smaller breeding pond. On the way I worked up a little bit of excited anticipation. I would dearly love to tangle with a six-pound bass, like Eddie did, I said to myself. Six pounds is a real "monister."

THAT reminded me how, when we were kids, Floyd always used to say monister. It had got to be a joke with us. Any undersized but scrappy fish we happened to land, we'd say, "Man, get a load of that monister."

It made me feel old and world-weary, remembering Floyd in his carefree boyhood days and then thinking of the way he was now, a chronic toss-



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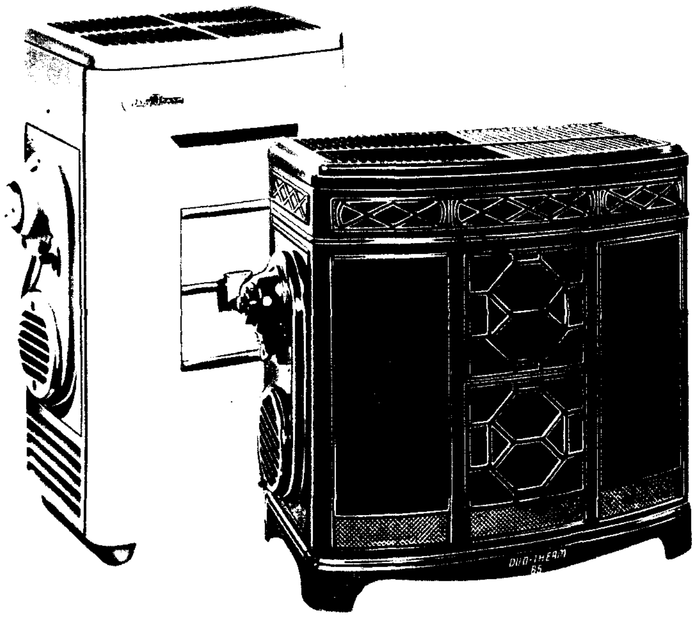

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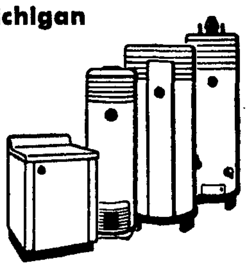

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pot, a balding man with problems, a *defeated* man.

At the pond I started teasing a big, lazy son of a gun and finally he struck the way he was supposed to, and the battle was on.

That's how it was when Barbara came running down, panic in her eyes.

"He isn't there!" she yelled.

I had to come down to earth first. I said, "Who isn't where?"

"Mr. Zollernback! He isn't in his room!"

The fish broke water, a dandy, four pounds at least, and I tried to make an equitable distribution of my attention, aware that Mr. Bass wasn't hooked too securely, and trying to grasp the other fact, about Mr. Zollernback's room being vacant.

"His bed hasn't been slept in," Barbara wailed.

I had to get rid of the fish. When he jumped and shook the plug viciously, I gave the big line sider slack and he *succeeded.* Reeling in the plug, I unsnapped it from the nylon leader and put it back in the kit and started for the house, beginning to feel numb, beginning to understand what the empty room might mean: he hadn't come out of the valley at all—he was down there *still;* he'd been there all night!

THERE wasn't any logic in checking to make sure the jeep wasn't in the car shed, but I did, like a man in a trance, trying to think my way out of the shock and decide what was best to do. What I had to do was go see about him fast. An old man like Emil wouldn't stay down there in the damp, mosquito- and snake-ridden swampy bottoms all night of his own accord, I thought; and I made my mind stop panicking and start making sense.

First, Eddie had to know. "Listen," I said to Barbara, "call Rockville—get the sale barn and tell them to try to locate Eddie. Get the police looking for him, if Rockville *has* police. Tell them it's an emergency, tell them to send Eddie home as fast as he can come."

"I should have checked," she sobbed. "*Eddie* would have checked."

"Eddie would have gone with him," I said miserably. "Look, don't go to pieces on me, honey. Can you saddle a horse?"

"A horse?" she said, and then began to go to pieces anyhow. I slapped her, not hard, just smartly, just enough to snap her out of it. I was angry at myself, not at her; she had *told* me he shouldn't be down there after dark alone.

"I'm sorry," she cried. "I'll be all right, Mike."

"Don't borrow trouble," I said. "Maybe something went wrong with the jeep. Look, honey, saddle two horses. *Two.* I'll go ahead in my car, but a jeep could go places my car won't go and we may need horses."

"Two horses," she said, nodding and wiping her eyes.

"Bring blankets and a jug of hot coffee—and whisky, if there is any. Bring any kind of medical or first-aid kit you have," I said, racking my brain to think if I was leaving anything undone. I had a bad thought, a shuddery thought, and I said gently, "Honey, he used to keep a snake-bite kit around. Do you know if he still does?"

She shivered. "Y-yes, I'll bring it, Mike."

"Leave Eddie a note," I said. "Tell him everything."

"All right," she said, throwing her head back and looking small and tough and determined. "I won't forget any of it. I'm sorry I slopped over. Please hurry, Mike."

I nodded and headed for my car. I'm sorry too, I thought with an awful sense of guilt. Eddie wouldn't have let him go down there by himself, and Barbara tried to get me to go—only I had a date to meet George Hanley's wife at the schoolhouse; I was too busy. I got in the car and went gunning out of the driveway and turned down the bumpy road into the valley.

When the road leveled out across the valley floor I thought of a gun, but it didn't seem very important. I had a morbid hunch it was too late for guns, if guns had ever been necessary. I thought: I should have arranged some kind of signal to let Barbara know when I found the jeep—*if* I found it. I'll honk the horn, I thought, and she ought to be able to follow my tracks through the wet grass and brush.

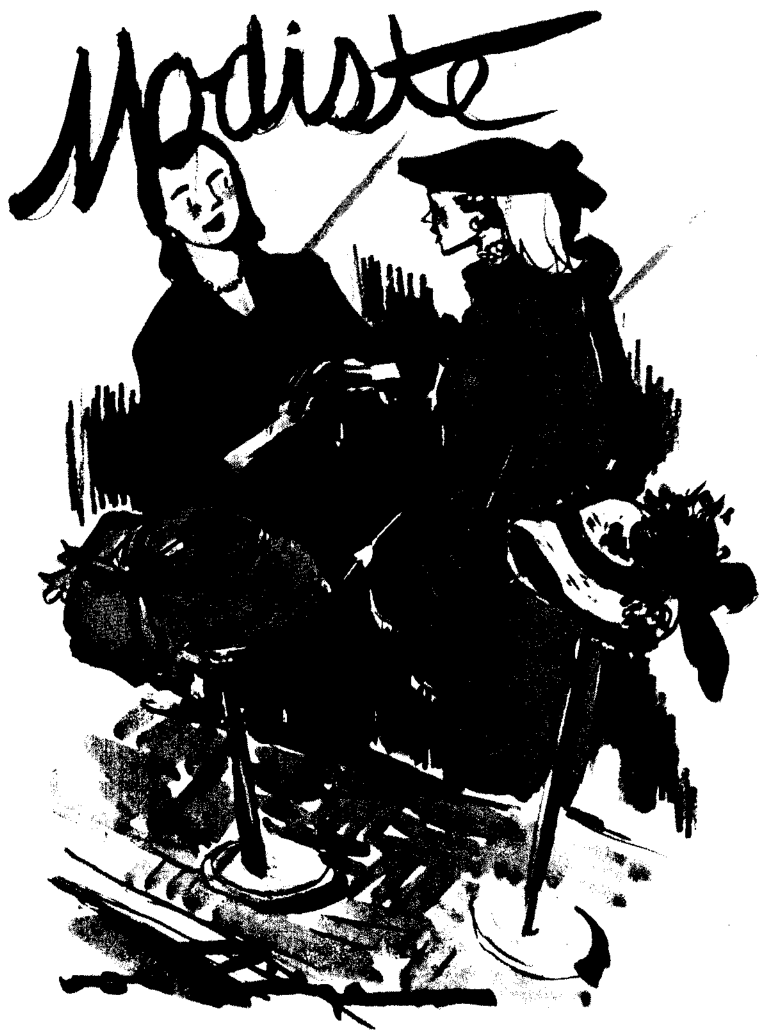
The bad part was that I didn't have *the faintest idea where to start looking.* Emil had said he was going to drive out some of the old roads, and there were miles of abandoned road. When I reached the crossroad I stopped. North? South? Straight on west? Getting out of the car, I searched for tire marks and found none. The rain yesterday evening would have obscured them anyhow, even if the hard, grass-matted road had shown tracks in the first place. I drove on to the far edge of the old town, where two more roads branched off, north and south. Finally, because I had to move, I decided to turn south now, thinking I might have to try *all* of the damn' roads before I was through. I got in and gunned the car in a fast turn so that the back wheels skidded a little; that way Barbara wouldn't have much trouble seeing which way I'd gone.

The wall of brush on either side of this road was unbroken, except for narrow openings where cow trails entered. The farther I went the more sure I felt that I was going in the wrong direction. I've guessed wrong, I thought drearily, feeling defeated before I even got started, and after a while I stopped the car.

Getting out of the car, I climbed onto the hood and looked out across the top of the green jungle of brush. It struck me as being probably the most futile gesture I'd made yet. I wouldn't be able to see the jeep; a moving van would have been hard to find down here. I was about to jump down when I saw specks in the sky far off to the southwest, above Big Nose Bluff. At first I thought they were gnats within arm's reach of me. But then I realized *what they were, and I was scared.*

THEY were buzzards, wheeling high above the tall trees down at the edge of the rising lake. There were no specks against the gray overcast anywhere else; the buzzards were concentrated at that one spot. Looking out across the jungle of rank, choking brush, I counted them: eight or nine, I couldn't be sure.

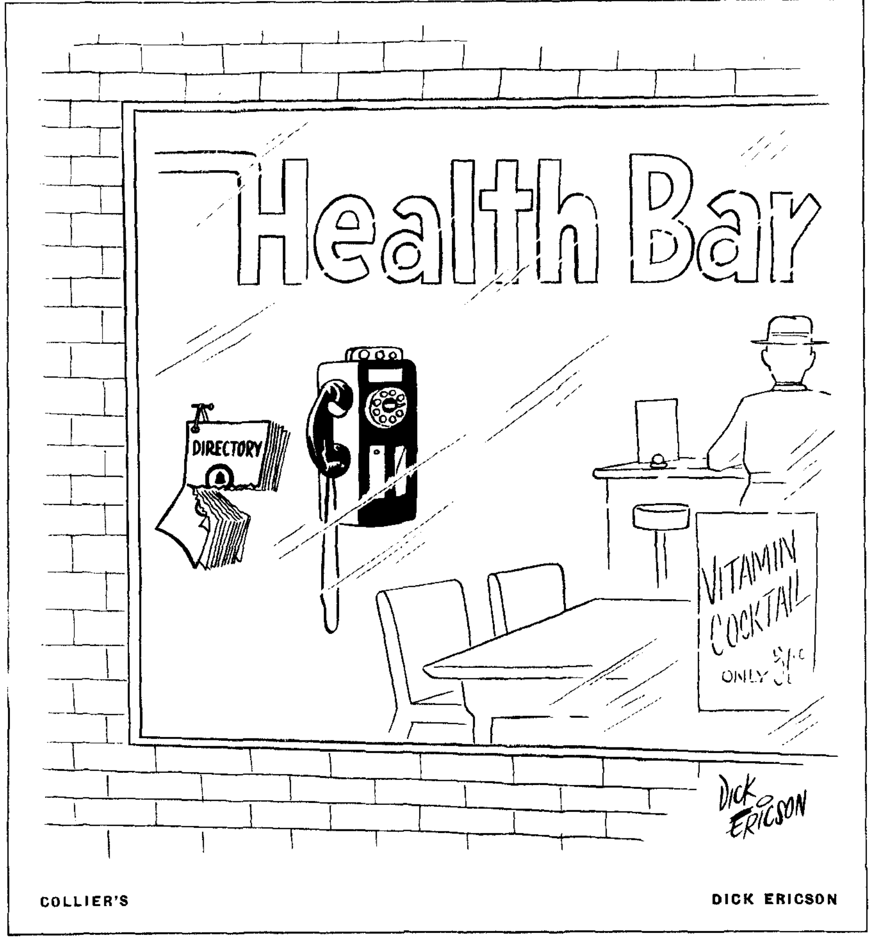
My knees felt weak as I jumped down off the hood of the car. I shivered inside my sweat-damp clothes. I drove on south, toward Bull Tongue Creek, which emptied into the river at the bluffs. I drove too fast, the sedan ripping and tearing through the briar-



COLLIER'S

"My husband just bought a $200 set of golf clubs. I'd like to see something to get even with him"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



COLLIER'S DICK ERICSON

clotted lane, and I didn't slow down and think until a cow ambled out of the high shinnery and almost caused a wreck. It was a Zollernback cow with a full bag, but no calf followed her. And almost as soon as she stepped off the road she was lost from sight.

Whenever I could, I checked the buzzards. They seemed to be holding a death watch, all right; wheeling and circling above a definite and specific spot near the bone-colored granite bluffs. I began watching the brush on the right side. There was another of those narrow openings suddenly, and a sapling on one side of the opening was broken down, with the bark scraped off. I turned in. The sapling wasn't indisputable proof, but it was the best I could do, I thought.

There was a road of sorts, long unused except for this one recent car, undoubtedly the jeep, which had crushed and broken the weeds beside the old track. After a while, I came to a stump field—I knew then the track was a logging road, made by the trucks of loggers cutting out all of the good saw logs after the valley had been condemned. Beyond the stumps there was no road, but there was the plain trail of the old Army-surplus jeep. The jeep had ripped through thickets and ridden down saplings, leaving a drunken trail, but always veering to the southwest. I wondered if there had been a definite purpose in the erratic route.

I KEPT getting nearer to where the buzzards were circling in the sky. They're waiting, I thought. Their time hasn't come yet. Buzzards have a special sense, like radar, a kind of chemical telepathy. They can spot death a long way off and in advance, before it actually happens. They just hover high up in the thermal currents with the awful patience of scavengers, well informed and in no hurry; they are carrion feeders whose dinner can't possibly ever spoil, only ripen.

A cow, I thought, pushing the car where no car ought ever to have to go. A cow that calved all wrong, dying of infection—or a stillborn calf, I thought. But then I threw out the calf idea. Not in July, I thought. Zollernback cows go by a strict schedule; they always come fresh in spring, or in the early autumn—never during the worst of the fly-and-insect months. But it could be a snake-bitten animal, or an injured animal that is dying, I thought, trying to convince myself—or even a *wild* animal of some kind. But Emil Zollernback hadn't come home last night.

The ground soon became slick and muddy; I was in the flood bottoms now, where silt covered the gravel and rocks. The trail now led through stretches of Johnson grass higher than a man on a horse, and through the edges of tough-fibered canebrakes taller than the Johnson grass. There were weeds as thick through at the base as my wrist—and swarms of droning mosquitoes and gnats and rattling, dry-winged grasshoppers, and frantically hopping small frogs. And after a while the silt was too gummy and soft for the sedan. I didn't want to get stuck, so I parked and went on afoot. Now, I thought, was when I needed a horse; and then I thought maybe Emil had a broken leg or something, and I wouldn't want to carry him out on a horse. Well, the jeep went in, I told myself, and it will come out again—if it isn't wrecked or irretrievably stuck in a bog.

Lunging through weeds and fighting my way through and around the canebrakes, and thankful that I had on the snakeproof hip boots, I kept following the jeep's trail. I skirted the edge of a swale brimful of black water, and waded a water-filled ditch where the jeep tracks went in and came out on the far side. Emil must have heard something or seen something or had some very good reason for pushing on after he got down in here, I thought. The valley now looked like pictures I'd seen of the Florida Everglades. And then I pushed through a patch of coarse high weeds and saw a ridge of flood-dumped gravel ahead. The tracks of the jeep went around it, but I climbed to the top of the ridge.

Below me was a strip of mud and gravel, and behind that the black water stretched away, broken only by an occasional thick-foliaged tree. The jeep was partly in the water and partly on the bar of mud—and it was empty.

I started down the other side of the ridge; and as the gravel shifted and rattled under my boots, I sensed, rather than saw, a kind of furtive movement along the water's edge. I stopped and stared at the slanting, slippery, muddy shore line, looking at the turtles. There were so many of them it was as if the whole bank were shifting and sliding into the water. Some of them were as big as dishpans, and the rest ranged down to saucer-sized. There seemed to be several varieties: soft-shelled snapping turtles, and the ugly, stinking, moss-backed old loggerheads—every kind I'd ever seen in the sluggish backwater where Bull Tongue Creek emptied into the river.

I shivered and looked at the jeep again, and then I saw the bullet holes in the windshield.

There were three of them, with the glass cobwebbed and powdered and granulated at the edges of the holes. And there was blood on the driver's seat and on the floor.

The shotgun was gone; the slicker and the package of lunch were gone. I found the coffee jug in back of the seat, with a little coffee still in it. But the rest of his gear was gone, and the empty jeep was mute and ominous and somehow eloquent in the brooding silence. I could smell the fetid stink of the turtles and the water they had polluted, and I could see their tracks in the mud all around the jeep, and I began to feel sick.

Why were they gathered around the jeep? I wondered, and I looked at the dark water and the gloom of the brush and called, "Mr. Zollernback! Hello!"

The heavy silence closed in again, and then I stood petrified, as a huge water bird went flapping and shrieking off through the trees. Its hysterical scream echoed in my mind. When I tried to listen, all I heard was the drone of gnats and mosquitoes and flies, and gurgles out where the turtles had gone.

The *turtles!* I thought, and my flesh prickled.

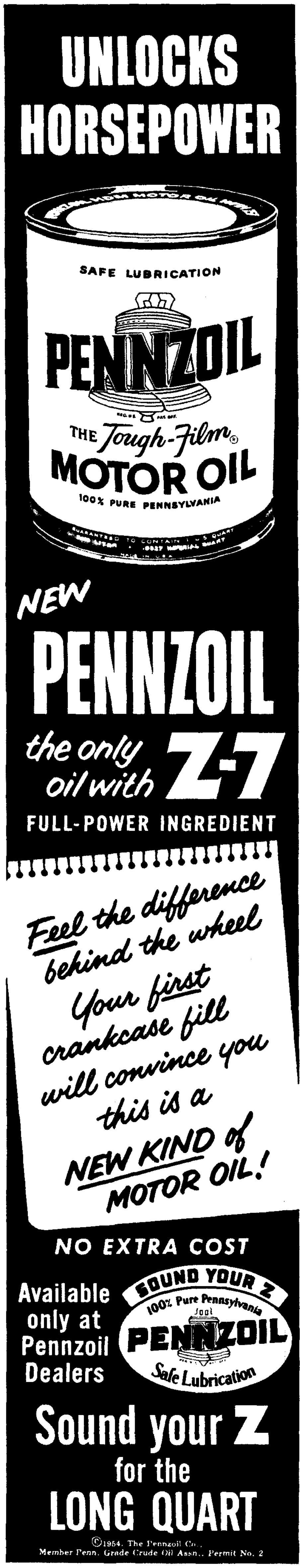
HE HAS to be here, I thought. He's hurt. But then I realized he didn't have to be here either, because whoever shot him would have wanted to get rid of the evidence—unless the turtles had done that for them. I yelled then, beginning to feel the terror, shouting his name; but my mind told me the big quiet gentle man with the silly grin was dead now and couldn't answer, and it was my fault for not coming with him as Eddie would have done. It was too late now; I would never have another chance to square myself with the good, kindly simple man who had tried to be my friend, and had failed only because I'd been a sulky, bullheaded louse.

The turtles were carnivorous; the blood must have drawn them here, as the smell of dying had drawn the buzzards. I yelled again and my voice seemed to bounce from tree to tree, ringing in the silence, blaring out and alarming all the living things and causing them to be still—and watchful, like the beady eyes in the hawk-billed heads that eased out of the water and then ducked again.

Don't stand here yelling, I thought. Yelling isn't any good. But all I could think about were the awful, fed-looking, buzzard-cheating turtles.

—WILLIAM R. SCOTT

(This is the second of three parts)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Murder on the Water Front

The longshore mob wasn't afraid of Matt Gillis; he was just another stand-up guy. The mob knew all about punks—or it thought it did

By BUDD SCHULBERG

THE alarm was about to ring when Matt Gillis reached out his bearlike, heavy-muscled arm and shut it off. Habit. Half past six. Summer with the light streaming in around the patched window shades, and winter when half past six was black as midnight. Matt stretched his heavyweight, muscular body and groaned. Habit woke you up at half past six every morning, but habit didn't make you like it—not on these raw winter mornings when the wind blew in from the sea, whipping along the water front with an intensity it seemed to reserve for longshoremen.

Matt listened to the wind howling through the narrow canyon of Eleventh Street and thought to himself: Another day, another icy-fingered, stinking day. He pushed one foot from under the covers to test the temperature, and then quickly withdrew it into the warmth of the double bed again. Cold. Damn that janitor, Lacey—the one they all called Rudolph because of his perpetually red nose. Never enough heat in the place. Well, the landlord was probably saying, what do they expect for twenty-five a month?

Matt rolled over heavily, ready for the move into his work clothes. "Matt?" his wife, Franny, murmured, feeling for him drowsily in the dark. "I'll get up; fix you some coffee."

"It's all right." His buxom Fran. Matt patted her. Her plump-pretty Irish face was still swollen with sleep. For a moment he remembered her as she had been fifteen years ago: the prettiest kid in the neighborhood—bright, flirty, sky-blue eyes and a pug nose, a little bit of a girl smothered in Matt's big arms, a child in the arms of a grizzly. Now she was plump all over, something like him on a smaller, softer scale, as if she had had to grow along his lines to keep him company.

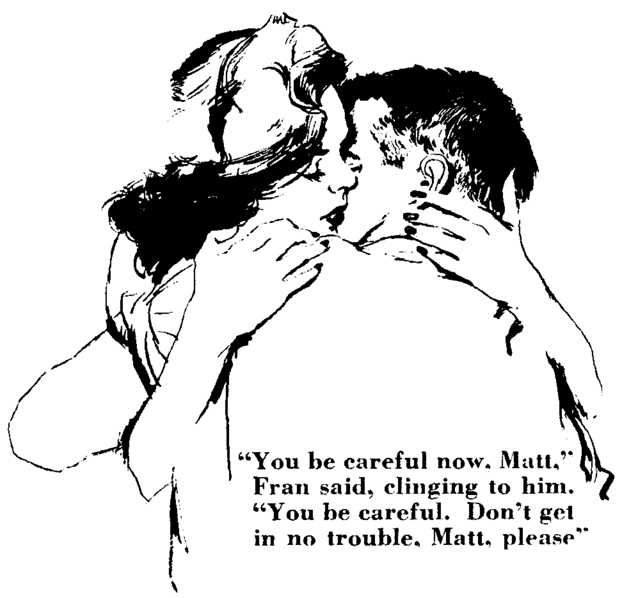
"Matt, you don't mind me gettin' fat?" she had whispered to him one night in the wide, metal-frame bed after the kids finally had fallen asleep.

"Naw, you're still the best-lookin' woman in the neighborhood," Matt had said gallantly.

"At least you can always find me in the dark," Fran had giggled. They had got to laughing then, until Fran had to stop him because everything Matt did, he did big—laugh, fight, eat, drink, tell off the mob in the union. Even when he thought he was talking normally, he shouted, he bellowed, so when he had chuckled there in the bed, the children—Tom and Mickey and Kate and Johnny and Peggy, the little one, only the five they had had so far—had stirred in their beds and Fran had said, "Shhh, if the baby wakes up you'll be walkin' the floor with her."

Matt swung his long legs out of the bed and felt the cold touch of the linoleum. He sat there a moment in his long underwear, thinking—he wasn't sure of what; the day ahead, the days of his youth, the time his old man came home from the pier with three fingers off his right hand (copper sheeting—cut off at the knuckle nice and clean), and all those years the old man battled for his compensation. It was all the old man could talk about, finally, and got to be a joke—never to Pop, but to Matt and his brothers when they were big enough to support him.

Big Matt sat there on the edge of the bed rubbing sleep out of his eyes, thinking, thinking, while his wife, warm and sweet and full in her nightgown, half rose behind him and whispered, "Coffee? Let me get up and make you a cup of coffee." She wanted to say more; she wanted to say, "Look, Matt honey, I know what it is to go down there to the shape-up when the sun is still climbing up the backs of the buildings. I know what it is for you to stand there with three-four hundred other men and have the hiring boss, Fisheye Moran, look you over like you was so much meat in a butcher shop. I know what it is for you to go to work every morning like you had a job—only you haven't got a job unless Fisheye, the three-time loser put there by the Village mob, hands you a brass check." She wanted to say, "Yes, and I know what it is for you to be left standing in the street; I know what you feel when the hiring boss looks through you with those pale blue fisheyes that give him his name." *That's all today, come back tomorra.*



"You be careful now, Matt," Fran said, clinging to him. "You be careful. Don't get in no trouble, Matt, please"

Matt was on his feet now, a burly bear in his long underwear, stretching and groaning to push himself awake. Fran started to get up, but he put his big hand on her shoulder and pushed her back into the warm bed. Well, all right. She was glad to give in. When could a body rest except these precious few minutes in the early morning? "You be careful now, Matt. You be careful. Don't get in no trouble."

Fran knew her Matt, the Irish-thick rebel of Local 474, one of the lionhearted—or foolhardy—handful who dared speak up against the Lippy Keegan mob, which had the longshore local in their pocket, and the loading racket, the lunch-hour gambling and all the other side lines that bring in a quick dollar on the docks. Lippy and his goons ran the neighborhood like storm troopers, and longshoremen who knew what was good for them went along with Keegan's boys and took what they could get. Matt was always trying to get others to back him up, but the fear was too deep. "Matt, I got me wife and kids to think about; leave me alone," they'd say, and push their thirty cents across the bar for another whisky.

Matt tried to make as little noise as possible as he went down the creaky stairway. He closed the tenement door behind him and stood a moment in the clammy morning, feeling the weather. He zipped up his windbreaker and pulled his old cap down on his forehead. Then he drew his head down into his heavy collar, threw out his chest and turned his face into the wind. It was a big, strong-boned, beefy face, with a heavy jaw and a broken nose, a face that had taken plenty. Over the years the Keegan boys had developed a begrudging respect for Matt. They had hit him with everything and he still kept coming on. The gift of getting up—that's what they called it on the water front.

Matt ducked into the Longdock Bar & Grill on the corner across the street from the pier. It was full of longshoremen grabbing a cup of coffee and maybe some ham and eggs before drifting over to the shape-up. There were men of all sizes and ages,

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK McCARTHY

The shape-up was over and Fisheye had not picked him. Matt spat into the gutter, and he walked away

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with weatherbeaten faces like Matt's, many of them with flattened noses, trophies of battles on the docks and in the barrooms; here and there were ex-pugs with big-time memories: the cheers of friends and five hundred dollars for an eight-rounder. Threading through the dock workers was a busy little man whose name was Billy Morgan, though everybody called him "J.P." because he was the moneylender for the mob. If you didn't work, J.P. was happy to lend you a deuce or half a bill, at ten per cent a week. If you fell too far behind, J.P. whispered to Fisheye, and Fisheye threw you a couple of days' work until the loan was paid off. They had you coming and going, the mob. Matt looked at J.P. and turned away.

OVER in the corner were a couple of Lippy's pistols, Specs Sinclair, a mild-looking, pasty-skinned man who didn't look like an enforcer but had maybe a dozen stiffs to his credit, and Feets McKenna, a squat muscle man who could rough-and-tumble with the best. Feets was sergeant at arms for the local. Specs, for whom signing his name was a lot of writing, was recording secretary. Matt looked straight at them to show he wasn't backing away, ever. Union officials. Only three-time losers need apply.

Matt pushed his way into the group at the short-order counter. They were men dressed like himself, in old trousers and flannel shirts, with old caps worn slightly askew in the old-country way. They all knew Matt and respected the way he stood up; but a stand-up guy, as they called him, was nobody you wanted to get close to. Not if you wanted to work and stay in one piece in Lippy Keegan's sector of the harbor.

Matt was waiting for his coffee when he felt a fist smash painfully into his side. He winced and started an automatic counter at whoever it was, and then he looked down and grinned. He should have known. It was Runt Nolan, whose hundred ring battles and twenty-five years of brawling on the docks were stamped into his flattened face. But a life of beatings had failed to deaden the twinkle in his eyes. Runt Nolan was always seeing the funny side, even when he was looking down the business end of a triggerboy's .38. Where other longshoremen turned away in fear from Lippy's pistoleros. Runt always seemed to take a perverse delight in baiting them. Sometimes they laughed him off and sometimes, if he went on provoking them—and longshoremen were watching to see if Runt could get away with it—they would oblige him with a blackjack or a piece of pipe. Runt had a head like a rock and more lives than a pair of cats, and the stories of his miraculous recoveries from these beatings had become a riverfront legend.

Once they had left him around the corner in the alley lying face down in his own blood, after enough blows on the noggin to crack the skull of a horse; and an hour later, when everyone figured he was on his way to the morgue, damned if he didn't stagger back into the Longdock and pound the bar for whisky. "I should worry what they do to me, I'm on borried time," Runt Nolan liked to say.

Runt grinned when he saw Matt rub his side with mock resentment. "Mornin', Matt me lad, just wanted t' see if you was in condition."

"Don't be worryin' about my condition. One more like that and I'll stand you right on your head."

"Come on, you big blowhard, I'm ready for you." Runt fell into a fierce boxing stance and jabbed his small knuckle-broken left fist into Matt's face.

Matt got his coffee and a sinker and sat down at one of the small tables with Runt. Runt was rarely caught eating. He seemed to consider the need for solid food something of a disgrace, a sign of weakness. Whisky and beer and maybe once a day a corned-beef sandwich—that was Runt's diet, and in the face of medical science it had kept him wiry and resilient at fifty-five.

"What kind of a boat we got today?" Matt asked. Runt lived in a two-dollar hotel above the Longdock Bar and he was usually up on his shipping news.

"Bananas," Runt said, drawing out the middle vowel in disgust.

"Bananas!" Matt groaned. Bananas meant plenty of shoulder work, toting the heavy stalks out of the hold. A banana carrier was nothing less than a human pack mule. There was only one good thing about bananas: the men who worked steady could afford to pass up bananas, and so there was always a need for extra hands. The docker who had no *in* with the hiring boss, and even the fellow who was on the outs with the Keegan mob, stood a chance of picking up a day on bananas.

By the time Matt and Runt reached the pier, ten minutes before the seven-thirty whistle, there were already a couple of hundred men on hand, warming themselves around fires in metal barrels and shifting their feet to keep the numbness away. Some of them were hard-working men with families, professional longshoremen whose Ireland-born fathers had moved cargo before them. And some of them were only a peg above the bum, casuals who drifted in for a day now and then to keep themselves in drinking money. Some of them were big men with powerful chests, large, raw-faced men who looked like throwbacks to the days of bare-knuckle fights-to-a-finish. Some of them were surprisingly slight, wizen-faced men in castoff clothing, the human flotsam of the water front.

FISHEYE came out of the pier, flanked by a couple of the boys, "Flash" Gordon and "Blackie" McCook. There were about three hundred longshoremen waiting for jobs now. Obediently they formed themselves into a large horseshoe so Fisheye could look them over. Meat in a butcher shop. The men Fisheye wanted were the ones who worked. You kicked back part of your day's pay to Fisheye or did favors for Lippy if you wanted to work regular. You didn't have to have a record, but a couple of years in a respectable pen didn't do you any harm.

"I need two hundred banana carriers." Fisheye's hoarse voice seemed to take its pitch from the foghorns that barked along the Hudson. Jobs for two hundred men at a coveted $2.27 an hour. The three, maybe four hundred men eyed one another in listless rivalry. "You—and you—Pete—okay, Mac . . ." Fisheye was screening the men with a cold, hard look. Nearly twenty years ago a broken-down dockworker had gone across the street from the shape-up. "No work?" the bartender had said, perfunctorily, and the old man had answered, "Nah, he just looked right through me with those blasted fisheyes of his." Fisheye—it had made the bartender laugh, and the name had stuck.

Anger felt cold and uncomfortable in Matt's stomach as he watched Fish-

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eye pass out those precious tabs. He didn't mind seeing the older men go in, the ones he had shaped with for years, especially family men like himself. What gave him that hateful, icy feeling in his belly was seeing the young kids go in ahead of him, new-generation hoodlums like the fresh-faced Skelly kid who boasted of the little muscle jobs he did for Lippy and the boys as his way of paying off for steady work. Young Skelly had big ideas, they said around the bar. One of these days he might be crowding Lippy himself. That's how it went down here. "Peaches" Maloney had been number one—until Lippy dumped him into the gutter outside the Longdock. Matt had seen them come and go. And all the time he had stood up proud and hard while lesser men got the work tabs and the gravy.

Fisheye almost had his two hundred men now. He put his hand on Runt Nolan's shoulder. "All right, you little sawed-off rat, go on in. But remember I'm doin' ya a favor. One word out of line and I'll bounce ya off the ship."

Runt tightened his hands into fists, wanting to stand up and speak his mind. But a day was a day and he hadn't worked steady enough lately to keep himself in beers. He looked over at Matt with a helpless defiance and went on into the pier.

Matt waited, thinking about Fran and the kids. And he waited, thinking at Fisheye: It ain't right, it ain't right, a bum like you havin' all this power. He couldn't keep it out of his face. Fisheye flushed and glared back at him and picked men all around Matt to round out his two hundred. He shoved Matt's face in it by coming toward him as if he were going to pick him and then reaching over his shoulder for Will Murphy, a toothless old sauce hound whom Matt could outwork five for one. There never had been enough caution in Matt, and now he felt himself trembling with anger. He was grabbing Fisheye before he had time to think it out, holding the startled boss by the thick lapels of his windbreaker.

"Listen to me, you fatheaded bum. If you don't put me on today I'll break you in two. I got kids to feed. You hear me, Fisheye?"

Fisheye pulled himself away and looked around for help. Blackie and young Skelly moved in.

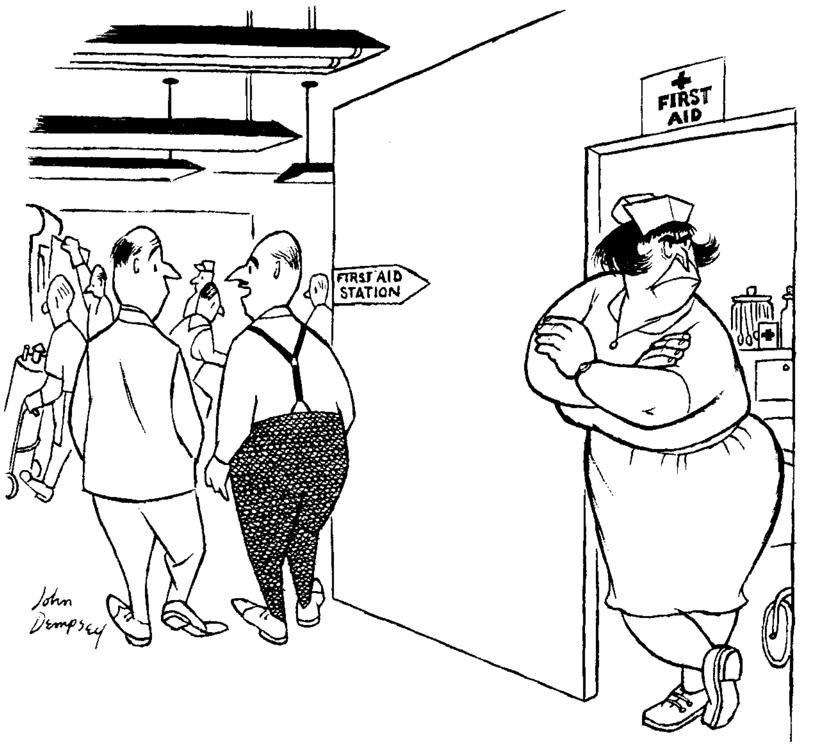
"Okay, boys," Fisheye said, when he saw they were there. "I c'n handle this myself. This bigmouth is dumb, but he's not so dumb he wants to wind up in the river. Am I right, Matt me lad?"

In the river. A senseless body kicked off the stringpiece into the black and secretive river, while the city looked the other way. Cause of death: accidental drowning. Dozens and dozens of good men had been splashed into the dark river like so much garbage. Matt knew some of the widows who had stories to tell, if only someone would listen. In the river. Matt drew away from Fisheye. What was the use? Outnumbered and outgunned. But one of these days—went the dream—he and Runt would get some action in the local, some following; they'd call a real election and—

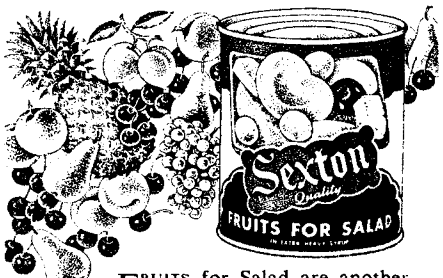
Behind Matt a big truck blasted its horn, ready to drive into the pier. Fisheye thumbed Matt to one side. "All right, get moving, you're blocking traffic, we got a ship to turn around." Matt spat into the gutter and walked away.

Back across the street in the Longdock, Matt sat with a beer in front of him, automatically watching the morning television: some good-looking, fast-talking dame selling something—yatta-ta yatta-ta yatta-ta. In the old days, at least you had peace and quiet in the Longdock until the boys with the work tabs came in for lunch. Matt walked up the river front to another gin mill and sat with another beer. Now and then a fellow like himself would drift in, on the outs with Lippy and open to Matt's arguments about getting up a petition to call an honest union election: about time we got the mob's foot off'n our necks; sure, they're tough, but if there's enough of us . . . it was the old dream of standing up like honest-to-God Americans instead of like oxen with rings in their noses.

Matt thought he was talking quiet but even his whisper had volume, and farther down the bar Feets and Specs were taking it in. They weren't frowning or threatening, but just looking,



COLLIER'S "We hired her as part of our accident-prevention program" JOHN DEMPSEY



Fruits for Salad are another of the dozens of fruits and vegetables that *must* be super-grade to bear the Sexton label. Sliced peaches and pears, halved apricots, whole grapes and cherries, plump pineapple segments all in extra heavy syrup make up this delicious combination.

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quietly drinking and taking it all in.

When Matt finished his beer and said see-ya-later, Specs and Feets rose dutifully and followed him out. A liner going down-river let out a blast that swallowed up all the other sounds in the harbor. Matt didn't hear them approach until Feets had a hand on his shoulder. Feets was built something like Matt, round and hard. Specs was slight and not much to look at. He wore very thick glasses. He had shot the wrong fellow once. Lippy had told him to go out and buy a new pair of glasses and warned him not to slip up that way again.

"What d'ya say, Matt?" Feets asked, and from his tone no one could have thought them anything but friends.

"Hello, Feets, Specs," Matt said.

"Listen, Matt, we'd like to talk to you a minute," Feets said.

"Then talk," Matt said. "As long as it's only talk, go ahead."

"Why do you want to give us so much trouble?" Specs said—any defiance of power mystified him. "You should straighten yourself out, Matt. You'd be working three-four days a week if you just learned to keep that big yap of yours shut."

"I didn't know you were so worried about whether I worked or not."

"Matt, don't be such a thickheaded mick," Feets argued. "Why be agitatin' alla time? You ain't gonna get anywheres, that's for sure. All ya do is louse yourself up with Lippy."

MATT said something short and harsh about Lippy. Feets and Specs looked pained, as if Matt were acting in bad taste.

"I wish you wouldn't say stuff like that," Specs said. His face got very white when he was ready for action. On the water front he had a reputation for enjoying the trigger squeezing. "You keep saying that stuff and we'll have to do something about it. You know how Lippy is."

Matt thought a moment about the danger of saying what he wanted to say: Fran and the kids home waiting for money he'd have to borrow off the moneylender. Why look for trouble? Why buck for the bottom of the river? Was it fair to Fran? Why couldn't he be like so many other longshoremen—like Flanagan, who had no love for Lippy Keegan but went along to keep food on the table? Lippy ran the piers just like he owned them. You didn't have to like Lippy, but it sure made life simpler if he liked you.

Matt thought about all this, but he couldn't help himself. He was a self-respecting man, and it galled him that a pushy racketeer—a graduate of the old Arsenal Mob—and a couple of punks could call themselves a union. I shouldn't say this, Matt was thinking, and he was already saying it:

"Yeah, I know how Lippy is. Lippy is gonna get the surprise of his stinkin' life one of these days. Lippy is gonna find himself—"

"You dumb harp," Feets said. "You must like to get hit in the head."

"There's lots I like better," Matt admitted. "But I sure as hell won't back away from it."

Feets and Specs looked at each other and the glance said clearly: What are you going to do with a thickhead like this? They shrugged and walked away from Matt, back to their places at the bar. Later in the day they would give Lippy a full account and find out the next move. This Matt Gillis was giving their boss a hard time. Everything would be lovely down here if it wasn't for this handful of talk-back guys. They leaned on the bar with a reassuring sense that they were on the side of peace and stability, that Matt Gillis was asking for trouble.

Matt met Runt in the Longdock around five thirty. Runt was buying because he had the potatoes in his pocket. They talked about this petition they were getting up to call a regular meeting. Runt had been talking to a couple of old-timers in his hatch gang who were half scared to death and half ready to go along. And there were maybe half a dozen young fellows who had young ideas and no use for the old ways of buying jobs from Fisheye and coming on the double whenever Lippy whistled. Another round or two and it was suppertime.

"Have another ball, Matt. The money's burnin' a hole in me pocket."

"Thanks, Runt, but I gotta get home. The wife'll be hittin' me with a mop." This was a familiar, joking threat in the Gillis domain.

Matt wiped his mouth with his sleeve and rubbed his knuckles on Runt's head. "Now don't get in no arguments. You watch yourself now." It was bad business, Matt knew, bucking the mob and hitting the bottle at the same time. They could push you into the drink some night and who was to say you weren't dead drunk, just another "death by accidental drowning."

Matt was worried about Runt as he walked up the dark side street to his tenement. Runt took too many chances. Runt liked to say, "I had me fun and I drunk me fill. What've I got to lose?"

I better keep my eye on the little fella now that we're pushin' so hard for this up-and-up election, Matt was thinking, when he felt something solid whop him just behind the ear. The blow had force enough to drop a horse but Matt half turned, made a club of his right hand and was ready to wield it when the something solid whopped him again at the back of his head. He thought it was the kid, the Skelly punk, there with Feets, but he wasn't sure. It was dark and his head was coming apart. In a bad dream something was swinging at him on the ground—hobnailed shoes, the finishing touch. Feets, they called him. The darkness closed in over him like a black tarpaulin.

EVERYBODY was talking at once and—was it time for him to get up and shape?—he was sprawled on the bed in his room. Go 'way, lemme sleep.

"Matt, listen, this is Doc Wolff."

The small, lean-faced physician was being pushed and breathed on. "The rest of you go on, get out of here."

Half the tenement population was crowded into the Gillises' narrow flat. Mrs. Geraghty, who was always like that, took the kids up to eat at her place. Doc Wolff washed out the ugly wounds in Matt's scalp. Half the people in the neighborhood owed him money he would never see—or ask for. Some of the old-timers still owed his father, who insisted on practicing at seventy-five. Father and son had patched up plenty of wounds like these. They were specialists on blackjack, steel-pipe and gun-butt contusions. Jews in an Irish district, they never took sides, verbally, in the endless guerrilla war between the dock mob and the "insoigents." All they could do, when a longshoreman got himself in a fix like this, was to overlook the bill. The Wolffs were still poor from too much overlooking.

"Is it serious, Doctor?"

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isn't a skull fracture. I'd like to keep him in St. Vincent's a couple of days."

It was no fracture, just a couple of six-inch gashes and a concussion—a neat professional job performed according to instructions. "Don't knock him out of the box for good. Just leave him so he'll have something to think about for a week or two."

On the second day Runt came up with a quart and the good news that the men on the dock were signing the petition. The topping of Matt had steamed them up, where Lippy had figured it would scare them off. Runt said he thought they had enough men, maybe a couple of dozen, to call a rank-and-file meeting.

Father Conley, a waterfront priest with savvy and guts, had offered the rectory library as a haven.

But that night Fran sat at the side of Matt's bed in the ward for a long talk-to. She had a plan. It had been on her mind for a long time. This was her moment to push it through. Her sister's husband worked for a storage company. The pay was good, the work was regular and best of all there weren't any Lippy Keegans muscling you if you didn't play it their way. This brother-in-law said there was an opening for Matt. He could come in on a temporary basis and maybe work his way into regular union membership if he liked it. The brother-in-law had a little pull in that direction.

"Please, Matt. Please." It was Fran's domestic logic against his bulldog gift of fighting back. If he was a loner like Runt Nolan, he could stand up to Lippy and Specs and Feets and young Skelly and the rest of that trash all he wanted. But was it fair to Fran and the kids to pass up a sure seventy-five dollars a week in order to go hungry and bloody on the piers?

"Why does it always have to be you that sticks his neck out? Next time it'll be worse. They'll . . ."

Yes, Matt knew. The river: Lippy Keegan's silent partner, the old North River, waiting for him in the dark.

"Okay, Franny," Matt was saying under his bandages. "Okay. Tell Denny"—that was the brother-in-law—"I'll take the job."

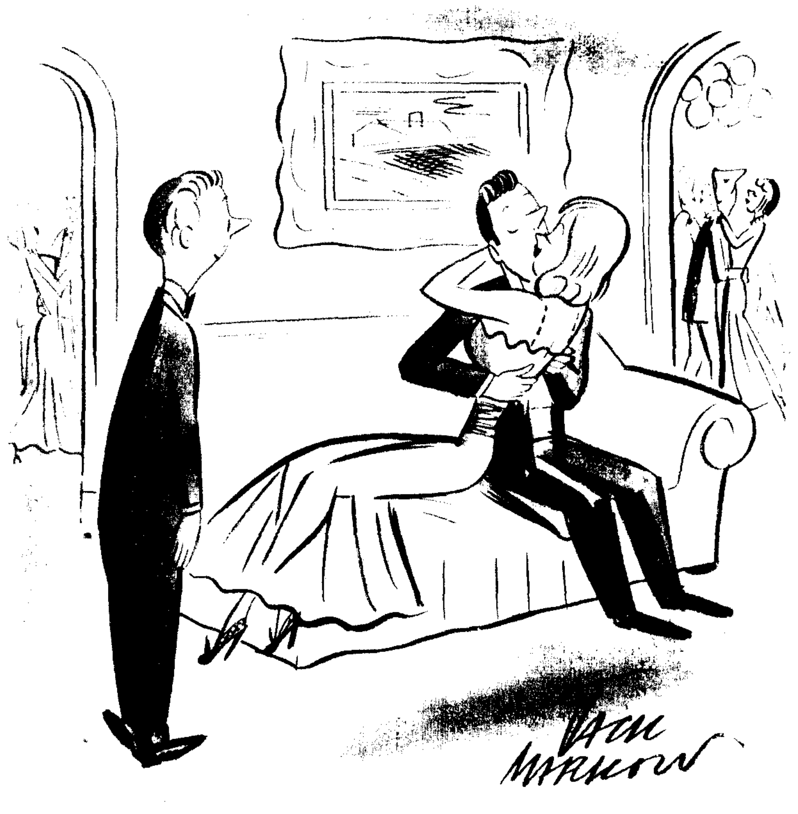
In the storage vaults it was nice and quiet. The men came right to work from their homes. There was none of that stopping in at the corner and shooting the breeze about ships coming in and where the jobs might be—no hit or miss. The men were different too: good steady workers who had been there for years, not looking for any excitement. It seemed funny to Matt not to be looking behind him to see if any of Lippy's boys were on his tail, funny to have money in his pockets without having to worry how he was going to pay it back to the loan sharks.

WHEN Matt had been there three weeks, Fran went out and bought herself a new dress, the first new one in almost two years. And the following Sunday they went up to the park and had lunch at the cafeteria near the zoo, their first visit to a restaurant in Lord knows when. Fran put her hand in Matt's and said, "Oh, Matt, isn't this better? Isn't this how people are supposed to live?"

Matt said yeah, he guessed so. It was good to see Fran happy and relaxed, no longer worried about food on the table for the kids, or whether he'd get home in one piece. Only—he couldn't put it into words, but when he got back to work on the fifth floor of the huge storage building, he knew what was going to come over him.

And next day it did, stronger than at any time since he started. He wondered what Runt was doing, and Jocko and Bagles and Timmy and the rest of the gang in the Longdock. He hadn't been in since the first week he started at the storage. The fellows had all asked him how he was feeling and how he liked the new job, but he felt something funny about them, like they were saying, "Well, you finally let Lippy run you off the docks, huh, Matt?" "All that big talk about cleaning up the union and then you fold like an accordion, huh, Matt?" It was in their eyes—even Runt's.

"Well, I'm glad to see you got smart



COLLIER'S "Listen, Helen. They're playing our song" JACK MARKOW

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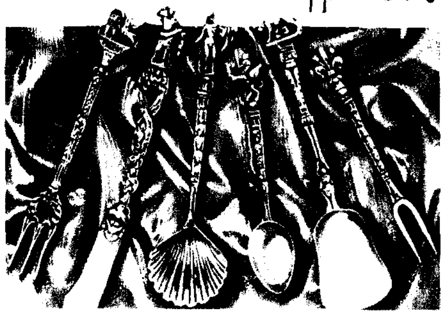

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and put your hook away," Runt actually said. "Me, I'd do the same if I was a family man. But I always run too fast for the goils to catch me." Runt laughed and poked Matt lightly, but there was something about it wasn't the same.

Matt ran into Runt on the street a week or so later and asked him how everything was going. He had heard the neighborhood scuttlebutt about a new meeting coming up in the parish house. A government labor man was going to talk to them on how to get their rights. Father Conley had pulled in a trade-union lawyer for them and everything seemed to be moving ahead.

BUT Runt was secretive with Matt. Mike felt the brush; he was an outsider now. Runt had never said a word in criticism of Matt's withdrawal from the water front—just occasional cracks about fellows like himself who were too dumb to do anything else but stand their ground and fight it out. But it got under Matt's skin. He had the face of a bruiser, and inlanders would think of him as "tough-looking." But actually Matt was thin-skinned, emotional, hypersensitive. Runt wouldn't even tell him the date of the secret meeting, just asked him how he liked the storage job.

"It's a real good deal," Matt said. No seven-thirty shape-up. No muscle men masquerading as shop stewards. The same check every week. What more could he want?

What more than stacking cardboard containers in a long tunnel-like room illuminated by neon tubing? Matt wondered what there was about the water front. Why did men humiliate themselves by standing like cattle in the shape-up? What was so good about swinging a cargo hook—hoisting cement, copper ore, coffee, noxious cargoes that tickled your throat and maybe were slowly poisoning you?

But that didn't tell the whole story, Matt was thinking as he handled the storage containers automatically. There was the salt air; there were the ships coming in from Spain, from South America, Greece, all over the world. There was the way the river sparkled on a bright day. And there was the busy movement of the harbor: the sound of the ferries, the tugs, the barges, the freighters and the great luxury ladies with their autocratic noses in the air. There were the different kinds of cargoes to handle—furs, perfume, sardines, cognac—and who was to blame them if they got away with a bottle or two; it wasn't pilferage on the water front until you trucked it away. There was the teamwork of a good gang working the cargo from the hatch and over the deck to the pier: the winchmen, the deck men, the hatch boss, the high-low drivers, everybody moving together to an unstated but strongly felt rhythm that could be thrown off if just one man in a twenty-three-man gang didn't know his job. And then there were the breaks for lunch—not cold sandwiches in a metal container, but a cut of hot roast beef in the bar across the street, with a cold beer to wash it down. And there was the talk of last night's fight or today's ball game or the latest cute trick pulled off by the longshore racketeers who represented them.

The water front: the violent, vivid, restless, corrupted, "we're-doin'-lovely" water front.

Matt felt that way for days and said nothing about it. He'd sit in the front room with his shoes off, drinking beer, reading the tabloids and wondering until it ached him what Runt and the boys were up to.

One evening when he came home, Flanagan and Bennett and some of the other neighbors were busy talking on the steps. Matt heard. "Maybe he's just on one of his periodicals and he's sleeping it off somewheres." And, "He coulda shipped out somewhere. He used to be an A.B. and he's just ornery enough to do it." And Matt heard, "When he gets his load on, anything c'n happen. He could walk off the end of the pier into the river and think he was home in bed."

Runt Nolan! No hide nor hair of him in three days, Flanagan said. Matt ran upstairs to tell Fran. She saw the look in his eyes when he talked about Runt, who always said he was "on borried time." "Now, Matt, no use getting yourself excited. Wait and see. Now, Matt." She saw the look in his eyes was the old look, before he settled for the cozy inland job with the storage company.

He paced up and down, but the children got on his nerves and he went over to talk to Father Conley. The father was just as worried as Matt. Specs had been warning Runt not to hold any more meetings in the rectory. Specs had told Runt to take it easy for his own good.

Matt went home after a while but he couldn't sleep. At one thirty in the morning he put his clothes back on and went down to the Longdock. What's the story, any news of Runt?

Nine days later there was news of Runt. The police department had made contact with Runt, by means of a grappling hook probing the soft, rotten bottom of the river. Runt wasn't "on borried time" any more. He had paid back every minute of it. Cause of death: accidental drowning. On the night of his disappearance, Runt had been seen wandering the gin mills in a state of inebriation. In other words, bagged. There were no marks of violence on Runt. How could anyone prove he hadn't slipped. The good old North River, Lippy's silent partner, had done it again.

IT WAS a good funeral. Everybody in the neighborhood was there—even Lippy Keegan, and Specs and Skelly and the rest of the boys. After the Mass, Father Conley came out on the sidewalk, and Matt and some of the others who were closest to Runt gathered around to hear what the father had to say.

They had seen the father steamed before but never like this. "Accident my eye," he said. "If they think we're going to take this lying down, they're dumber than I think they are."

"What can we do, Father?"

Everybody looked around. It was Flanagan, who had come up behind Matt; Flanagan, who always played *it* very cozy with the Keegans. But like most of the others, he had liked having Runt around—that cocky little bantam. The Longdock wouldn't be the same without him. It looked like Runt, at the bottom of the river, had done more damage to Lippy than when he was around the docks shooting off his mouth.

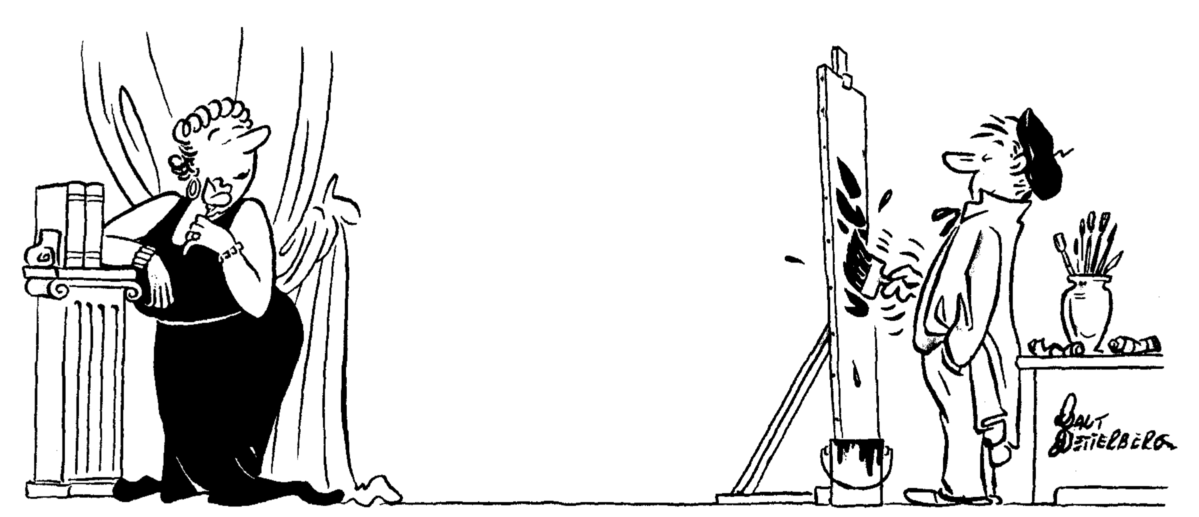
Father Conley said, "We're going to keep this case alive. We'll question every single person who talked to Runt the day they hit him in the head. We'll keep needling the police for action. Keegan hasn't heard the end of Runt Nolan."

"Now's the time to put somebody up to run for president against Lippy," the Bennett kid said.

Everybody looked at Matt. Matt looked down at his uncomfortable black shoes. He would have given anything to have been with Runt the night Keegan's cowboys caught up with the little guy.

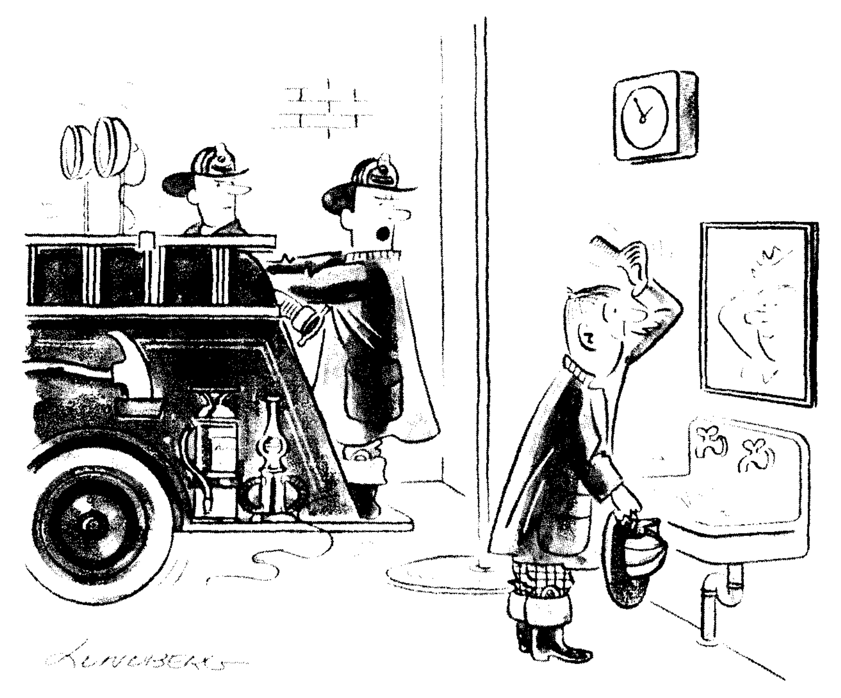
"That's right, keep pressing them," Father Conley said. "Maybe they don't know it yet, but times are changing. One of these days you're going to knock them out of the box for good." He looked at Matt and said, "I can help you. But I can't do it for you. It takes leadership."

Matt looked down at the sidewalk. He always felt strange in his dark blue suit. He looked over at Fran, talking with some of the other wives. In his mind, Fran and the storage company



COLLIER'S

WALT WETTERBERG



COLLIER'S "Monahan! We're waiting!" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

and the welfare of the kids were all churning around with Runt and what the father was saying and the faces of these dock workers looking at him and waiting for him.

The morning after the funeral Matt's alarm clock split the silence at six thirty. Matt swung his legs over the side of the bed. Fran stirred behind him. "I'll get up make you some coffee." She sat up and they looked at each other. "I'm sorry, Fran, I—" "Don't be," she said. Even before what happened to Runt, she had felt it coming. And on the way home from church he had said, "All the fellers liked Runt. There'll be hell to pay. Now's the time to get 'em movin' in the right direction."

Fran, sitting up in bed behind him, said, "Don't get in no more trouble than you can help, Matt."

Matt stood up and stretched, groaned and reached for his pants. "Don't worry, I'm gonna watch myself, I ain't gonna take no crazy chances like Runt, Lord-'ve-mercy-on-'im."

She wasn't even disappointed about the storage job. A storage man is a storage man, a longshoreman is a longshoreman. In the deepest part of her mind she had known that all along.

"I'll get up make you some coffee," she said again, as she had a thousand times before, as she would—if he was lucky—a thousand times again.

FOR a moment he roughed her up affectionately. "You're gettin' fat, honey." Then he was pulling his wool checkerboard shirt on over his long underwear. If there was enough work, Fisheye was liable to pick him, just to make it look good in case there was an investigation.

The cargo hook felt good in his belt. He zipped up his windbreaker, told Fran not to worry, set his cap at the old-country angle and tried not to make too much noise on the creaky stairway as he made his way down through the sleeping tenement.

Flanagan was coming out of his door as Matt reached the bottom landing. The old docker was yawning and rubbing sleep out of his eyes but he grinned when he saw who it was.

"Matt me lad, we'll be needin' ya, that's for sure."

We. It had taken Flanagan a long time to get his mouth around that *we*. There wasn't any *we* over at the storage company. Matt nodded to Flanagan, a little embarrassed, and fussed with his cap like a pitcher.

"Once a stand-up guy, always a stand-up guy, huh, Matt?"

Matt grunted. He didn't want them to make too much of a deal out of it. Matt felt better when he got outside and the wind came blowing into his face. It felt good—like the cargo hook on his hip, familiar and good.

As they reached the corner, facing the elevated railroad tracks that ran along the river, two figures came up from a basement—Specs Sinclair and young Skelly. Specs had a bad cold. He was a sinus sufferer in the wintertime. He wished he was down in Miami scoring on the horses.

"So you want more?" he said to Matt, daubing his nose with a damp handkerchief. "We run you out of here once but you ain't satisfied. What's a matter, you lookin' to wear cement shoes?"

Matt looked at him and felt pleased and excited that he was back with this old hoodlum Sinclair and this punk Skelly. They were like old friends in reverse.

"Quit racing your motor," Matt said. "It ain't gonna be so easy this time. None of us is gonna go wanderin' around alone half gassed like Runt Nolan. We're stickin' together now. And Father Conley's got the newspapers watchin'. You hit me in the head and next thing you know they'll hit you in the head with ten thousand volts."

Specs looked at Skelly. Everything was getting a little out of hand, there was no doubt about it. In the old days you could knock off an old bum like Nolan and that was the end of it. This Matt Gillis, why didn't he stay in cold storage? For the first time in his life Specs worried whether Lippy Keegan would know the next move.

Matt crossed the street and pushed open the door of the Longdock. Everybody knew he was back. Everybody was going to be watching him. He wished Runt would come over and stick him in the side with a left hand. He knew it wasn't very likely, but it made him feel better to wonder if that scrappy little son-of-a-biscuit-eater was going to be watching too.

—BUDD SCHULBERG

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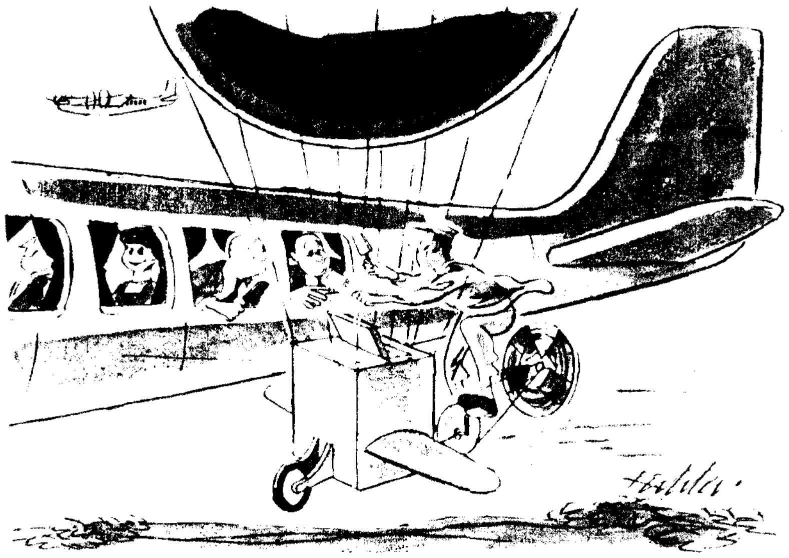

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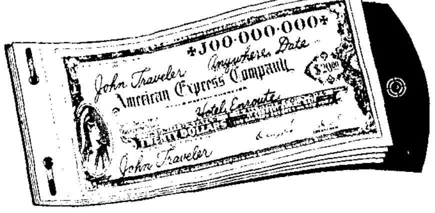

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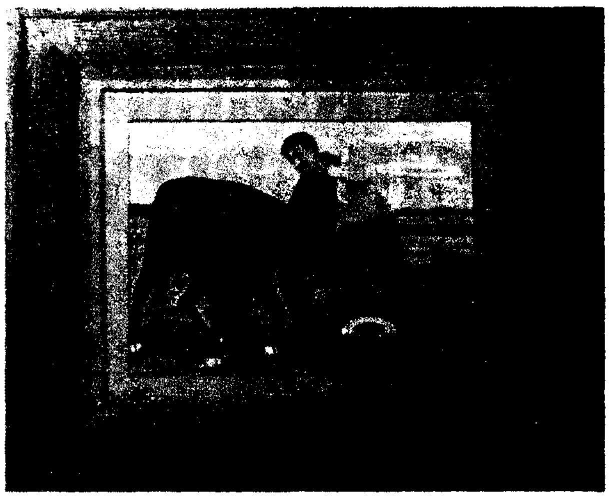
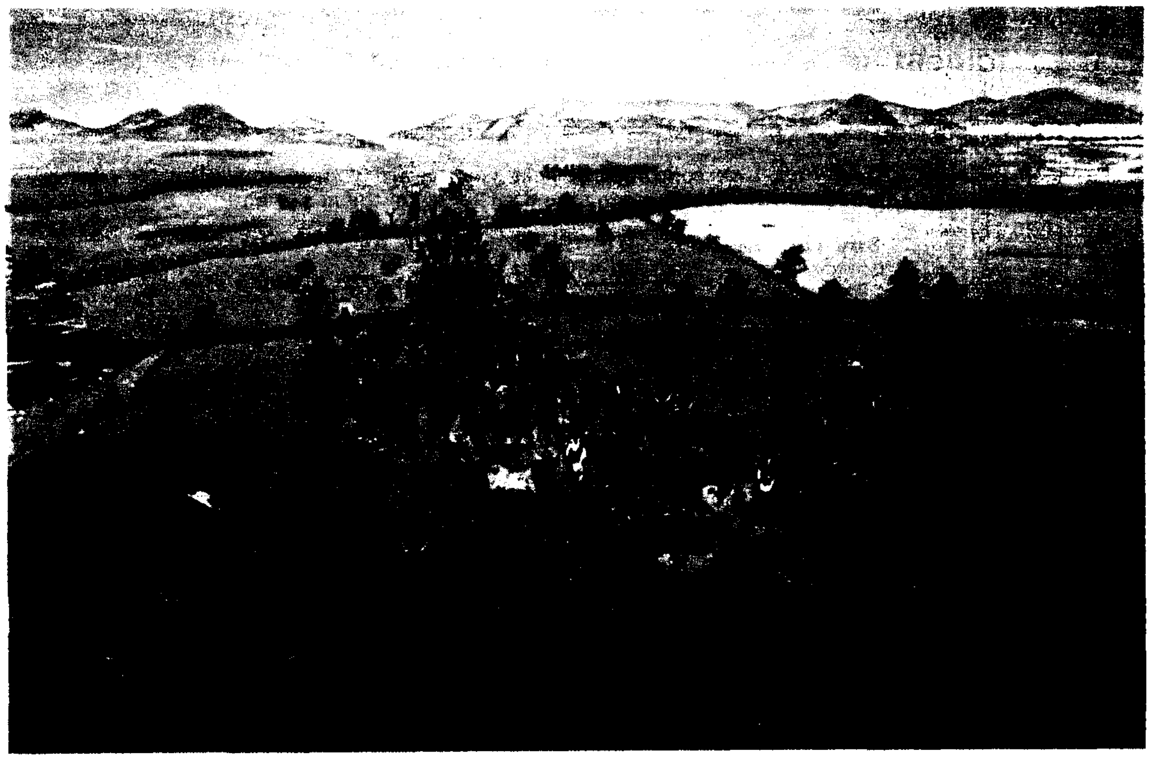
A Rich Find in TEXAS OILS

Clara Williamson is a new artistic discovery whose work is a deep well of colorful memories of her native state



Bulldogging **by Mrs. Clara Williamson**



Old Chisholm Trail **was purchased during the artist's New York show for The Murdock Collection of the Wichita (Kansas) Art Museum**

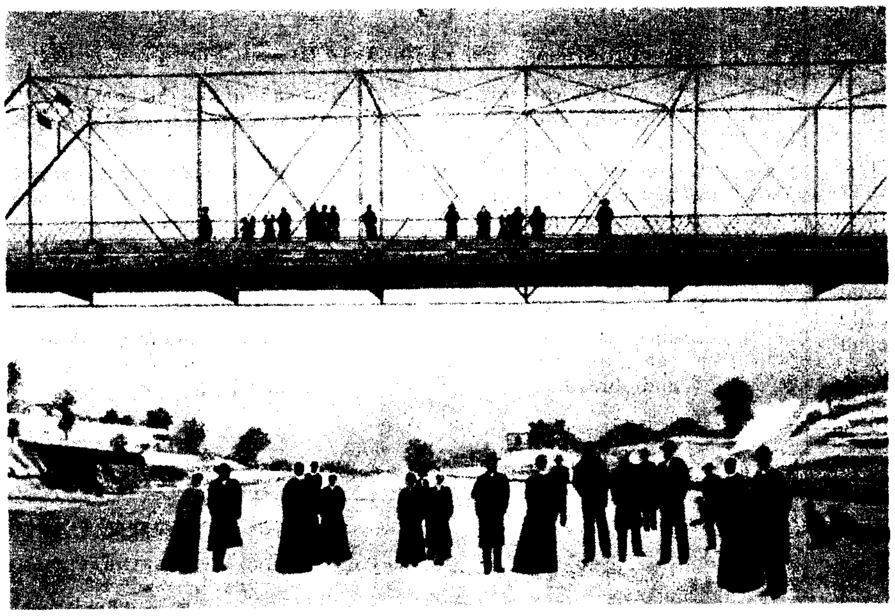
ULRICH MEISEL

THE paintings on these pages are reflections on a long life in the heart of Texas. They are the work of Clara McDonald Williamson, who, at seventy-nine, is one of the most exciting newcomers to American art. Mrs. Williamson is no artistic accident. Ever since she was old enough to understand what she was looking at in frontier Texas, where she was born in 1875, she longed to put down on canvas what she saw. But there were too many chores, too many cares all the long years, for her to putter around with fancies. Then, in 1943, Clara Williamson's husband died. "I was left alone," she says, "with nothing especially to do." Many another woman would have let it go at that, but Mrs. Williamson picked up bonnet and ambitions and went off to the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts to study painting.

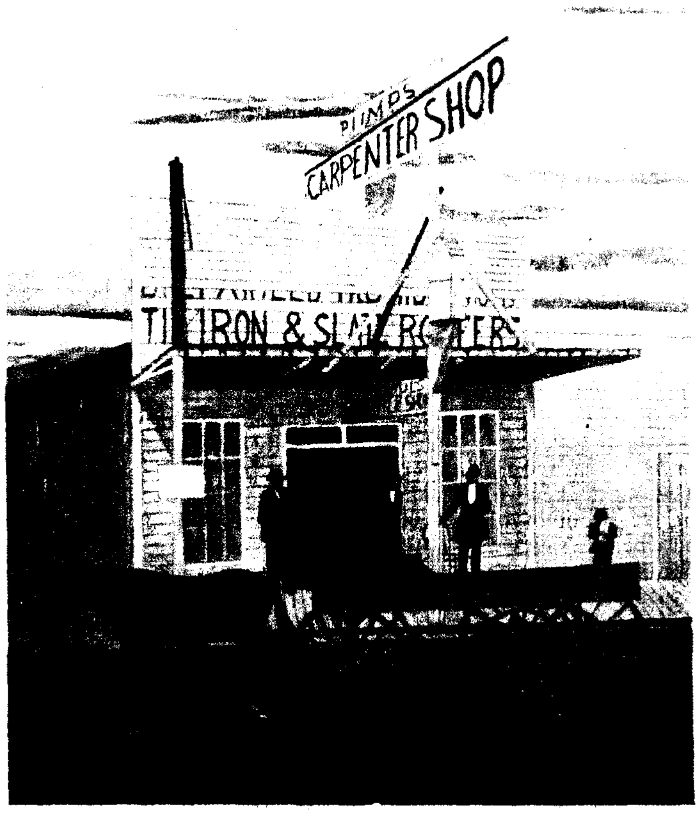
Last May, after 11 years of hard work, Mrs. Williamson had her first one-woman show in New York, at The Alan Gallery. But she was no longer a novice. The Dallas Museum had already purchased two of her paintings, The Betty McLean Gallery in Dallas had already given her shows, and she had won important prizes as a "primitive" in national exhibitions. A personal show in New York City, however, is tantamount to complete success; and in four weeks, some half a dozen of the 13 paintings shown were sold at an average price of $800.

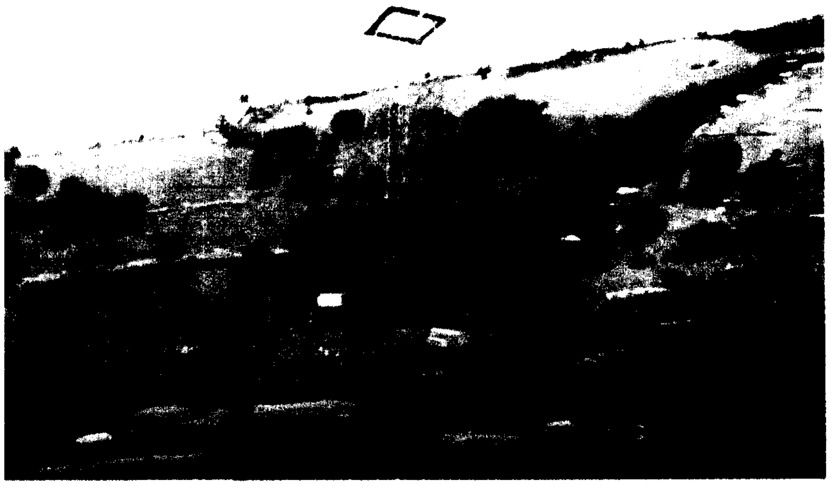
For American art, the work of the woman who has been called "better than Grandma Moses," was a rich find. But for Mrs. Williamson it was more than that—more, perhaps, than the fulfillment of ambition and more than success, too. For her, art had become the gift all of us seek in age: the ability to make immortal the color of youth and the heart's delight. —SEY CHASSLER

The Day the Bosque Froze Over **is direct as a billboard. It is in collection of New York's Museum of Modern Art, gift of Albert Dorne**



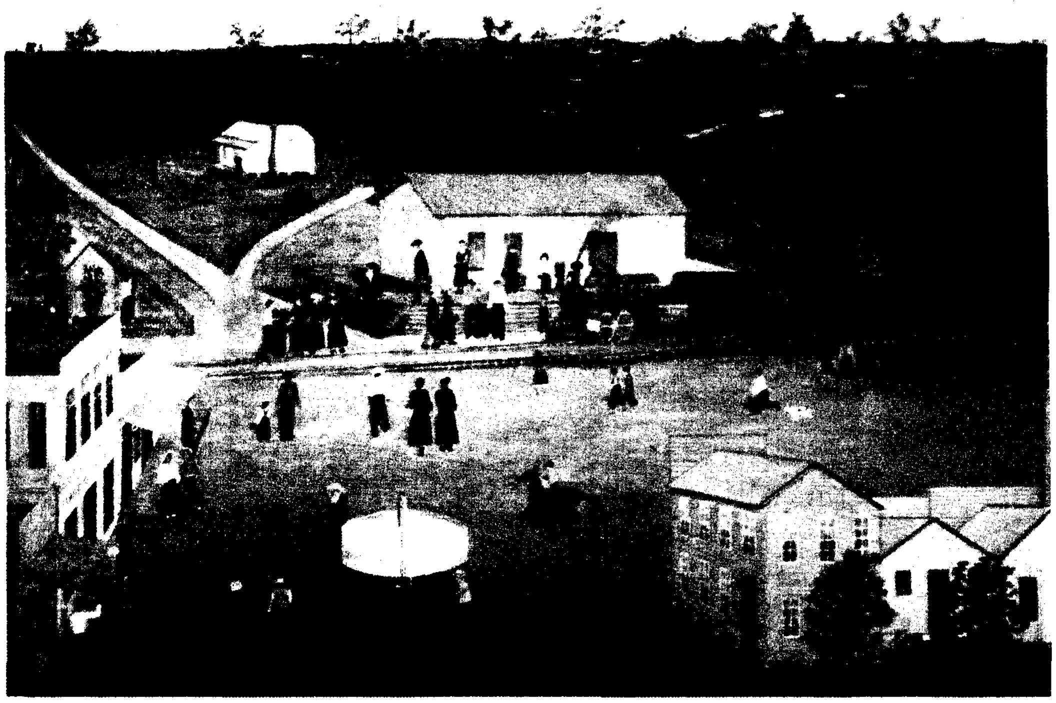
Early Dallas, **also bought by Albert Dorne, shows what critics meant by saying paintings were like snapshots**



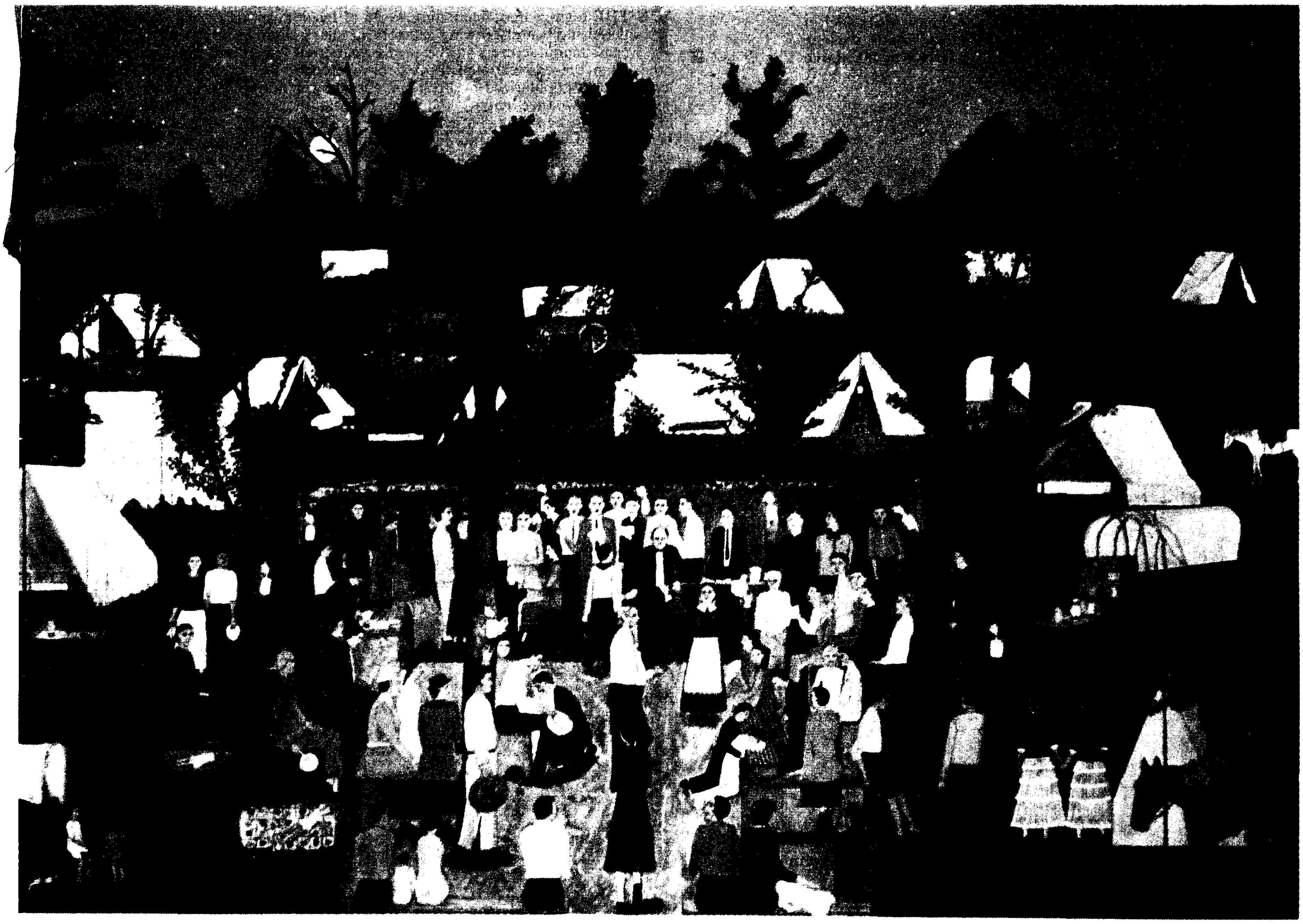


Oil Derrick is one of Mrs. Williamson's few modern scenes. It is, as The New York Times pointed out, "explicit"

Sunday Train, in the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Vanderbilt, Jr., portrays quiet atmosphere of small town



Standing in Need of Prayer, from The Betty McLean Gallery in Dallas, recalls old country prayer meeting



Developed by Navy for wartime use, heavy-duty jacket is surfaced and lined with synthetics, keeps wearer comfortable at temperatures of 30 below to 60 above

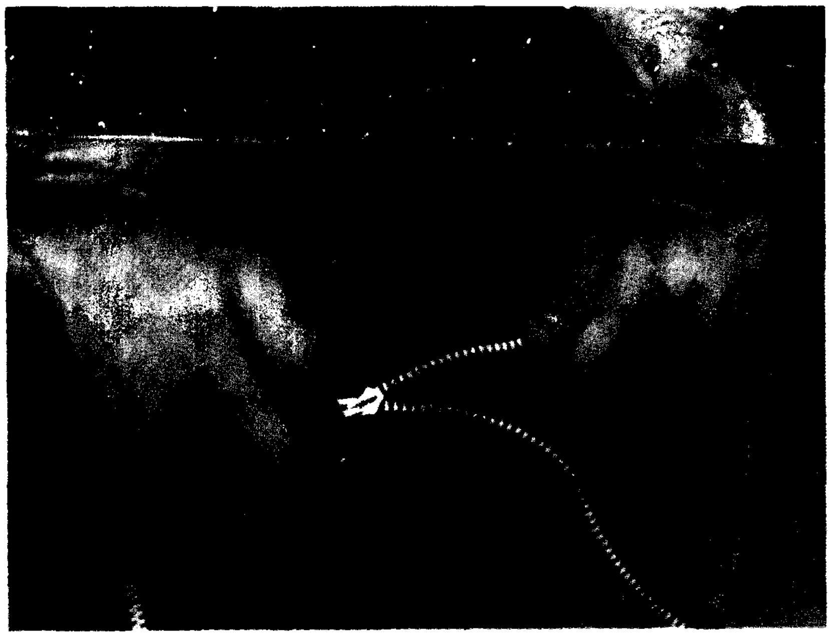
Outerwear Goes Everywhere

Sports outerwear offers you maximum warmth with minimum weight. This fall it will also give you high style, and as much versatility as any garment you own

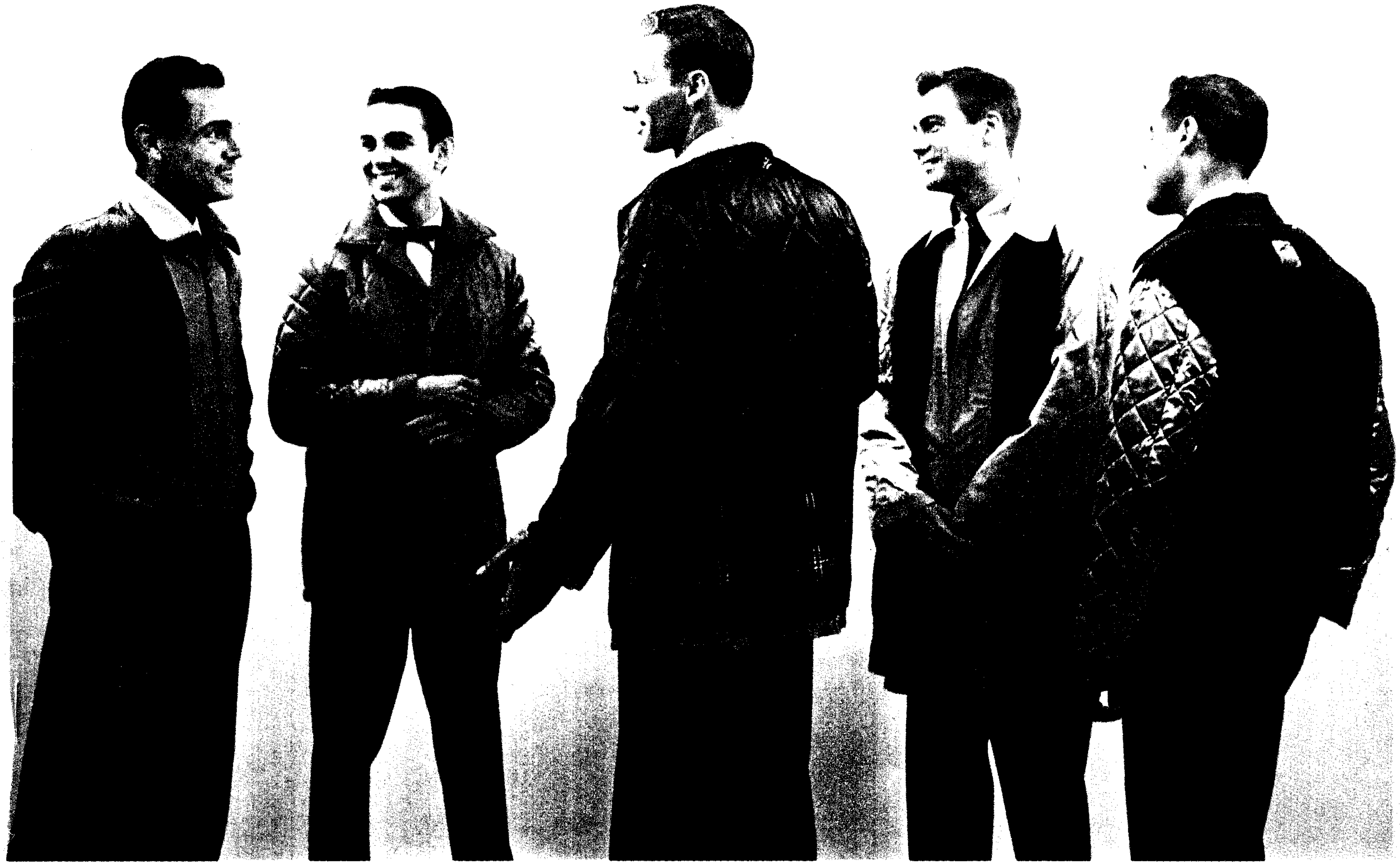
IN THE high-geared, fluctuating world of fashion, sports outerwear is considered the fastest-growing category in men's clothing. By "sports outerwear," manufacturers in the men's-wear trade mean any outer garment other than the conventional topcoat or overcoat. For example, the waist-length jacket popularized by President Eisenhower during World War II; the surcoat (above-knee length), the finger-tip coat, the storm coat. Granddaddy of them all is the familiar Mackinaw, the short, plaid wool jacket which lumbermen have worn for years in the north woods. But today's designers, inspired by the casual outdoor tempo of modern living, have streamlined the Mackinaw into a versatile garment suitable for just about any function except town and business wear.

This season, the big news in sports outerwear is its high style: subdued colors and patterns in smart new fashions which give outerwear a trimmer look than ever before. Jackets and surcoats, once considered strictly sportswear, are now available in dark colors and classic, fashion-wise patterns. Like the clothes pictured on these pages, they go well from campus to spectator sports to general wear in the suburbs. And wherever they go, they go with style. ▲▲▲

Wide range of outerwear styles suits every occasion except business use. For city, conventional topcoat (l., over arm) and raincoat, r., are still preferred

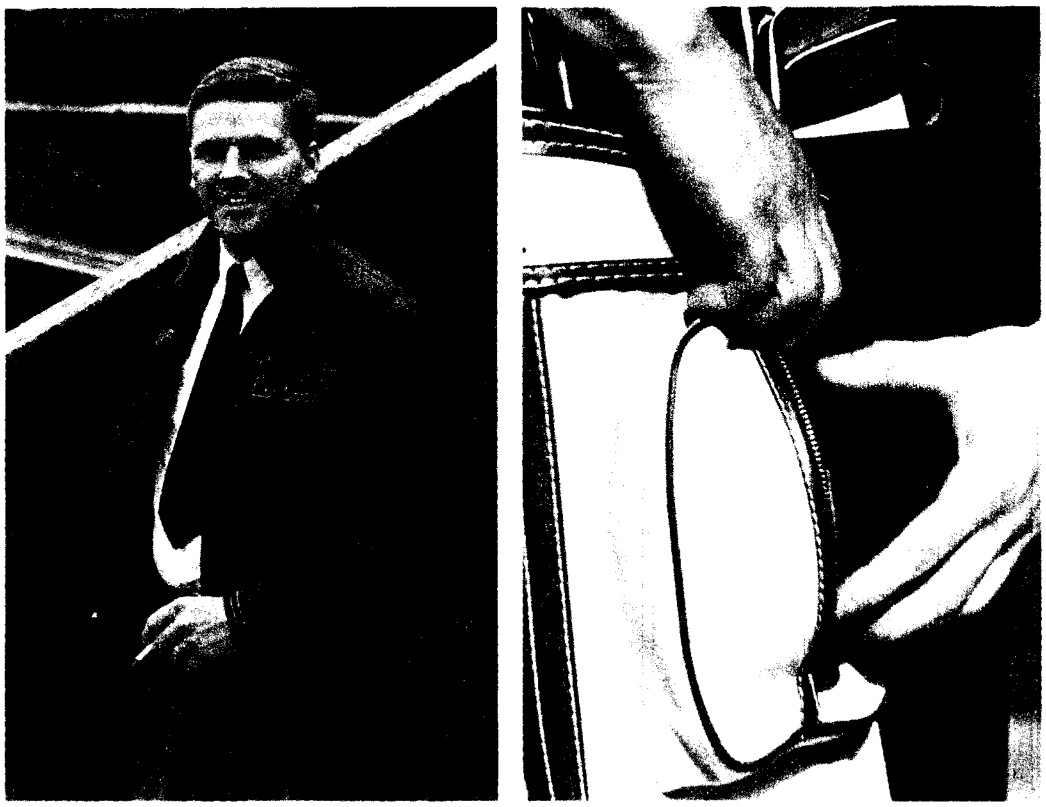


Newly developed all-nylon zipper, found in many outer clothes this fall, will not rust in rain, stick or contract in extreme cold



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CARL PERUTZ

Colorful linings, often containing synthetic fibers, make garments as handsome inside as out and give them warmth without weight. Left to right: wool jacket is lined with bright red satin; hip-length fleece jacket has synthetic lining under quilted rayon; plaid wool and satin line a tweed jacket; poplin campus coat has alpaca body lining, wool interlining in sleeves, and twill blouse features removable Orlon fleece lining



Twill blouse, also seen at right, above, typifies new trim styling. With lining removed (r.) it can be rolled up and carried in golf bag

Poplin-finish raincoat, a 50-50 blend of combed cotton and Dacron, is fully washable and requires no ironing

SHARPEST EAR IN

By RONALD SCHILLER

POSITIVE
THINKING

Antics of record collectors astonish Levin, who manages world's largest record shop—Goody's in New York. Some examine grooves of long-playing discs with a magnifying glass to be sure that the pressings are perfect

There are no listening booths or salesmen in Levin-managed store. Discs are stacked like groceries in supermarket and customers help themselves. This girl likes to spread records on floor while she makes her selection

ABNER LEVIN is a man who lives by his ears. He starts his day by playing a record on a turntable in his bathroom while he shaves, and he listens to a second record over a loudspeaker in his kitchen as he eats breakfast. At his office, he takes an hour or two off from work for more record playing. But he gets in his most solid listening during three or four hours each evening and six to eight hours on Sunday. Then he can sit down at home with a score and really pay attention to the music.

Levin "lives" the music as he listens. He makes copious notes while the record is playing. When he is moved, tears roll down his cheeks. When excited, he jumps to his feet and waves his arms as though leading the orchestra, using his pipe as a baton. If something in the music really sends him, he will suddenly stop, lift his left leg and fling his right arm forward like an infielder throwing a runner out at home plate—which is exactly what the gesture is meant to be. In his youth Levin played third base for the semipro Hartford (Connecticut) Wolverines, and he's still sensitive about his failure to make the big leagues.

"Abbey," as his friends call him, possibly has the most sensitive eardrums in America. The average adult can hear sounds ranging from a high frequency of 12,000 cycles to a low of 50 cycles. Levin, according to specialists who have tested him, can detect notes from 16,000 cycles, usually audible only to animals, down to 30 cycles—so low that the sound is "felt" rather than actually heard.

He is constantly tormented by discordant noises that are inaudible to everyone else. His wife swears he woke up one night not long ago claiming that someone was prowling outside; when they turned on the porch light, they found a cat pacing up and down the concrete walk. On another evening, he complained of a humming noise that no one else could hear. After three hours' search, he finally found the source of the disturbance—in the back doorbell. The button had stuck halfway in, not far enough to ring the bell but enough to set up a low-frequency vibration. "When I fixed it, the relief was tremendous," Abner recalls. "It was as though a needle had been pulled out of my brain."

Listening to records is more than a passion with Levin; it's the way he makes his living—and a very good living, too. As manager of the world's largest record store, Sam Goody's, on New York City's West Forty-ninth Street, he is solely responsible for buying every year more than a million discs—650,000 classical, 200,000 jazz and 150,000 popular—worth more than $3,000,000. "I'm just like a big hardware dealer," he insists. "I have to be as familiar with the music on my shelves as he is with his nuts and bolts or I wouldn't know what to order."

But listener Levin's influence actually extends far beyond Sam Goody's customers. He is editor, pub-

AMERICA

Abner Levin has parlayed his amazingly keen hearing and uncanny musical judgment into a well-paying career in the record business. But sometimes supersensitive ears are a drawback . . .

lisher and music critic of a monthly record catalogue called The Long Player, which is consulted by music lovers from coast to coast. It lists alphabetically by composer or performer nearly every long-playing record on public sale. One of the most useful features to its 130,000 readers is a Basic Library of Recommended Recordings on the last few pages. It presents Levin's selection of what he considers the finest recordings in existence, and there are thousands of people who will not buy a record unless he recommends it. Inclusion of a record on the list may increase its sales 25 per cent.

Introduction to a New World of Music

Abbey makes no money on the catalogue, although he hopes to someday. He started it as a service to customers who needed guidance. "When long-playing, high-fidelity records were introduced six years ago, a whole new unsuspected world of enjoyment opened up for millions of people who had never paid much attention to good music before," he says.

Today 5,000,000 American families own long-playing phonographs. Sales of long-playing records zoomed from about $15,000,000 in 1949 to about $50,000,000 in 1953. Last year more money was spent on classical music than on admissions to baseball.

The boom has revolutionized the recording industry. "In the old days," Levin explains, "there were only five companies making classical records and a handful of customers. Everybody was an expert. But today there are more than 180 manufacturers, fifty times as many records, and a million buyers who don't know any more about music than they remember from their high-school music-appreciation courses. They're eager but bewildered. They want to know not only what pieces might interest them, but the particular recording to buy. There are, for example, some 20 separate versions of Tchaikovsky's Nutcracker Suite, 16 recordings of Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and 12 different playings of Gershwin's Rhapsody in Blue—and new renditions of these pieces can be expected every few months. It's impossible for a buyer personally to pick the best recording of a work without hearing all of them, and that would take several days of listening."

Levin does the job for discriminating music lovers. He has listened to probably every recording of every musical work ever issued on long play—more than 26,000 altogether—and has graded them on the basis of performance, artistic merit and technical excellence. To aid him he has a reproducing setup both in his Bayswater, Long Island, home and his Manhattan office. The office system includes several turntables which he can turn on and off at will, playing phrases of rival records in quick succession to get a basis for comparative judgment.

He listens especially to discern which artist or orchestra has created the most brilliant tone or has best brought out the salient features of the score, whether lyrical passages flow or stumble, if the rhythm is steady, whether the composer's intentions appear to have been followed, and, of course, whether the record is free of undue surface noise and other technical flaws.

"Interpretations of a work can vary enormously," says Levin. "Some conductors hit their chords decisively, others like to slide into them. Even the tempo changes from one conductor to another. We know that it took Beethoven twelve and a half minutes to lead an orchestra through the first playing of the third movement of his Eroica Symphony. It takes Toscanini 19 minutes."

Levin does not make his selections lightly. He agonizes over them. It took him two months to decide that Kleiber's recording of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was slightly better than Ormandy's because it had "greater excitement and tension, with clearer melodic line." He listened for another five weeks before making up his mind that Milstein's playing of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in E Minor topped the performances of Heifetz, Menuhin and Kreisler.

Although he is an expert in jazz and listens to popular music as well, Abbey will make no recommendations for The Long Player in either field. "It's too much a matter of personal taste," he says. Privately, however, he has a strong preference for Vaughn Monroe and Artie Shaw in pops, and the Chet Baker and Dave Brubeck jazz combos. (He dislikes Glenn Miller's records because, he says, their "unchanging, mechanical beat" leaves him tense.)

Some experts have such a high regard for Levin's judgment that he was asked to select the entire record library for a Brazilian academy of music—$12,000 worth of discs—as well as a 250-record selection, ranging from Bach to Basie, for the Crown Prince of Japan. But except for some piano instruction in his teens, Abbey never had any formal musical education; at New York University, he got an economics degree. "My musical education really began when I got a part-time job in a record store," he recalls. "It was during the depression and customers were scarce. I spent most of my time listening to records."

Except for a wartime job as a lathe operator in a defense plant, Abbey has been in the record business ever since his introduction to the magic of music. He became such a passionate collector that at one time in the thirties he accepted part of his salary in records—and spent most of the rest of it on concert tickets. He became a prodigious reader of books about music and a friend of musicians.

As editor of a record catalogue, Levin has listened to and graded 26,000 discs

He learned about jazz by discussing it with old masters like Duke Ellington and Artie Shaw. His knowledge of the classics came in part from his friend, American composer Aaron Copland, and his own brother-in-law, Sidney Fine, a Hollywood music arranger.

He also attended recording sessions conducted by Koussevitzky, Ormandy and Toscanini—one of the few people privileged to do so.

Strauss Waltzes Were Highbrow Enough

It was Levin's musical know-how that brought him and Sam Goody together in 1948. Goody, a friendly, energetic man in his late forties, is unquestionably the shrewdest record retailer in the business, but no music expert. "I can't stand listening to anything more highbrow than a Strauss waltz," he cheerfully admits. He had got into the record business by accident years before when as proprietor of a novelty shop, he acquired some secondhand records and collectors of old records came to rummage around. His great opportunity came when the retail record industry was thrown into chaos six years ago by the sudden introduction of long-playing records, which could not be played on any of the then existing phonographs.

Most dealers stopped ordering records entirely. They decided to wait and see whether the 33⅓-rpm long plays were going to replace the old 78-rpm "standards." But Goody, convinced that a revolution was in the making, cleaned out all his 78-rpm records at 50 cents apiece—including some rare items now worth $50 apiece—and invested heavily in the new records. To introduce people to the superior quality of the new discs, he sold long-play phonographs at less than cost, eventually disposing of 50,000 of them.

The gamble paid off heavily. Business quadrupled almost overnight. "But suddenly I found myself way over my head, musically," says Sam. "As demand grew, companies started bringing out

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ELLIOTT ERWITT

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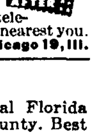

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music by composers whose names I'd never heard of and couldn't even pronounce, like Hindemith, Dohnanyi and Panufnik."

Abner Levin's musical knowledge already was well known in the industry, and Goody turned to him for help. Abbey was a successful salesman for the Musicraft Record Company at the time, but Goody's offer was too good to resist.

"You come over, buy the records, and keep the customers happy," Sam said. "I'll pay all the bills and take care of the store."

"How could I turn down an offer like that?" asks Levin. "I'd have all the fun. He'd have all the worry."

Together, Sam and Abbey have developed Goody's into the kind of store music lovers dream about. Crowded within its 10,000 square feet of space are copies of nearly every long-playing record ever issued for public sale by any company anywhere on earth. This includes not only classical music but jazz, popular music and the spoken word in languages ranging from Chinese and Bantu to American Indian dialects. Two big sellers last year—no one knows why—were recordings of Sanskrit recitations and Saudi Arabian songs.

Last year alone, Goody's sold $3,000,000 worth of records. Four thousand people enter the store on an average day. During special sales, Goody has had to lock the doors to keep overflow crowds out. Customers include world-famous musicians, conductors and composers.

Mail orders go out to people in the 48 states and 60 foreign countries, including such notables as the Nizam of Hyderabad, President Magsaysay of the Philippines, Princess Margaret in London and American ambassadors in capitals all over the world, including Moscow. (Levin's favorite mail-order customer is a flying parson in Alaska who writes: "Eskimos are very capable musically, with a strong preference for Bach. They will sit for hours listening to cantatas.")

Record Firms Seek His Advice

Levin's instinct for the kind of music Americans will buy is such that most large companies seek his advice and many smaller ones will not issue a record at all unless he assures them it will go. If he thinks enough of a piece, he may order enough copies in advance to pay the manufacturer's entire expenses.

"He has only to be wrong two per cent of the time to put us out of business," says Goody. "I wouldn't dare undertake the responsibility myself. But Abbey's never stuck us with an unsalable number yet."

Even manufacturers have been surprised by the size of some of his orders. RCA Victor's New York distributors once phoned three times to make sure Levin had not made a mistake in ordering 500 copies of Bach's Well Tempered Clavier, played by harpsichordist Wanda Landowska; they had scarcely expected to sell that many in all of the East. "He knows what he wants," said Goody. "Send them!"

Columbia's distributors were equally sure he had pulled a boner in asking for 300 copies of the modernist intellectual Béla Bartók's Quartets; the records sold out in a week.

Only twice in his career has Levin badly underestimated the sales of a record. One was Toscanini's rendition of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; the other was a selection of Liberace's offerings. The Toscanini error was easy to explain; "I underestimated the maestro's popularity," Abbey says. But the Liberace phenomenon leaves him as baffled as any other male. "I'll never again try to guess what goes on in the mind of the American housewife," he asserts, shaking his head.

A Supermarket for Disc Fans

There are no salesmen or listening booths in Goody's. It is a self-service establishment, a record supermarket—and it sells at supermarket prices, usually 30 per cent below list price. Shoppers browse through the bins that line the aisles from floor to ceiling, selecting their records themselves and paying for them at checkout counters on their way out.

To help the customers find what they want, Levin employs almost three dozen attendants, many of them talented young musicians, students and composers. Abbey will always give his employees time off from work if there is a good musical reason for it—young Roger Goeb wanted to be present at the recording of his symphony; tenor Alex Chervitz sang at Yom Kippur services in a synagogue one day and took the next day off to record Christmas carols.

Although he has been in the business for 20 years, Abbey is still astonished at the antics of the more rabid record buyers. "Some bring magnifying glasses and small microscopes with them and spend hours examining the grooves of a record they buy to assure themselves it is a perfect pressing," he says. "Others wait to pounce on cartons of fresh records as soon as they are opened so as to be certain the records have been untouched by any hands but their own—and many will not touch even these records without kid gloves on." There is even a man who comes into Goody's every evening with a damp sponge and tenderly wipes the dust off the faces of the records he examines. "He washes about a hundred a night for us," says Levin.

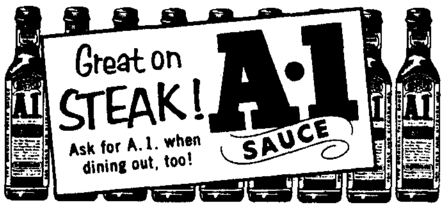
Another client is a Navy commander who doesn't own a phonograph, although he hopes to get one when he retires. "He told me he selects his records by the design on the jacket on the theory that beautiful art on the outside must indicate beautiful music within," says Abbey.

An agent for an eccentric millionaire comes in frequently to buy whole stacks of records. "It doesn't matter what they are," he tells Abbey. "The boss likes to scale them across his private lake in the evening."

Other common types of visitors are the "surveyors," who bring spirit levels in with them to make sure the records aren't warped, and the browsers, lonely people who buy no records but come in daily after work because they like the atmosphere. "They wander around reading the labels and the notes on the backs of the jackets and discussing them with other browsers—like a little club," says Levin.

Record collecting can become a mania. "Recently a man drove in from a town 200 miles away to buy a Vivaldi concerto," Levin recalls. "His own store didn't have it in stock and he couldn't bear to wait a day or two until they got it. He had to have it immediately—right now!—just like the alcoholic in Lost Weekend.

"There are others who stop in for 'just one' record and end up by buy-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Here is Abner Levin's personal list of the world's best long-playing records. Of the 10 classical selections, he says: "These are, in my opinion, the best records in existence today. They will give permanent and increasing enjoyment, no matter how often heard." Levin made his selection on the basis of musical worth, interpretative understanding and high technical quality.

CLASSICAL

BEETHOVEN: Symphony No. 9 in D Minor—NBC Symphony Orchestra under Toscanini (RCA Victor)

MOZART: Symphony No. 35 in D Major ("Haffner")—London Philharmonic Orchestra under Beecham (Columbia)

CHOPIN: Preludes—Novaes (Vox)

RAVEL: Quartet in F Major—Stuyvesant String Quartet (Philharmonia)

FRANCK: Symphony in D Minor—Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Furtwängler (London)

MAHLER: Das Lied von der Erde—Ferrier, Patzak, Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra under Walter (London)

BRAHMS: Symphony No. 3 in F Major—London Symphony Orchestra under Weingartner (Columbia)

BERLIOZ: Romeo and Juliet (Complete) Boston Symphony Orchestra under Munch (RCA Victor)

MOUSSORGSKY: Pictures at an Exhibition—Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy (Columbia)

ORFF: Carmina Burana (Part 1)—Soloists, Chorus (Decca); Catulli Carmina (Part 2)—Soloists, Chorus (Vox)

POPULAR

Jackie Gleason—Music for Lovers Only (Capitol)
Frank Sinatra—Songs for Young Lovers (Capitol)
Artie Shaw—In the Blue Room; In the Café Rouge (Victor)
Percy Faith—Kismet (Columbia)
Sarah Vaughan—Tenderly (M-G-M)

JAZZ

Benny Goodman—Carnegie Hall Concert (Columbia)
Duke Ellington—Uptown (Columbia)
Erroll Garner—Caravan (Columbia)
Dave Brubeck—Jazz at Oberlin (Fantasy)
Gerry Mulligan—My Funny Valentine (Pacific)

ing themselves broke. Every once in a while a woman will come in with a load of records saying her husband has spent his entire pay check on them, and would we please give her back the money so she could pay the rent and buy some groceries."

A customer whose wife complained about the money he spent on records once handed Levin $100 in cash and said: "Next time we come in tell her I've won a hundred dollars' worth of free records in a store contest."

"The gag worked fine," recalls Abbey, "but we'll never do it again. His wife became so excited that all the other customers in the place wanted to know why they hadn't heard about the 'contest.' "

None of these people upset Levin as much as the high-fidelity fanatics. "Hi-fi techniques have vastly improved the quality of music we now hear on records, but some fans don't care about music at all; they just want to hear sounds, the weirder the better," he says. "One of our best sellers this year has been a record called Speed the Parting Guest, which reproduces every percussion instrument commonly heard. Its musical quotient is zero, but it sends some of our customers into ecstasies. Another is Edgard Varèse's Ionization, which in my opinion is just a collection of unusual noises. I defy anyone to explain the meaning of it. A third hot-selling number is Stethoscopic Heart Beat, which simply records the sound of normal and abnormal hearts. It was made by a doctor for clinical purposes, but the hi-fiers buy it like crazy and fill their homes with great thumping heartbeats."

These antics would be harmless, Levin says, if it weren't for the fact that they're having an alarming effect on the rest of the record-buying public. "People are beginning to ignore the performance and artistic value of a record, and concentrate only on the sound," he says. "Recording companies are using such sensitive microphones that in some discs you can actually hear the flutists gasping for breath, the squeak of the violinists' fingers sliding along the gut, the mechanical working of the piano keys, and the creak of the musicians' chairs. These distractions add nothing to the music."

Two Chips off the Old Block

But Abbey has learned to live with hi-fi sounds. He's had to; both his sons are hi-fi enthusiasts. The elder, sixteen-year-old Bob, is also a jazz buff, while eight-year-old Andy already is crazy about popular music. Abbey himself, of course, leans to the classics.

There's a phonograph in nearly every room of the big Levin home. Frequently several are going at once, with each male member of the family listening to his favorite kind of music. In the midst of all this cacophony, Abbey's wife sometimes throws up her hands in despair. Ask her what kind of music she prefers and she'll tell you with a sigh:

"I just like silence."

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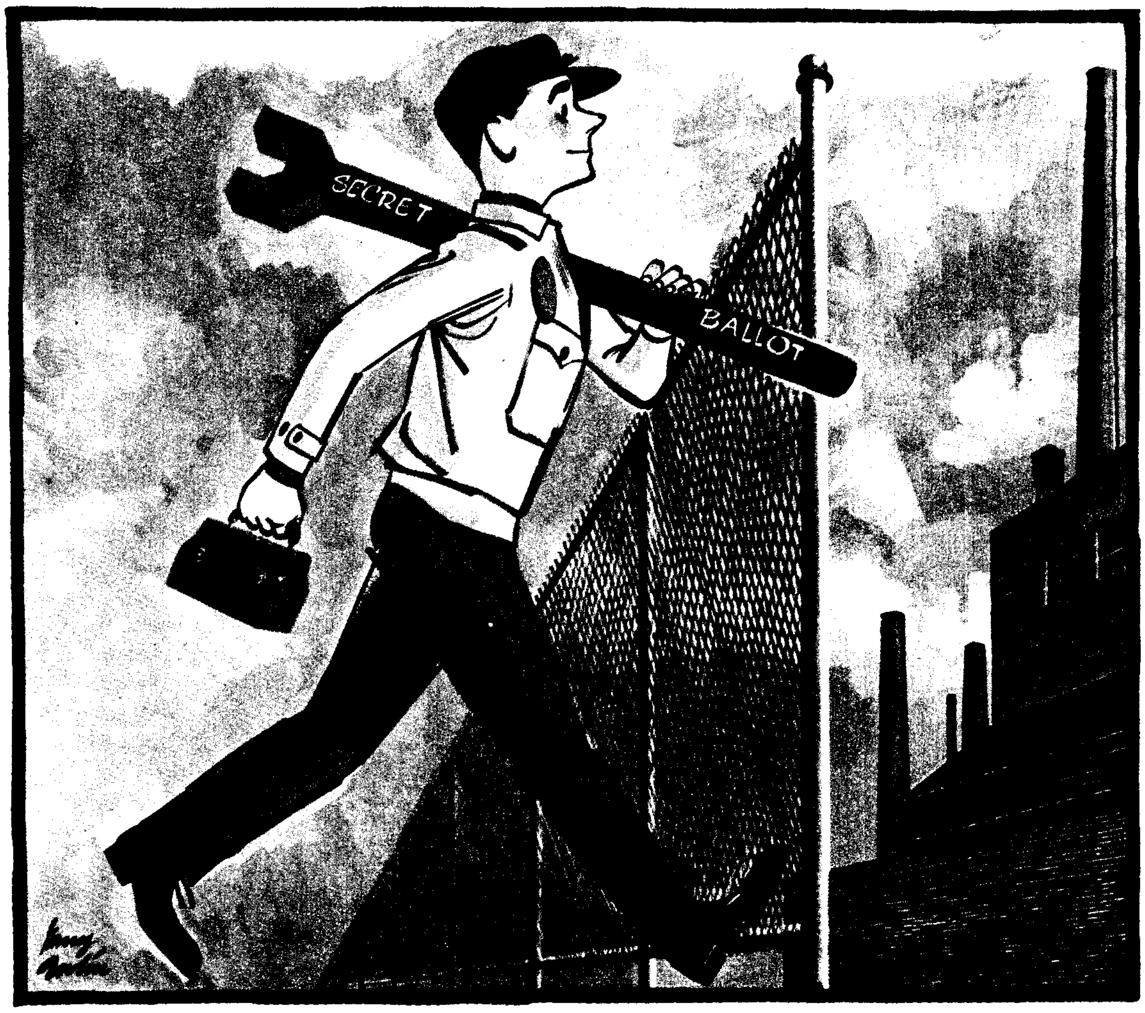

HARRY DEVLIN

Democracy's Kit of Tools

THE DEMOCRATIC PROCESS—the technique by which free people run their own affairs—is as important and serviceable to labor as to any other part of the American body politic. A good illustration of this was provided recently by the 10,000 workers at the Studebaker plant at South Bend, and we commend it to the careful study of all American labor unions.

Studebaker—one of the oldest and most respected of American industrial organizations—was in serious trouble. It was paying wages well above those in the rest of the industry. Costs were too high, and prices had to be geared to costs. Sales dwindled, profits vanished, and the company headed into the red.

The choice before Studebaker was: cut costs or go out of business in South Bend.

Top executive salaries were slashed up to 30 per cent, but in money this was a driblet. The company offered the local of the United Automobile Workers a new contract cutting about 14 per cent off the average hourly earnings of $2.39, bringing them close to the levels at General Motors, Ford and Chrysler.

The union held a meeting—a rather sparsely attended meeting. The pay-cut proposal was examined and argued, and a show of hands was called for. Nobody liked the pay cut; nobody ever likes a pay cut. Even those who felt it a sensible proposal found it hard to support in the emotional climate of open balloting. The proposal was rejected.

Exactly one week later the membership reversed its decision and voted overwhelmingly to accept the pay cut.

Here is what had happened meanwhile:

First, the members got down to brass-tacks thinking—their own thinking, not somebody else's. They saw, when they thought it over, that this was no simple proposition of taking or rejecting a pay cut. They saw that the proposition was to accept a challenging responsibility or duck it. They saw that the proposition was to give the company a chance to stay alive and productive, or kill the company, end the production, and wipe out 10,000 jobs.

Next they went into action. They circulated petitions demanding another meeting. And they got the membership out to the meeting in force.

Finally, they made sure the vote would represent the sentiment of the majority. They threw out the show-of-hands system, where powerful external forces can operate, and set up a secret ballot, where a man can vote as his conscience dictates.

The vote was eight to one for the pay cut.

The end of the story cannot yet be written. Studebaker, now merged with Packard to form the nation's fourth-largest automobile producer, will still have to make its way by applied ingenuity and resourcefulness, and we wish it well.

But at least there are still 10,000 jobs at Studebaker, and in the meantime the democratic process has gained fresh strength and clarity by being put to use in South Bend. The parts of this process—independent thinking, responsible action, and the secret ballot—are the basic tools available to free men anywhere to run their lives and order their destinies as they see fit. But the tools aren't worth a plugged nickel unless used, and the instrument of the secret ballot should be used throughout American labor unions.

The Under Secretary

THE POSITION of Under Secretary of State is one of the most important in the executive branch of our government. The under secretary directs operation of the State Department and implements the policies of the administration.

Only a man of the highest character and ability will have what the job takes. It is by no means always possible to find such a man.

The regret with which President Eisenhower accepted Walter Bedell Smith's resignation as under secretary and the urgency which the President attached to persuading Herbert Hoover, Jr., to take over the post are equally understandable and logical in that light.

General Smith can take great satisfaction in rounding out a long, effective career in the service of his country. And the nation can take the highest satisfaction in the acceptance of the post by Mr. Hoover, son of a renowned statesman and in his own right a seasoned statesman, competent businessman and able administrator.

What's Formosa?

FORMOSA IS more than a bump of land, or a spot on the map. Formosa is 9,000,000 human beings whose well-being and dignity and security are of precisely the same high importance to us as those of any other free people, anywhere.

Formosa, in area, is somewhat larger than Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island put together. Its population is as great as that of Illinois. It has universities and colleges, and 85 per cent of its school-age children are in schools.

Formosans are prolific farmers. More than half of the people live on farms and grow rice and other staples for the domestic market, and a thumping surplus of sugar cane for export. Their farm production is expanding swiftly as modern techniques are vigorously applied—irrigation, scientific use of fertilizers, better use of land.

Meanwhile Formosa's farmers and city dwellers are linking themselves ever closer together—for mutual benefit—by improving and expanding communications. Formosans now have 11,000 miles of highways, which they are putting to excellent use. Highway traffic more than doubled between 1950 and 1952. They also have 3,000 miles of railroads carrying farm products to the cities and ports, industrial products to the farm areas, and suburban commuters to and from their city jobs.

Formosans are a dynamic industrial people. They have flourishing textile, cement, paper, petroleum refining and aluminum industries, based upon expanding development of hydroelectric power.

Much of Formosa's industrial production—such as fertilizers and textiles—is deliberately aimed at the domestic market. But Formosans have also developed a thriving foreign commerce. They sold $130,000,000 worth of goods in 1953, all to the free world, and bought $100,000,000 worth from the free world.

Formosa also happens to occupy a key position in the world political picture, and a strategic position in the world military situation.

And Formosa is the symbol of freedom and hope to a half billion people under Communist rule on the mainland of China.

That is why American policy has a large stake in Formosa.

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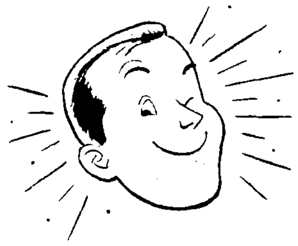

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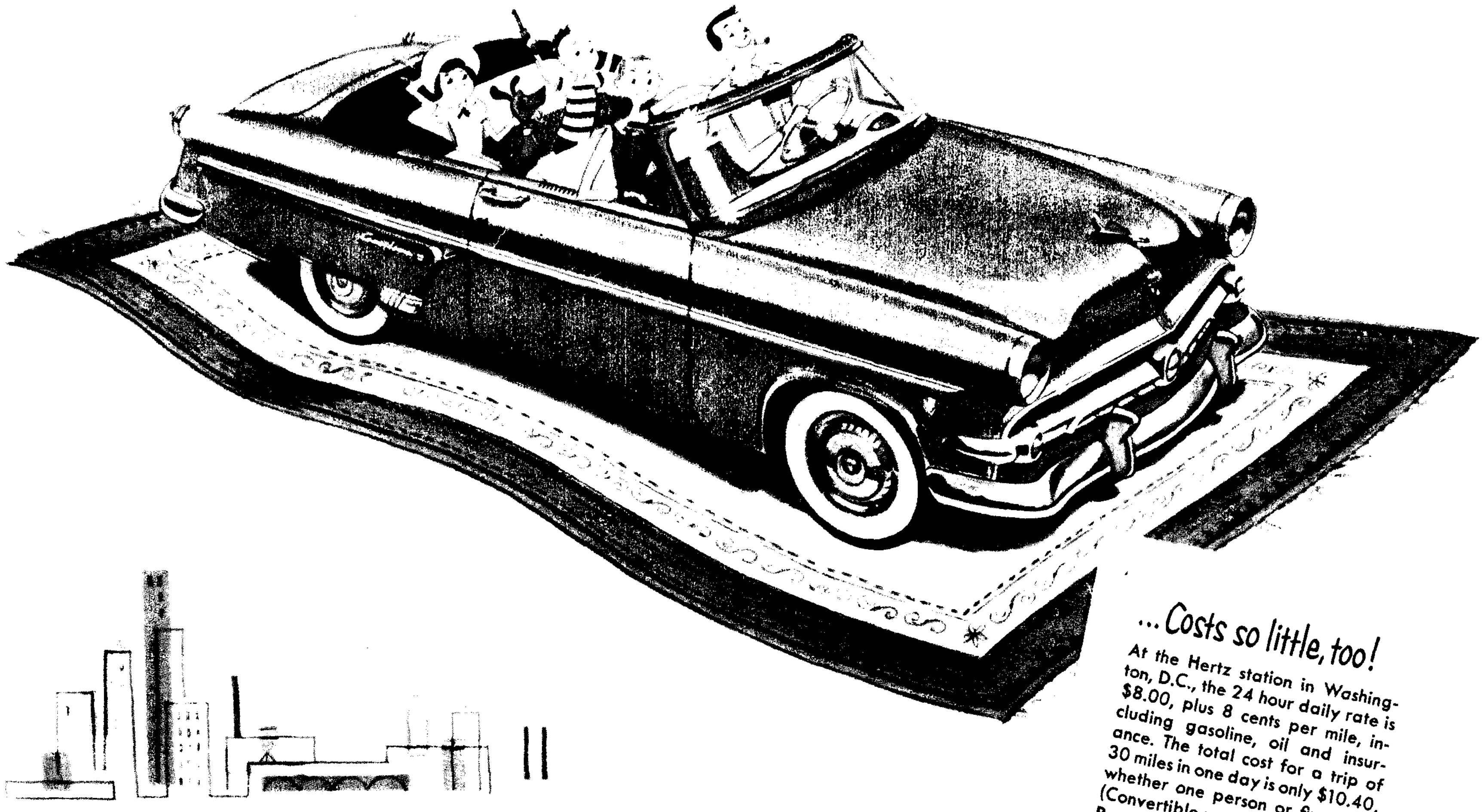

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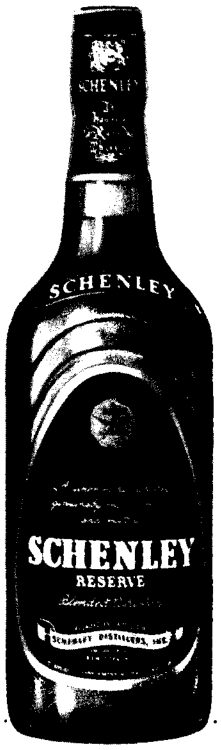
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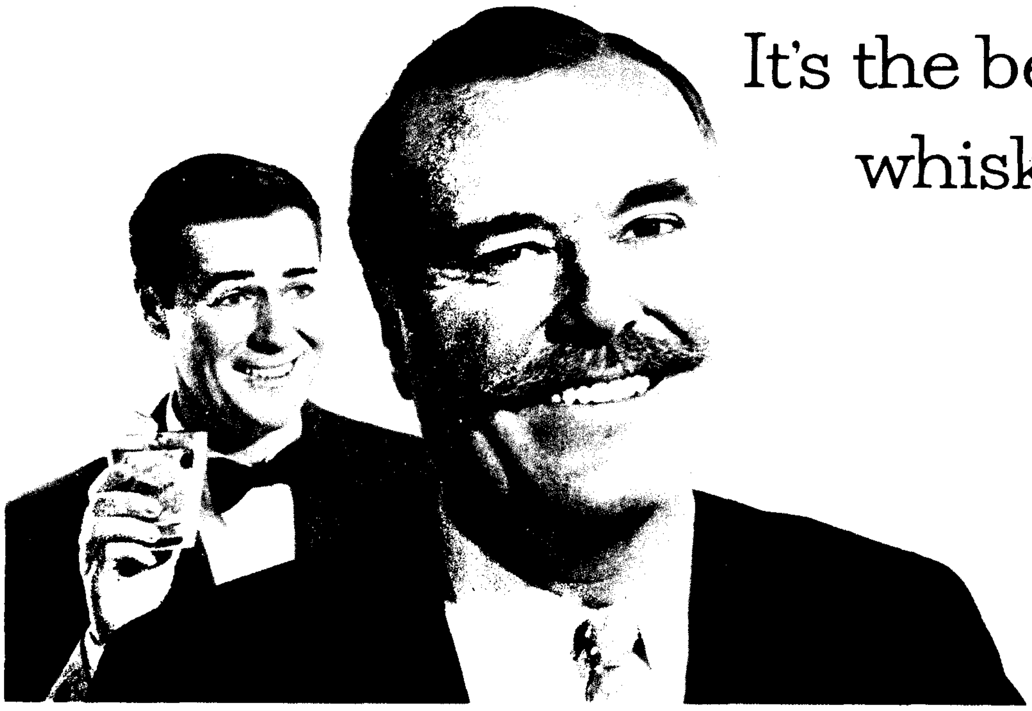

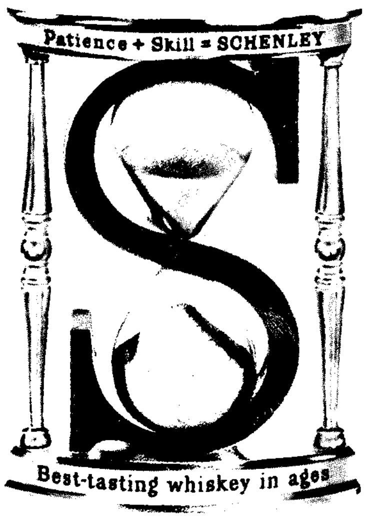
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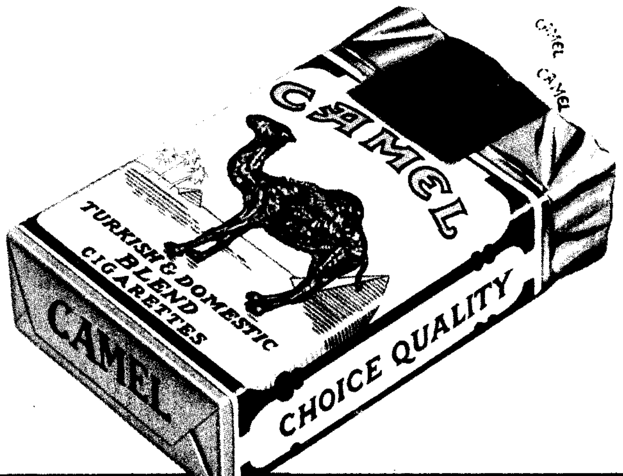
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